

July 3, 1978

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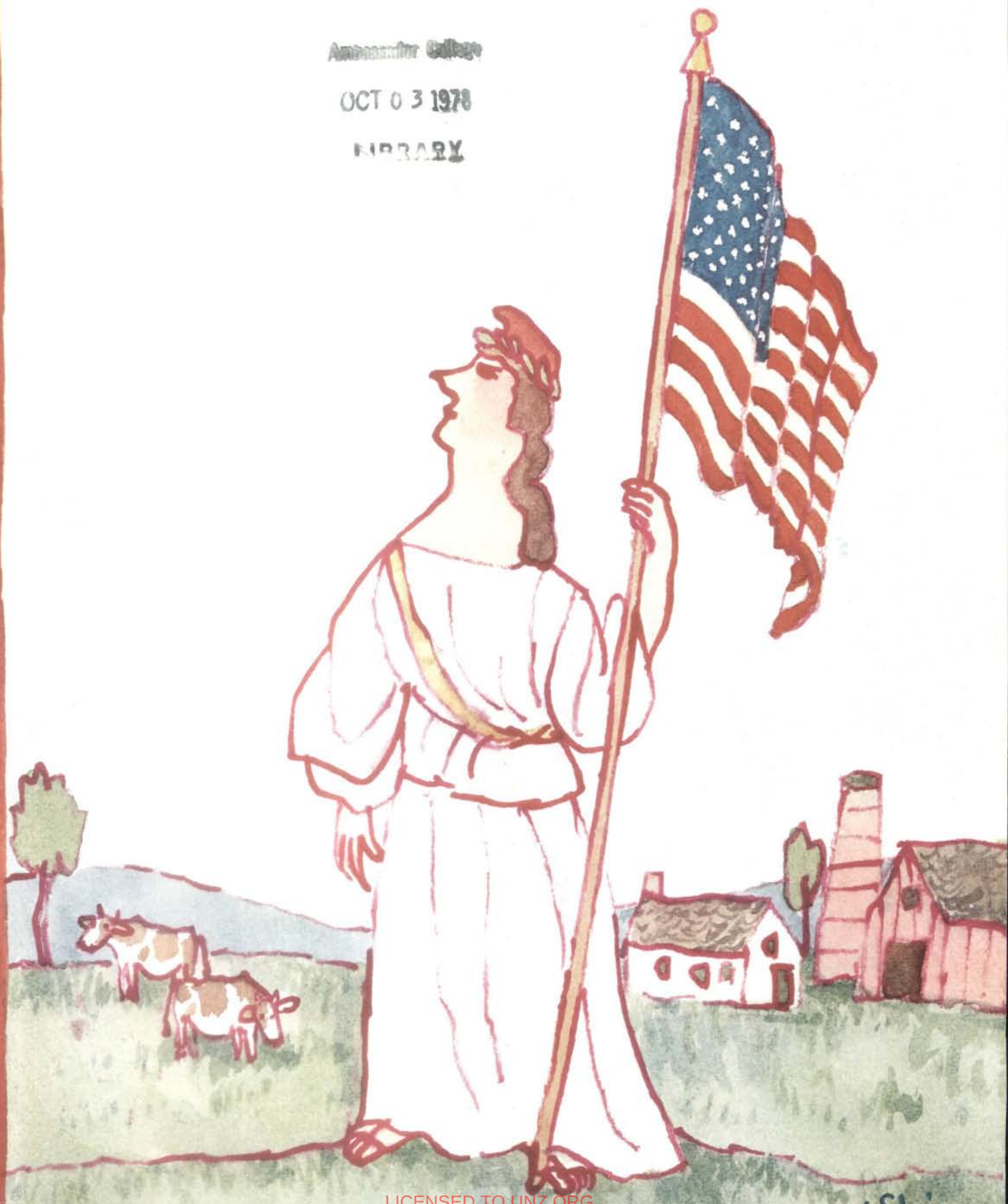
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NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE ACT—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (5/22/78) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BLEACHER BUMS—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

CATSPRAY—István Örkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. (4/24/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CHAPTER TWO—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE COOLEST CAT IN TOWN—Joey Faye, Rowena Rollins, and Bill Britten in a musical with a book and lyrics by William Gleason, and music by Diane Leslie. (City Center Little Theatre, 137 W. 55th St. 246-8997. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa,

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George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DRACULA—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 3.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fri-

days at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE 5TH OF JULY—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 7, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, July 7, at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE GIN GAME—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—Carol Channing in command of a vehicle that (truth to tell) begins to look much older than its years. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but

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COVER: William Steig

DRAWINGS: Everett Opie, Frank Modell, Jack Ziegler, James Stevenson, Dean Vietor, William Hamilton, Barney Tobey, Mischa Richter, Donald Reilly, Charles Addams, Charles Saxon, James McCallister, Ed Fisher, Charles Barsotti, Roz Chast, Edward Frascino

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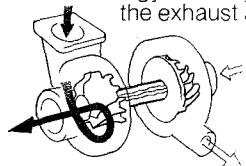
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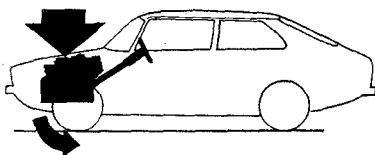
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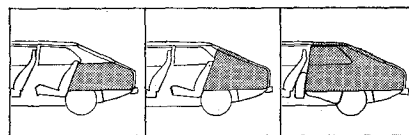
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it has its compensations all the same. Among them are the tuneful songs, the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words, and the presence of the gifted Don Scardino in the singer's company. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A LIFE IN THE THEATRE—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MAN-WO-MAN—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 16. Free.)

MARY ROSE—J. M. Barrie's ghost play is a foolish relic, but it is a relic that is still in working order, as is demonstrated by this Off Broadway troupe. The acting as a whole is satisfactory; that of Julia MacKenzie in the leading role of a young wife who disappears on an island in Scotland and then returns to haunt the family; of Kate Wilkinson as her mother; and of Thomas MacGreevy as her grown son is better than satisfactory. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 947-4224. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MY CUP RANNEETH OVER—A one-act play by Robert Patrick. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly at 11. Closes Friday, June 30.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—The old Moss Hart-George S. Kaufman farce about the inanities of Hollywood in the early days of the "talkies" is intermittently very funny indeed. George S. Irving and John Lithgow are the chief heroes of the occasion, along with the director, Tom Moore. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

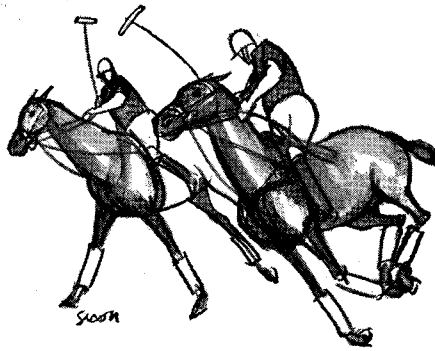
PIANO BAR—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P.S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RUNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE SHOW-OFF—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Round-



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about Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

TIMBUKTU!—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt and Melba Moore. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRIBUTE—A comedy by Bernard Slade upon an unlikely subject—the attempt of a dying man to establish an affectionate relationship with a priggish son. Jack Lemmon, in the leading role, gives an extraordinary performance. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WINGS—Constance Cummings is radiant and compelling as a woman who has a stroke and who struggles to regain her control of words and mental composure in Arthur Kopit's firm, sensitive play. The production, under John Madden's direction, is excellent. A presentation of the Yale Repertory Theatre. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 2.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very wailike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,552 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE**: The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Dick Boccelli as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Haddary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **I LOVE MY WIFE**: A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I**: Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinee Tuesday, July 4.)... **MUMMENSCHAUZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8300. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, July 3, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 089-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Ambassador, 215 W. 40th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 3.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ**: An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday, June 28, at 2 and 7, and Thursday and Friday, June 29-30, at 7. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays and also Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4, at 1 and 4.)

NATIONAL THEATRE OF JAPAN—A company of twenty in a single performance of Noh Theatre, the classic Japanese dance-drama. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, July 5, at 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 28, at 8: "In the Night," "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Firebird."... Thursday, June 29, at 8: "Jewels."... Friday, June 30, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C."... Saturday, July 1, at 2: "Divertimen-

to No. 15," "In the Night," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ♪ Saturday, July 1, at 8: "Square Dance." "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ♪ Sunday, July 2, at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Ivesiana," and "Tricolore."... ♪ Sunday, July 2, at 7: "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of a one-week engagement—Wednesday matinee, June 28: "Flute of Pan" (premiere), "Errand Into the Maze," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Diversion of Angels."... ♪ Wednesday evening, June 28: "Diversion of Angels," "Oh Thou Desire Who Are About to Sing," "Flute of Pan," and "Night Journey."... ♪ Thursday evening, June 29: "Diversion of Angels," "Equatorial," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Night Journey."... ♪ Friday evening, June 30: "Clytemnestra."... ♪ Saturday matinee, July 1: "Appalachian Spring," "Errand Into the Maze," "Oh Thou Desire Who Are About to Sing," and "Night Journey."... ♪ Saturday evening, July 1: "Seraphic Dialogue," "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Errand Into the Maze," "Lamentation," and "Diversion of Angels." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

PERFORMING ARTS COMPANY OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA—The opening performances of a ten-day engagement (two programs) by this company of dancers, singers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time. Program I (including an excerpt from the ballet "Red Detachment of Women"): Wednesday, July 5, at 7:30, and Saturday, July 8, at 8.... ♪ Program II (including an excerpt from the ballet "The White-Haired Girl"): Thursday and Friday, July 6-7, at 8, and Saturday, July 8, at 2. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

BERLIN OPERA BALLET—With Valery and Galina Panov, in an engagement that will run through Sunday, July 16—Thursday, July 6, at 7: "Cinderella."... ♪ Friday, July 7, at 7, and Saturday, July 8, at 2 and 8: "Giselle." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform. **RASHIED ALI**, an impressive drummer and the proprietor of this place, is on the bandstand with a quintet through Saturday, July 1; on Tuesday, July 4, pianist **BURTON GREENE**, a member of the avant-garde in the sixties and now a resident of Amsterdam, will visit for five nights with his quartet. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter **Ted Daniel** and **Energy**, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. All the galleries are closed at night, but there is a new liquor store across the street that looks like a gallery, and it's open until ten. Singer **Tony Azito** appears Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. **JILL MCMAHUS**, a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, performs with a bassist through Saturday, July 1; Wednesday through Saturday, July 5-8, pianist **NINA SHELDON**, a fine ensemble player who usually plays uptown at Cassidy's (see below), will be here with a quartet that features flutist **JEREMY STEIG**. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Saxophonist **Paul Winter** heads up an ensemble through Thursday, June 29; Friday through Sunday, June 30-July 2, formerly the Harlettes—**Sharon Redd**, **Ula Hedwig**, and **Charlotte Crossley**, who used to sing backup for **Bette Midler** and

who now have their own following—will perform; on Wednesday, July 5, the **Little River Band**, an Aussie rock group, will drop in; on Thursday, July 6, **LES PAUL** and **CHET ATKINS** will demonstrate how to play the guitar for fun and profit; and Friday and Saturday, July 7-8, have been reserved for Chicago bluesman **SON SEALS** and his band and for rural-blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND**, who recreates the mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to it to hear it. The musicians are pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** through Sunday, July 2, and pianist **TOM GARVIN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, beginning Monday, July 3. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHACA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An elegant second-floor night club that seems to overlook Rio, Corcovado, and the outlying suburbs—it's all done with cleverly angled mirrored walls which reflect small electric lamps placed all over the room. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, driving jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **JIM MITCHELL** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Through Saturday, July 1. From eight-thirty to twelve-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, and from nine to one on Friday and Saturday. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** holds court, which includes his two aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, in the Café Carlyle. They're ready Tuesdays (except July 4) through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND**, through Saturday, July 1, is in the Bemelmans Bar, and she has brought with her a set list that includes tunes composed by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager. She is at the piano from nine-forty-five to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. **Bobbi Baird** sings with support from Larkins weeknights at ten; Larkins himself is present from eight until midnight. Dining.

CASSIDY'S, 303 E. 53rd St., near Second Ave. (755-8050)—A cheerful, cozy restaurant with Leroy Nieman paintings lining the brick and wood-paneled walls and real live jocks lining the bar, but it's not necessary for one to be a sports fanatic to find the place appealing. **NINA SHELDON**, the house singer-pianist, performs with a bassist, and sometimes with a singer or a saxophonist, too. She's here Wednesday through Friday, June 28-30, and on Tuesday, July 4, from nine to one. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences here look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage, affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. On Sunday and Monday, July 2-3, **Richard Hell** and the Voidoids, a band with a devoted local following, will be in evidence. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-

Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She will wind up her stay here with pianist **Gerald Cook** and bassist **Al Hall** on Saturday, July 1. On Monday, July 3, **JOE TURNER**, a stride pianist who goes back almost as far as **Miss Hunter**, will arrive. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist **Morris Edwards**. Music Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty, and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, and it's sometimes hard to hear the music. Pianist **RED RICHARDS** leads a trio through Friday, June 30. On Wednesday, July 5, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will bring in a trio. Music from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** is in charge of a traditional sextet through Saturday, July 1. On Monday, July 3, the regular six-man team will return. Sunday, July 2, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will lead a quintet, from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, **Alicia Sherman**. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist **Loumell Morgan** and bassist **Morris Edwards**.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** is leading a quartet here Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-0700)—**RUBY BRAFF**, who is filling in for **Roy Eldridge** through Saturday, July 1, performs with assistance from drummer **Eddie Locke**, pianist **Johnny Morris**, bassist **Ted Sturgis**, trombonist **Bobby Pratt**, and clarinetist **Joe Muranyi**. On Tuesday, July 4, **ROY ELDRIDGE** will return. On Mondays, **Max Kaminsky** heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The atmosphere here doesn't really reproduce Scholtz's Beer Garden or Armadillo World Headquarters, but it's one of the few places in town where expatriated Texans (and other people, too) can wear Bermuda shorts and cowboy hats, listen to progressive country-and-Western music, and feel right at home. Singer and guitarist and humorist **Kinky Friedman** will perform Wednesday and Thursday, June 28-29, and Sunday and Monday, July 2-3. The **Flying Burrito Brothers** will be present on Wednesday and Thursday, July 5-6. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

LES MAREYEURS, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does **Rodgers and Hart's** "Manhattan," **Billy Joel's** "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here Tuesdays (except July 4) through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**IRENE KRAL**, who is performing here through Saturday, July 1, is a thoughtful, subdued singer. Her tempos are slow, but she doesn't slow the songs down by artily or dramatically "putting them over" or dragging them out; she just sings simply, deliberately, in a relaxed manner. She's ably backed up by pianist **TOM GARVIN**, bassist **BRIAN TORFF**, and drummer **RON DAVIS**. On Tuesday, July 4, **Jonathan Schwartz**, a radio DJ, a writer, a baseball fan, and the son of composer **Arthur Schwartz**, will begin singing some Schwartz tunes. Tuesdays through Saturdays from

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Flutist YUSEF LATEEF, who has lately taken to playing rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk in addition to jazz, and who lately has also taken up singing, will perform with his band Wednesday through Saturday, July 5-8. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Thursday through Saturday, June 29-July 1, George Thorogood and his blues band, the Destroyers, will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! SY OLIVER'S band leaves after Tuesday, July 4; on Wednesday, July 5, Lee Castle will arrive with the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the new blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. HELEN FORREST is currently here, singing some of the songs she made famous as a big-band vocalist in the thirties and forties. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. Dining.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—BOBBY COLE, a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a singer with a hoarse, raspy voice, is found upstairs, in a quiet, formal room far from the Vegas-style doings on the first floor. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Double bassist, cellist, and piccolo bassist RON CARTER directs his superb sidemen—pianist KENNY BARRON, drummer BEN RILEY, and bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS—through Saturday, July 1; on Sunday and Monday, July 2-3, pianist Sonelius Smith will lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, July 4, pianist Mike Nock will bring in a quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY, who now perform their slapstick rock and ragtime without a backing quintet, are here Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1. The duo comprises Suzy Williams, who mugs, sings, and carries a coffeepot for a purse, and Norman Zamcheck, who plays barrelhouse piano and writes most of their uplifting material. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a lot of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The large, L-shaped upstairs room has been redecorated, and now looks dark and very Victorian. At the moment, there's a blues festival: singer and pianist MEMPHIS SLIM works with a drummer through Monday, July 3; on Tuesday, July 4, the OTIS RUSH BLUES BAND, a Chicago-blues outfit, will take over. On Tuesday, July 4, jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN's trio will trade sets with the Rush band. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—In the HORACE SILVER QUIN- TET, Silver's piano isn't merely a percussion instrument—it's virtually the rhythm section. Oh, there's a bassist and a drummer, but Silver carries and sets most of the rhythms. Silver bends over the keys and rocks back and forth furiously; his comping is intense. And if any of his talented young soloists should falter or pause, he jumps right in and helps them out, letting them bounce off his ideas. Silver plays some of the most rhythmic, most energetic, and prettiest jazz around. Through Sunday, July 2. On Tuesday, July 4,

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tenor saxophonist DEXTER GORDON will arrive with a quartet. The THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS big-band machine is home, between tours, taking its Monday-night R. and R. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Trombonist DICKY WELLS and saxophonist EARLE WARREN head up a quintet known as THE COUNTS- MEN through Friday, June 30; on Saturday, July 1, saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will move in. Live music from nine to one-thirty every night but Monday, July 3, when historic Louis Armstrong records will be played.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Pianist HAROLD DANKO, who holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis organization, and his bassist are present through Sunday, July 2; on Tuesday, July 4, pianist JILL MC MANUS will come in. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from nine to one.

DISCOTHÈQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Final performances. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere (and the concerts are taking place in various halls around the city, on a Staten Island ferry, and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga; forget about Saratoga unless you're already there), call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 28, at 8: "Three Pianos and Two Guitars"—McCoy Tyner, Bill Evans, Mary Lou Williams, Philip Catherine, and Larry Coryell. (Carnegie Hall.)... ♪ Wednesday, June 28, at 8: The George Duke Band and Flora Purim with Airtio. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... ♪ Thursday, June 29, at 8: "Brubeck/Mulligan Stew"—The New Dave Brubeck Quartet and the Gerry Mulligan Quintet. (Carnegie Hall.)... ♪ Thursday, June 29, at 8: Buddy Rich, Mel Tormé, and the Buddy Rich Band (featuring Steve Marcus), with Stan Getz and Dizzy Gillespie. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... ♪ Friday, June 30, at 2: "Jazz for the Young and Young at Heart," with Alberta Hunter and Eubie Blake. (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center.)... ♪ Friday, June 30, at 7:30:

"An Evening with Chick Corea and Friends"—Chick Corea and his orchestra, the Woody Herman Orchestra playing compositions of Chick Corea, Gary Burton, Gayle Moran, and Herbie Hancock. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... ♪ Friday, June 30, at 8: "Brazilian Nights," with João Gilberto, Stan Getz, and the Charlie Byrd Trio. (Carnegie Hall.)... ♪ Friday, June 30, at 8: An evening of film, with Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, John Coltrane, and others who have performed at the Newport Jazz Festival. (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center.)... ♪ Friday, June 30, at midnight: "The World of Sam Rivers"—Sam Rivers Quartet and his Orchestra, featuring Barry Altschul, Bobby Battle, Hamiet Bluiett, Joe Daley, Chico Freeman, Dave Holland, Mike Nock, Charlie Persip, Charles Stephens, Jack Walrath, and others. (Carnegie Hall.)... ♪ Saturday, July 1, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: "A Schlitz Salute to Jazz"—A Boatribe on the Staten Island Ferry, with the Jonah Jones Quintet and the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart... ♪ Saturday, July 1, at 8: "A Tribute to Lionel Hampton"—Mr. Hampton will be there, along with a Newport Jazz Festival All-Star Band, including Teddy Wilson, Bob Wilber, Pepper Adams, Cat Anderson, Eddie Bert, Ray Bryant, Doc Cheatham, Arnett Cobb, Panama Francis, John Gordon, Chubby Jackson, Billy Mackel, Jimmy Maxwell, Charlie McPherson, Paul Moen, Joe Newman, Benny Powell, and Earle Warren. (Carnegie Hall.)... ♪ Saturday, July 1, at 8: "Kenton Meets the L.A. 4"—Stan Kenton and his Orchestra, plus the L.A. 4: Ray Brown, Laurindo Almeida, Bud Shank, and Jeff Hamilton. (Avery Fisher Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

KANSAS—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 28, at 8.

SUN RA AND HIS ARKESTRA—In a tribute to Fletcher Henderson. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Friday, June 28-30, at 10:30.)

DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND—Public Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, July 1-2, at 8 and 10:30.

STUDIO RIVBEA EARLY SUMMER CONCERT SERIES—New music and new jazz in a ground-floor loft. Saturday, July 1: Hamiet Bluiett Ensemble... ♪ Sunday, July 2: Don Pullen Quartet... ♪ Monday, July 3: Jimmy Lyons Quartet... ♪ Tuesday, July 4: Byard Lancaster-Youseff Yancey Ensemble... ♪ Friday, July 7: Ricky Ford Trio and Jack Wolrath Quartet... ♪ Saturday, July 8: Chico Freeman Ensemble. (Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. 777-8656. Performances at 9 and 11.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Tuesday, July 4. Some, as indicated, will take slightly longer respites.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

DENNIS MILLER BUNKER (1861-90)—A loan show of landscapes and portraits by a little-known American artist who worked in this country and in France. Through Friday, June 30. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

EDGAR BUONAGURIO—This artist achieves richly textured canvases by, essentially, laying down numerous layers of different acrylic colors, allowing them to harden independently, and then working the whole thing over with an industrial sander. Through Saturday, July 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

MARTIN CANIN—Shaped canvases, most of them elongated horizontally and divided into large areas of striking colors, and simple abstractions in oil or crayon on paper. Through July 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Small, dark, and heavily varnished abstract paintings by the French Ex-

pressionist. Through July 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER WALSH—Expertly done watercolors. First one-man show in New York. Through Friday, June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

MEXICAN ART—A two-gallery exhibit of works, covering twelve millennia, on loan from the Mexican National Museums. At the **KNOEDLER**, 10 E. 70th St., pre-Columbian and colonial objects, among them breastplates, pottery, jewelry, paintings, and, at the entrance, an Olmec stone head nearly six feet tall. (Through July 22. Daily, 10 to 5:30.)

¶ At the **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St., paintings by three important twentieth-century artists: Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. (Through July 23. Daily, 10 to 5:30.) A single admission (two dollars) covers both shows.

VARIATIONS ON LATIN THEMES IN NEW YORK—A widely diversified exhibit of works by Latins now resident here, ranging from total abstractions to purest realism. Among the artists are Luis Frangella and Lilianna Porter, from Argentina; Ana Mendieta and Juan Gonzalez, from Cuba; and Edgar Franceschi, from Puerto Rico. Through July 28. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Mondays, except July 3, through Fridays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Edward Youkilis, who paints geometric abstractions in muted colors, and Clifford Ross, who laces paint heavily with gel and builds up choppy waves of impasto, are two of the five painters in this show. Through July 21. ... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A curtain of multicolored strings by David Roth; an angelfish seen in profile, together with four seen head-on (the latter don't take up much room), by John Wesley; and a colorful bed of what look like straws by Charles Arnoldi are among the works on exhibit. Through July 14. (Closed Mondays.) ... **FAR GALLERY**, 22 E. 80th St.: An exhibit of paintings entitled "Six Artists and Their Models." Through Friday, June 30. ... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-life paintings by fourteen artists. Nancy Hagin, John Moore, Lucy Sallick. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) ... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14. (Closed Mondays.) ... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through July 21. (Open Saturdays.) ... **WILLARD**, 20 E. 72nd St.: Daisy Youngblood, Michael Luchs, Donald Sultan. Through Friday, June 30.

SCULPTURE—Sixteen metal and stone pieces by Max Bill, Alexander Calder, Mark di Suvero, and others. Through Friday, June 30. (Reed, 120 E. 78th St. Opens at 1.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LEE ADLER—Recent oils and graphics, all of them abstractions that look like designs for heavy-duty machinery. Through July 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. WESTERMANN—A dustpan growing out of the muzzle of a double-barrelled shotgun made of laminated plywood is one of the works on display, along with three poster studies for his current retrospective at the Whitney Museum. This show through Friday, June 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

KIM WHANKI (1913-74)—Abstract paintings from his last ten years. Through Friday, June 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists Bette Lazar and Peter Homitsky are among those exhibiting still-lives. Through Friday, June 30. ... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Stephen Mueller, Ann Purcell, Kikuo Saito, and Edward Youkilis. Through July 13. (Closed July 1-4.) ... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: The summer show here includes a rich-looking screen of rusty iron pipes (a hundred and fifty of them in a fixture eighteen feet long and nine feet tall) by Tom Clancy, and a hexagonal steel rod precisely twelve feet long, which is Charles Perini's means of demonstrating (along with diagrammatic drawings) how far the earth spins at the gallery site in the course of .0104 seconds.

Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) ... **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of new talent includes large abstract compositions made up of pale-colored intersecting circles and arcs by Ray Lewis; interiors showing mysterious passages through thick white walls by Dan Wittels; and scenes of frozen Alaskan wilderness by Loren Adkins, who lives sixty miles outside Juneau. Through July 15. (Closed July 1-4.)

¶ **GETLER-PALL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Rosenquist, Ruscha, and other experimenters from the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio in a show running concurrently with one at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Friday, June 30. ... **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, including Janet Stayton, Joan Snyder, and David Hare. Through July 21. (Closed Mondays.) ... **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Goodnough, Noland, Motherwell, and others. Through Friday, June 30. ... **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: Among the works by gallery artists currently on exhibit are watercolors by Richard Lytle, who paints outsize showy plants (lupine and Christmas cactus, for example), and by Bernard Chaet, who does mushrooms and blue crabs. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) ... **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: In a show called "The Reality of Art," the visitor follows a strange progression from Bruce Robbins' seesaws and silvery ladders, past one of Richard Tuttle's wall dividers, to an eight-foot drawing by Christo of a section of his running fence. Eight artists are represented, and the works all seem related. Through July 20. ...

¶ Upstairs are two hundred or so photographs by Howard Gross of art-world people with their eyes closed. Through Thursday, July 6. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

SCULPTURE—One work each by Arp, Archipenko, Nevelson, Noguchi, and Nadelman. ...

¶ In a separate gallery, sculptor Mary Frank is exhibiting figure drawings made by slashing incisions in off-white paper with a razor and mounting the results on a fluorescent light box. The works are called Shadow Papers. (Zabriskie, 20 W. 57th St.) Both exhibits through Friday, June 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

LOUIS I. KAHN (1901-74)—This architect made his first sketches of architectural monuments by copying out of his schoolbooks, and some of these early efforts, together with later sketches in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, pencil, which were made during his travels in Europe and Egypt (the latest is dated 1959) are included here. Through Aug. 12. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed July 1-4.)

RICHARD KINNAIRD—Large diamond-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, July 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

STEVE POLESKIE—Another conceptual artist, but with a difference. This show consists of diagrammatic drawings of aerial stunts he plans to do, or has already done, and there on the gallery floor is the airplane he does them with—a tiny Pitts Special biplane. Through Friday, June 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

TANIA SCHREIBER—Compositions made up of huge triangles of primary colors by a woman artist who has been doing abstracts on the sides of New York buildings for fifteen years or so. Through July 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BRAUNSTEIN-QUAY**, 139 Spring St.: Works by three Californians—Hanna Hannah, Elin Elisofon, and Whit Ingram. Through Friday, June 30. ... **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: An exhibition of works by seventeen painters organized by Michael Walls, which points up individuality in monochromatic painting. With few excep-

tions (Valerie Joudon's two-tone arabesque, and shaped canvases by Marilyn Lankowsky and George Peck), the pieces are all essentially big flat areas of a solid color; the artist's hand in applying that color is what makes the difference. Through Saturday, July 8. (Closed Mondays.) ... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Drawings by seven contemporary French artists, among them Bernard Moninot, who is represented by detailed pen-and-ink drawings of imaginary darkroom equipment, and Wolfgang Gefgen, who specializes in pencil depictions of frazzled ropes. Through July 12. (Closed Mondays.) ... **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: A black-and-white wooden wall construction, called Ionic Loggia, by Don Gummer; a corner full of steel plates by Carl Andre; and drawings by most of the gallery regulars are included in this summer show. Through July 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

MAUDE BOLTZ—Geometric patterns painted on twelve-foot banners of nylon fabric. Through Friday, June 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

NED SMYTH—Multipart concrete sculptures posted around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

ARTHUR WEYHE—A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.)

NEW WORK/NEW YORK—A group show of local artists who haven't been seen much—Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, and Jeff Way. Through Saturday, July 8. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

SCULPTURE—Five works created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through July 28. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St. Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—A group of photographs centered on the rise of European militarism in the thirties. Portraits of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini are included. Through July 21. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

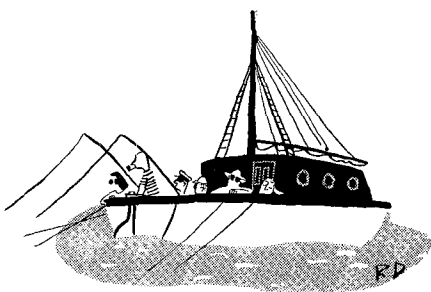
FREDRICH CANTOR—Bizarre tableaux that usually include a single figure harshly illuminated by strobe lighting or electronic flash. Through Saturday, July 8. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

JERRY DANTZIC—Color prints of mesas, buttes, and bridges, in a show at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

ROBERT DOISNEAU/GEORGE KRAUSE—A group of photographs of twentieth-century artists (Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Aug. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.) ... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Works by Lisette Model, Jack Manning, W. Eugene Smith, and sixty or so other members of the Photo League. ... ¶ A show of Pierre Boogaerts' conceptual color photographs. Both shows through July 9. (Open daily except Mondays.) ... **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**: Nearly two hundred prints made by contemporaries of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him—Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, de Meyer. See below, un-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

der "Museums," for dates and times....
MIDTOWN Y GALLERY, 344 E. 14th St.: Fifty photographers' views of city games (stickball, Johnny-on-the-pony, skateboarding, and so on). Through Sept. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4; Sundays, 10 to 1.)...
NEIKRUG, 224 E. 68th St.: The third annual "Rated X" show. Through July 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)...
PFEIFER, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition devoted to the male nude has as its earliest example a photograph (of a sculpture) made in 1857 by Robert MacPherson, and as its most recent example sunbathers on a beach in Acapulco by Louis Falco. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.)...
PRAKAPAS, 19 E. 71st St.: New York street life during the first half of this century, depicted in photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive. Through Friday, June 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9....
"The Arts Under Napoleon": an outline of Napoleon's influence on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30....
"An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection." Through Aug. 27....
PHOTOGRAPHY: Two hundred prints from the Alfred Stieglitz Collection. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through Tuesday, July 4....
"An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine." Through Sept. 5....
PHOTOGRAPHY: Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)...
NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri, whose collages are often composed of damaged linen, wood, metal, plastic, and other materials. Through Aug. 27....
"A retrospective of the oil paintings of Attilio Salemmi." Through Tuesday, July 4....
"Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages and other works. Through July 9....
"The H. C. Westermann retrospective offers samples of his versatility and quirky wit—models of crazy houses; a hammer handle with a head at either end, nested in a box within a box; a drawing, titled the Kamikaze, showing a cargo ship hurtling out of the sky toward a parked monoplane." Through July 16. A complementary show (ending Friday) is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. A complementary show (ending Friday) is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art" installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a

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rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteenth-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Felice A. Beato, John Thomson, Donald Mennie, among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Starts Thursday, June 29. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It includes examples for ecclesiastical, household, and personal use. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesday, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of Japanese genre folding screens on loan from the Suntory Museum of Art. Panoramic views of public festivities cover many of the screens. Through July 9. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900....
"A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece 'Jacob Wrestling with the Angel' are two of the drawings in the exhibit 'Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures.'" (Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesday, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through July 29.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesday, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an

exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, July 4. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through Sunday, July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

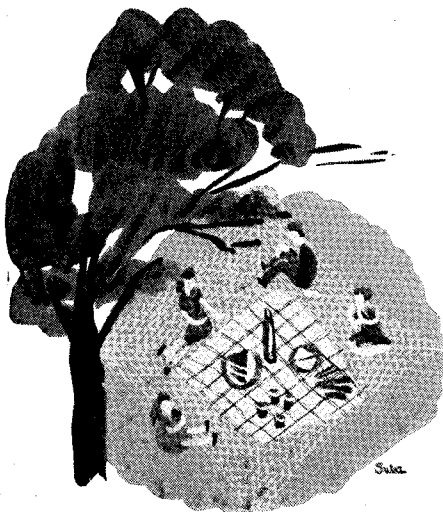
IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 27—Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Gilbert Kalish, piano, in two all-Schubert programs....
"Sunday, July 2, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra...."
"Monday, July 3, at 7: Seals & Crofts and Kenny Loggins...."
"Tuesday, July 4, at 7: Keith Jarrett...."
"Thursday, July 6, at 8:30: Judith Blegen, soprano; Martin Katz, piano; and Raymond Gniwewek, violin...."
"Friday, July 7, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony in a program of Schubert chamber music...."
"Friday, July 7, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Miss Blegen; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus...."
"Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano...."
"Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mark Zeltser, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)"

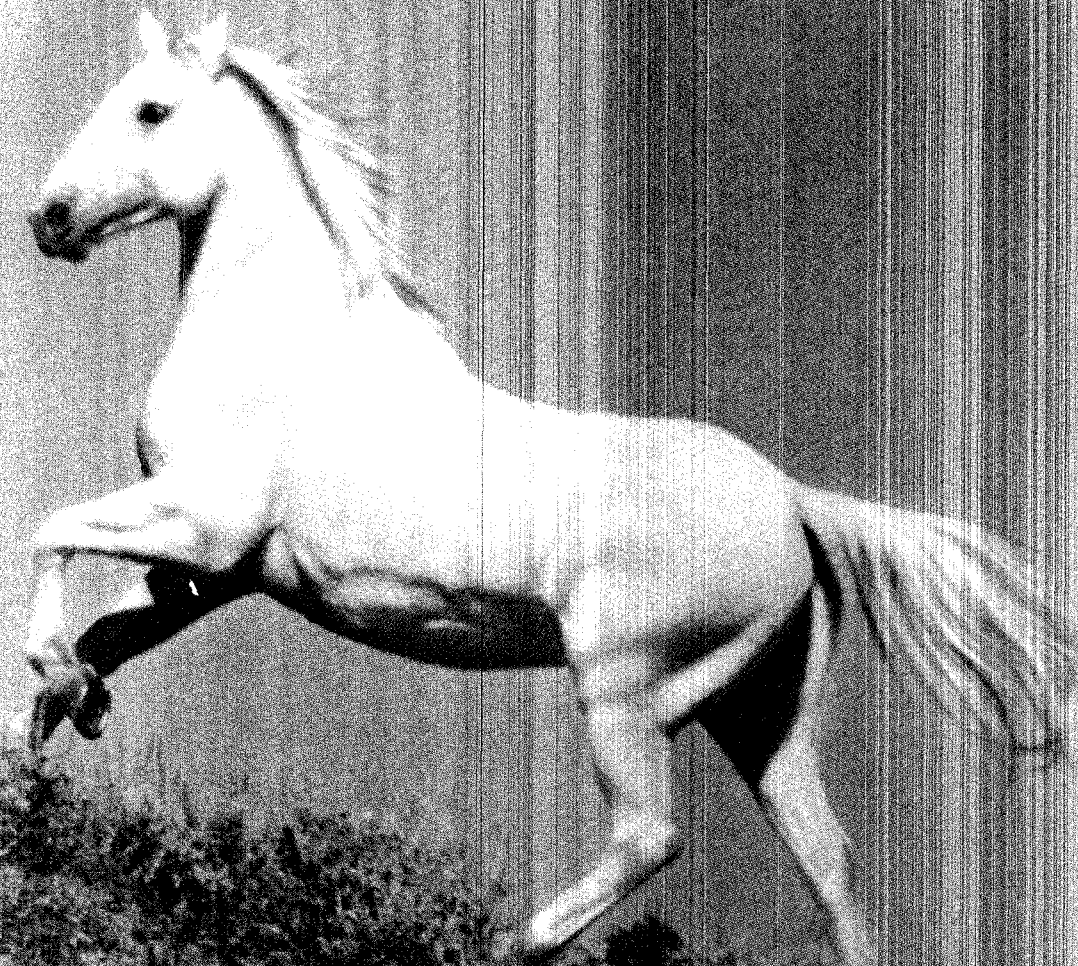
CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 1, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Jean-Philippe Collard, piano....
"Sunday, July 2, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet in an all-Beethoven program...."
"Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano...."
"Sunday, July 9, at 5:30: Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Carlos Bonell, guitar. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 20. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)"

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Thursday, June 29, at 7: Kansas and the Duke-Finnigan-Krueger Band....
"Friday, June 30, at 7: Kenny Loggins and Al DiMeola...."
"Two twelve-hour offerings of the NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 1, at noon: Dee Dee Bridgewater, Gary Burton, Chick Corea, Dizzy Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, Herbie Hancock, John Lewis, Sonny Rollins, Tony Williams, the All-Star Mingus Orchestra, Mike and Randy Brecker, and others...."
"Sunday, July 2, at noon: The Count Basie Orchestra, Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Maynard Ferguson and his Orchestra, Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd, the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra, Stan Kenton and his Orchestra, Buddy Rich and his Orchestra, and the New York Jazz Repertory Company. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York...."
"Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET of a three-week season that ends Saturday, July 22. Wednesday, July 5, at 8:15, and Thursday, July 6, at 2: 'Coppélia....'"
"Thursday, July 6, at 8:15: 'Ballo della Regina.' 'Four Temperaments,' and 'Vienna Waltzes....'"
"Friday, July 7, at 8:15: 'Jewels....'"
"Saturday, July 8, at 2: 'Coppélia....'"
"Saturday, July 8, at 8:15: 'Ballo della Regina.' 'Four Temperaments,' and 'Vienna Waltzes.' (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)"

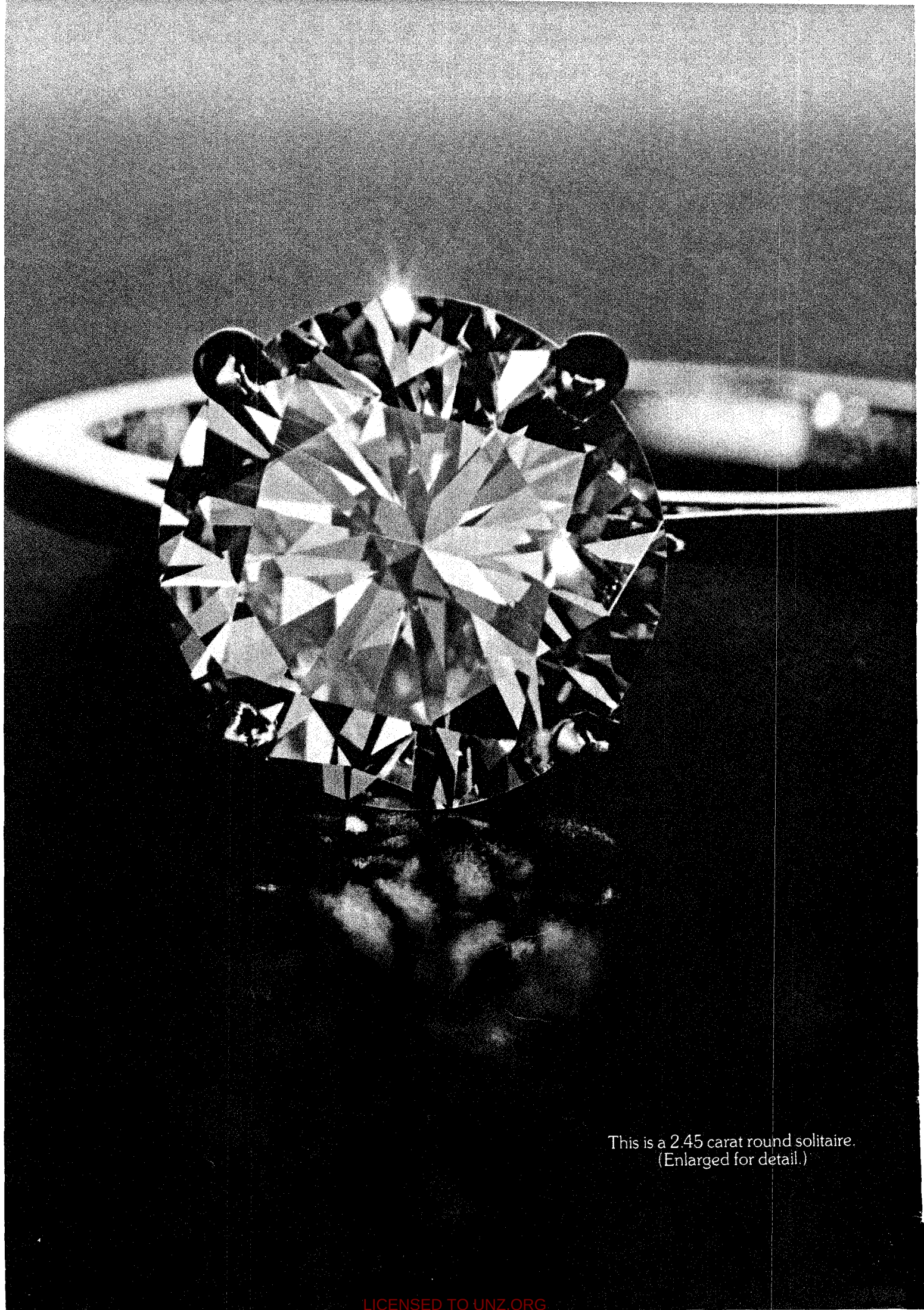
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An infinity of prisms and mirrors with no beginning and no end. Created over a million years ago, to be alive a million years from now.

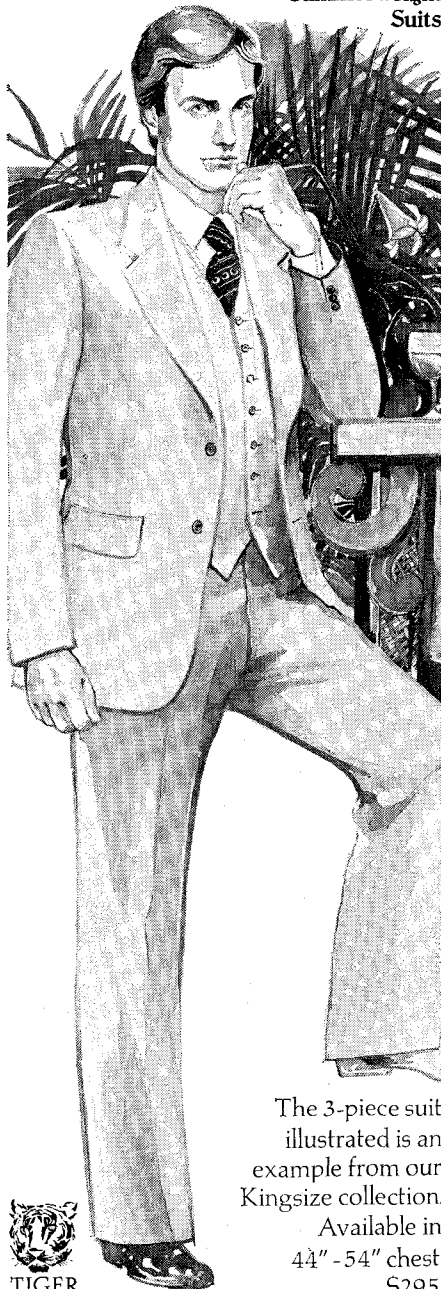
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performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Saturday, July 1, at 8:30 (a benefit performance; preliminary activities start at 5:30): Pilobolus. . . . Tuesday, July 4, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 5, and Friday, July 7, at 8:40; Thursday, July 6, at 3; and Saturday, July 8, at 3 and 8:40: The Berkshire Ballet presenting "Coppelia," with Kelvin Coe and Durine Alinova. (Lee, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Friday, June 30, at 8; Saturday, July 1, at 2; and Sunday, July 2, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Monday, July 3, at 8:05, and Tuesday, July 4, at 5:35 (two-night doubleheader). . . . Chicago, Thursday and Friday, July 6-7, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 8, at about 4 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Johnny Vander Meer, Jim Bunning, Virgil Trucks, and other double no-hit pitchers against Stan Musial, Eddie Mathews, Bobby Thompson, Al Rosen, and other power hitters).

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Wednesday, July 5, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 1; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, July 2; the Suburban Handicap, Tuesday, July 4; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays—except July 5—through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, July 4, between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Tuesday, July 4, and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Tuesday, July 4, at 11:35.)

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, June 28, at 8:45. . . . Cosmos vs. California, Sunday, July 2, at 7:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 3-7, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Tuesday, July 4, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—Herewith a listing of some of the events (mostly nautical) in store: **SATURDAY, JULY 1:** Hundreds of sailboats and power boats will pass under the Triborough Bridge about 11 A.M. and travel down the East River into New York Harbor, where they will join an equal number of boats out of Gravesend Bay and proceed north up the Hudson River as far as 49th Street. . . . At 4, the Coast Guard cutter Tamaroa will lead the passenger ships Rotterdam, Doric, Oceanic, and Statendam down the Hudson River in formation, from their midtown piers. They, in turn, will be followed by the Army Corps of Engineers vessels Driftmaster and Hocking. . . . **SUNDAY AND MONDAY, JULY 2-3:** A Hudson River sailboat regatta will begin each day at 11 A.M., over courses to be determined on the mornings of the races. . . . **TUESDAY, JULY 4:** From noon to 6, a festival will be held between Wall Street and the Battery, involving music and dancing, marching bands, pageantry, and so on. . . . A fly-by of seventy-five vintage and classic aircraft will occur at 1:30, following a course originating north of the George Washington Bridge, continuing south along the New Jersey shore of the Hudson, circling the Statue of Liberty, and returning on the New York side of the river. . . . At 2, lifeboat racing will be held on the Hudson River between the north end of Battery Park Landfill City and Pier A at the Battery. . . . Macy's will sponsor a fireworks display at 9:15 P.M., from barges on the Hudson River between 85th Street and 105th Street.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Mark Linn

Baker, Remak Ramsay, and Pamela Reed in **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL**. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start Thursday, June 29, and will run through Sunday, July 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 6.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Sunday, July 2, at 5: The Naumburg Orchestral Concerts will present the Empire Brass Quintet. . . . Thursday, July 6, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 11): Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "La Traviata," with Norma French, soprano; Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. The first in a series of five productions.

WOLLMAN RINK—Opening performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival, running through Saturday, Sept. 2. Wednesday, July 5, at 7: Frankie Valli. . . . Friday, July 7, at 6:30: Al DiMeola. . . . Saturday, July 8, at 6:30: Robert Klein and Dion. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of Irving Berlin's **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**, with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 29. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinees Saturdays at 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rose bushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Daily, 10 to 4.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, July 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, July 9 (day). Houston, July 19 (two-night doubleheader) and July 20 (day doubleheader). Atlanta, July 21-22 (night) and July 23 (d). Cincinnati, July 24-25 (n) and July 26 (d). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, July 13 (day) and July 14 (night). Kansas City, July 15 (n), July 16 (d), and July 17 (n). Cleveland, July 26 (n) and July 27 (day doubleheader). Minnesota, July 28 (n), July 29 (d), and July 30 (day doubleheader). Texas, July 31-Aug. 1 (n). Boston, Aug. 2-3 (n). Baltimore, Aug. 4-5 (n) and Aug. 6 (d). Milwaukee, Aug. 8-10 (n).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Atlanta Falcons, Aug. 7. . . . Giants vs. Jets, Aug. 12.

GOLF—Curtis Cup Matches. (Apawamis Club, Rye, Aug. 4-5.)

HORSE SHOW—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 8-12.)

RACING—At Saratoga: July 31-Aug. 26.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. New England, July 12. . . . Cosmos vs. Toronto, July 26. . . . Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay, July 30.

TENNIS—W.C.T. Invitational at Forest Hills. (West Side Tennis Club, July 10-16.) . . . Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 30-Aug. 6.)

TROTting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: July 10-Aug. 23.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, July 15-22.)

MUSIC—Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall, July 17-Aug. 26. . . . New York Philharmonic in Central Park, Aug. 8, 15, and 22. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Aug. 9-26.

DANCE—London Festival Ballet, with Rudolf Nureyev, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 18-29. . . . National Ballet of Canada, at the New York State Theatre, July 26-31.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 4: "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones."
From July 5: "Coming Home" and "Klute."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 4: "House Calls."
From July 5: "Coming Home."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Julia."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jaws 2."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Damien: Omen II."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Servant and Mistress."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Inspector."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Different Story."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Cheap Detective."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"House Calls."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bonjour Amour."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Convoy."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Woman at Her Window."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 4: "F.I.S.T." From July 5: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 29: "Capricorn One." From June 30: "The Cat from Outer Space."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Grease."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Damien: Omen II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Convoy."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Pretty Baby."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Convoy."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker."
Theatre 2: Through July 4: "F.I.S.T." From July 5: "The First Time."
Theatre 3: "The End."
Theatre 4: "High Anxiety."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Goodbye Girl."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Matilda."

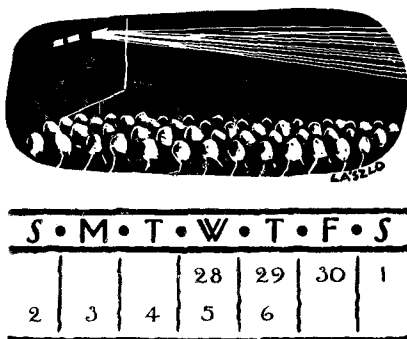
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Pretty Baby."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 4: "House Calls." From July 5: "Coming Home."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Cheap Detective."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 29: "A Star Is Born." From June 30: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" and "Stroszek."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC-4-6745)
"House Calls" and "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Convoy."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Pretty Baby."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 4: "House Calls" and "The Last Remake of Beau Geste." From July 5: "Coming Home" and "Jabberwocky."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 28: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Another Man, Another Chance" (1977), directed by Claude Lelouch, with James Caan and Geneviève Bujold.
June 29: "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Sweet Movie" (1975), in French and English, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure.
June 30-July 1: "The Ruling Class" (†) and "Bedazzled" (†).
July 2-3: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.
July 4: "Yojimbo" (†) and "The Burmese Harp" (†).
July 5: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "General della Rovere" (†).
July 6: "Horsefeathers" (†) and "She Done Him Wrong" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 28: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Gene Tierney, Don Ameche, Charles Coburn, and Marjorie Main; and "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Thomas Mitchell.
June 29: "Don Quixote" (1957), in Russian,

directed by Grigory Kozinsev, with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

June 30: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
July 1: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (†).
July 2: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier; and "Hamlet" (†).
July 3: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (†).
July 4: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (†) and "The Phantom President" (†).
July 5: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks; and "Sinbad the Sailor" (1947), directed by Richard Wallace, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, and Anthony Quinn.
July 6: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), directed by Barbet Schroeder; and "Maitresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, a documentary film, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 29: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron; and "The Best Way" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Miller, with Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal.
June 30-July 1: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, directed by Bruno Bozzetto, an animated film; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated science-fiction film.

July 2-3: "Brigadoon" (†) and "The Great Waltz" (†).

July 4: "Patton" (†).

July 5-6: "Candy" (1968), directed by Christian Marquand, with Ewa Aulin, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, and James Coburn; and "Carnal Knowledge" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)

June 28: "Larceny, Inc." (1942), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Jane Wyman, Edward G. Robinson, Broderick Crawford, Jack Carson, and Anthony Quinn; and "The Fortune Cookie" (1966), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, and Ron Rich.
From June 29: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 1: "The Great Ziegfeld" (1936), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Luise Rainer, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

July 2-4: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Lili" (†).

From July 5: "The Philadelphia Story" (†) and "Adam's Rib" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through June 29: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

June 30-July 1: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

July 2-3: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Magician" (†).

July 4: Theatre closed.

July 5-6: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (†); and "Here Comes the Groom" (1951), directed by Frank Capra, with Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, and Franchot Tone.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 28: "The Night of the Iguana" (1964), directed by John Huston, with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Sue Lyon, Cyril Delevanti, and Grayson Hall; and "East Side, West Side" (1949), di-

rected by Mervyn Le Roy, with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van Heflin.

June 29: "Sweethearts" (1938), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, and Frank Morgan; and "Bitter Sweet" (1940), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, George Sanders, Ian Hunter, Felix Bressart, and Curt Bois.

June 30: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Cesar Romero; and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Stockwell.

July 1: "Bombshell" (†) and "Niagara." (†)
July 2: "Night After Night" (†) and "Belle of the Nineties." (†)

July 3-4: "Sabrina" (†) and "Funny Face." (†)

July 5: "Captains Courageous" (†) and "Treasure Island." (†)

July 6: "Cobra Woman" (†); and "Sudan" (1945), directed by John Rawlins, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Turhan Bey, and Andy Devine.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—

Eleven programs in a series of films directed by Henry King (who will be present at the 8:30 showing on June 29): June 29 at 6: "Six Feet Four" (1919), with William Russell, Charles French, Vola Vale, and David Shepard. ... June 29 at 8:30: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" (1951), with Susan Hayward, William Lundigan, and Rory Calhoun. ... June 30 at 2:30: "Six Feet Four." ... July 1 at noon: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938), with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, and Don Ameche. ... July 1 at 2:30: "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess, Gladys Hulette, and Walter P. Lewis. ... July 1 at 5: "The Seventh Day" (1922), with Richard Barthelmess, Frank Losee, and Leslie Stowe. ... July 2 at noon: "Alexander's Ragtime Band." ... July 2 at 2:30: "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman, Belle Bennett, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. ... July 3 at 2:30: "I Loved You Wednesday" (1933), with Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi. ... July 3 at 6: "The White Sister" (1923), with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman. ... July 4 at 6: "Tol'able David." ... July 6 at 2:30: "Over the Hill" (1931), with Mac Marsh and James Kirkwood. ... July 6 at 6: "Hell Harbor" (1930), with Lupe Velez, Jean Hersholt, and Gibson Gowland. ... July 6 at 8:30: "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (1926), with Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, and Charles Lane. ... ¶ Other, non-King, films scheduled during this period are: June 29 at 2:30: "Chronicle of Everyday

Life" (1978), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jacques Leduc, the last five parts of an eight-part film; English subtitles. ... June 30 at 6: "L'Avventura" (1960), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabrielle Ferzetti; English subtitles. ... July 2 at 5: "People of the Cumberland" (1937), directed by Sidney Meyers, Jay Leyda, Elia Kazan, Ben Maddow, Erskine Caldwell, Ralph Steiner, Helen Van Dongen, Alex North, and William Watts; and "Native Land" (1942), directed by Paul Strand, Leo Hurwitz, Ben Maddow, and Marc Blitzstein, narrated by Paul Robeson. ... July 3-4 at noon: "A Berger to Go" (1977), directed by Robert Mickelson; and "It Ain't City Music" (1973), directed by Tom Davenport. ... July 4 at 2:30: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Anthony Franciosa, and Walter Matthau. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—June 29-July 2: "Outback" (1972), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Donald Pleasence and Gary Bond. ... ¶ Starting July 6: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski. Showings Thursdays at 6:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 6 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ADAM'S RIB (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and mad-deningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently, Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer-neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars; Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Regency; starting July 5.)

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbersome armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagoguery. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Cinema Studio; starting June 30.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 30-July 1.)

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (1934)—Without Cary Grant, the Mae West pictures didn't have much class, and in this tawdry melodrama, with Roger Pryor and Johnny Mack Brown opposite her, she isn't funny enough, either. But the tawdriness is so explicit in her low-down script (about a nineteenth-century entertainer's romance with a prizefighter) that the movie is rather fascinating, and once again Miss West sings marvellous honky-tonk blues—perhaps even better than usual. This time, the songs include "When a St. Louis Woman Goes Down to New Orleans," "Troubled Waters," "My Old Flame," and "Mem-

phis Blues," and Duke Ellington and his orchestra (sometimes on screen, sometimes off) provide the backing, so one can see Johnny Hodge, Barney Bigard, Cootie Williams, and the whole troupe. Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" can be heard on the soundtrack. Directed by Leo McCarey. With John Miljan and Katharine de Mille. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

BOMBHELL (1933; also known as "Blonde Bombshell")—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blond movie star. Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style, made at M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star's finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent, and Franchot Tone is slyly funny as the man who woos her with such lines as "Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair." With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healey, Isabel Jewell, Pat O'Brien, Louise Beavers, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed rather stridently and unimaginatively, but from an enjoyably snappy, rude script by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman, adapted from a play by Caroline Francke and Mack Crane. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

BONJOUR AMOUR—With Pascal Meynier and Guilhaïne Dubos, directed by Roger Andrieux. In French. (Cinema 11.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI (1957)—David Lean's big and engrossing Academy Award winner, adapted from Pierre Boulle's novel about prisoners of war held in Burma by the Japanese. The film is rather mishapen, particularly in the sections featuring William Holden, and the action that detonates the explosive finish isn't quite clear. However, Alec Guinness is compelling as the English Colonel Nicholson, a stickler for rules who courageously defies the Japanese by legalistic means, and then goes haywire and restores morale among the men in the prison camp by putting them to work building a bridge for their captors—a bridge that will enable the Japanese to bring up troop reinforcements. With Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Hawkins, and James Donald. Produced by Sam Spiegel; cinematography by Jack Hildyard; the screenplay was by Boulle, with the uncredited collaboration of the blacklisted Carl Foreman and Michael Wilson. Filmed in Ceylon. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

BRIGADOON (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Min-

nelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but the way it has been done it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. (Cinema Village; July 2-3.)

THE BURMESE HARP (1956)—A Japanese likeness of "Antigone," directed by Kon Ichikawa, about a Japanese private in Burma near the end of the Second World War who has a driving need to bury the dead in expiation for the crimes of war. A strange, gentle film; the poetry is uneven but unmistakably authentic. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 4.)

CAPRICORN ONE—With Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O. J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook; directed by Peter Hyams. (U. A. East; through June 29.)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (1937)—One of the M-G-M powerhouse "family" entertainments: beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese) and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by experienced hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 5.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE (1971)—Jules Feiffer, who wrote the screenplay, had what sounds like a promising idea: to take two college roommates in the mid-nineteen-forties (Jack Nicholson, who becomes a tax lawyer, and Arthur Garfunkel, who becomes a doctor) and follow their sexual attitudes and activities through to their middle age in the early seventies. But Feiffer rigged the case in order to

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

A DIFFERENT STORY—With Perry King and Meg Foster, directed by Paul Aaron. (Baronet.)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

THE END—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (Quad Cinema.)

THE FIRST TIME—Claude Berri has made a lovable—perhaps too lovable, but very plain and clear-eyed—film about first sexual encounters. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting July 5.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain is welcome, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through July 4.)

FUNNY FACE (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The Givenchy clothes are lovely; the sequences (which Avedon supervised) of Astaire taking photos are often amusingly, romantically misty; best of all, the George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh spriteness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years before (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The Leonard Gershe script (which has no relation to the earlier show) is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and the movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Hepburn's rescue from European sex-mad intellectualism by clean-minded, all-American-boy Astaire is so cheap and false a plot development that the picture's sophistication sinks into a very unphotogenic miasma. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (1959)—Vittorio De Sica has perhaps his greatest role in this otherwise mediocre film, directed by Roberto Rossellini. It is set in Genoa in 1943. De Sica is a small-time swindler with a classic con man's grand manner; the Germans induce him to impersonate a resistance general whom they have inadvertently shot, and send him to a political prison, where he is supposed to ferret out information for them. But the petty, self-loathing crook, experiencing for the first time the respect and admiration—even the awe—of other men, becomes as courageous as the man he impersonates. The mask has molded the man, and the Nazis must destroy their own creation. De Sica is superb; we watch his evolution from worm to Il Generale with utter astonishment and delight. At its most original, the film is a shockingly funny black comedy: the con man, battered and bleeding from torture, weeps sentimentally over a photograph of the real Generale's children—a

scene as excruciatingly comic as the surreal torture scenes in "Bend Sinister." Nabokov's novel about the Nazis. But this film, made on a slender budget and shot and edited in six weeks, is—surprisingly—too long; the director and the writers don't seem to have discovered their best material until it was too late to pull the story together. The compositions, the groupings of actors, the ideas, and the milieu are like a reprise of the neorealist "Open City" (1945); the rawness and immediacy are gone, though. The faces are actorish; the sets are obviously sets. In Italian (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 5.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Guild.)

GREASE—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The grease is the Elvis Presley sort of hair grease, the society is proudly sexist and ritualistic, the film's commercial calculation is obviously shrewd. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade which the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer, as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus, as the other woman, are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Cinema Village; July 2-3.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT—A remake of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, James Mason, and Charles Grodin. Directed by Beatty and Buck Henry. (Loews Tower East.)

HIGH ANXIETY—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their niftiest corny-surreal comedies; it isn't in the class of their "Duck Soup" but then what else is? The setting is academic, with emphasis on football; Groucho is Prof. Wagstaff, the new president of Huxley College, who explains his policy and plans in the song "Whatever It Is, I'm Against It," and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom all four brothers make overtures. So there's some naughty sense to it when Groucho sings the picture's theme song to her, "Everyone Says 'I Love You!'" Norman McLeod directed for Paramount from a screenplay by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (who also wrote the songs) and S. J. Perelman and Will B. Johnstone. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6.)

HOUSE CALLS—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (59th St. East, and Embassy 72nd St. ... St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through July 4.)

JABBERWOCKY (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in

write a tract on depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. Glowering Nicholson is a jock Heathcliff with a big-breast fixation, and we watch him over the years yelling at Ann-Margret and exploding in frustration as he becomes more and more impotent, until finally he's being lied to and serviced by a prostitute (Rita Moreno). Garfunkel is a mild drip who goes from a dull, proper marriage with Candice Bergen to an affair with a snooty bitch (Cynthia O'Neal) and winds up with a curly-haired teen-ager (Carol Kane). It's a parallel history of dissatisfaction and emptiness, and the movie sours as the men age, scoring off them repeatedly and never letting them win a round. Disgust is heaped on sex in this movie: in the film's politicized morality, if well-heeled Americans do it, sex must be vile, because how could they possibly know anything about love? As Mike Nichols has directed the material, the effects are almost all achieved through the line readings, and the *cleverness* is unpleasant. It's all surface and whacking emphasis. This surefire, hit-it-on-the-button comedy style has about the same relationship to humor that belting has to singing. (Cinema Village; June 5-6.)

CAT AND MOUSE—Lelouch at his most tricky and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (5/22/78) (Cinema I.)

THE CAT FROM OUTER SPACE—From the Disney studios, with Ken Berry, Sandy Duncan, Harry Morgan, Roddy McDowall, and McLean Stevenson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (U. A. East; starting June 30.)

THE CHEAP DETECTIVE—With Peter Falk, directed by Robert Moore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

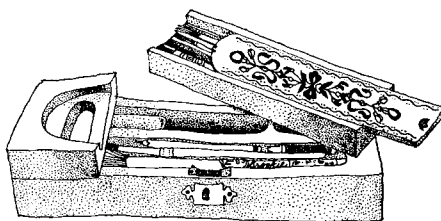
COBRA WOMAN (1944)—Camp classic, with Maria Montez as voluptuous twins. She's the good Nadja, who is kidnapped just as she's about to marry Jon Hall (who smiles his moony, Mona Lisa smile and looks as bone-headed as ever), and she's the evil High Priestess Tollea, who rules a tribe of snake worshippers on Cobra Island. The implacably lifeless cast includes Sabu, Edgar Barrier, Lon Chaney, Jr., Lois Collier, Mary Nash, Samuel S. Hinds, and Moroni Olsen. Among the exotic treats: a rumbling volcano, a pet chimp, ominous gong sounds, forest-glade love scenes, human sacrifices, Tollea's hand-maidens in their high-heeled pumps, her dispirited demonic dance, and the way she writhes and flashes spangles as she says imperiously, "Gif me the cobra jools!" Produced by George Waggner for Universal, directed by that playful wit Robert Siodmak (on sets that are often parodistic), and written by W. Scott Darling and Richard Brooks. This heavenly absurdity has been an inspiration to Charles Ludlam, of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, and Gore Vidal ("Myra Breckinridge," "Myron Breckinridge"). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6.)

COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Art, St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting July 5.)

CONVOY—With Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Columbia II, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

DAMIEN: OMEN II—The followup to "The Omen," with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. Diabolism sells now, no doubt of it, but with films like this, one wonders why. (6/19/78) (34th St. East, and Loews Cin.)

DEAR INSPECTOR—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. (5/9/77) (Olympia; starting July 5.)

JAWS 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (Murray Hill, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

JOSEPH ANDREWS—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipshod (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor, and Michael Hordern plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager. (4/24/78) (Art; through July 4.)

JULIA—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Gramercy.)

KLUTE (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Art; starting July 5.)

THE LACEMAKER—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

THE LAST REMAKE OF BEAU GESTE—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Embassy 72nd St. ... Olympia; through July 4.)

THE LAST WALTZ—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

LILI (1953)—Millions of schoolchildren chirruped "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo" when this sickly-sweet musical whimsy from M-G-M was released. Mel Ferrer smiles his narcissistic, masochistic smiles as the crippled puppeteer who can speak his love to the sixteen-year-old orphan girl Lili (Leslie Caron) only through his marionettes. Caron's much too good for him, but the movie doesn't know it. With Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar. Charles Walters choreographed and directed, from Helen Deutsch's script, based on a Paul Gallico novel. Bronislau Kaper was given an Academy Award for that infernal score; Hollywood is shameless. (Regency; July 2-4.)

MADAME ROSA—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville quartier of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

THE MAGICIAN (1958; "Ansiktet," which is "The Face")—This Ingmar Bergman film isn't a

masterwork, or even a very good movie, but it is clearly a film made by a master. It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the King, and along the way we met..." Then it becomes confused and argumentative. But the mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the nineteenth-century mesmerist, Vogler, and Ingrid Thulin as his assistant, Aman (Vogler's wife, Manda, in male disguise), carry so much latent charge of meaning that they dominate the loosely thrown-together material. Bergman labels the film a comedy, though audiences may not agree. It's a metaphysical gothic tale, with some low-comedy scenes and some grisly jokes involving an eyeball and a hand, and the theme—magic versus rationalism or, if one prefers, faith versus skepticism, or art versus science, or illusion versus reality—is treated too theatrically to sustain such heavy-breathing dialogue as "I always longed for a knife to cut away my tongue and my sex—to cut away all impurities." There are times when one would be happy to hand Bergman that knife. He uses a nineteenth-century setting for the clichés of the twentieth century—the man of science (Gunnar Björnstrand as Vergérus, the physician) is cold and sadistic, etc. Those who worry about the supposed division between emotion and intellect never leave one in doubt about which side they're on. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 2-3.)

MATILDA—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—Frank Capra-style folk humor is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours and the pace could be quicker), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment of this homey fantasy demonstrating the triumph of small-town values over big-city cynicism. Gary Cooper (Longfellow Deeds) is the sincere greeting-card poet from New England who comes to New York; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. The film culminates in a courtroom sequence that introduced the word "pixilated" to just about every American home, and set people to examining each other's casual scribbles or sketches—their "doodles." Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Budington Kelland *SatEvePost* story, "Opera Hat." The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Raymond Walburn, Mayo Methot, and Jameson Thomas as the twitchee. (Thalia; July 5-6.)

NIAGARA (1953)—This isn't a good movie but it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and her amoral destructive tramp—carnal as hell—must represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allen is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'Dea. The script is by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen; Henry Hathaway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT (1932)—Mae West in her film debut, but no one would mistake her for a débutante. With George Raft, Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

PATTON (1970)—The film is enormous in scale and runs almost three hours; it was directed by Franklin J. Schaffner in a style that might be described as imperial—incredibly long, wide shots that take in vast areas, with the human figures dwarfed by the terrain. There's so much land and air—and it's so clear—that

we seem to be looking at the action from God's point of view. The landscapes are full of men, but they're all essentially extras—even men like Omar Bradley (Karl Malden), who *should* be important. There's really nobody in this movie except George C. Scott's Patton. He is what people who believe in military values can see as the true military hero—the red-blooded American who loves to fight and whose crude talk is straight talk. He is also what people who despise militarism can see as the worst kind of red-blooded American mystical maniac; for them, Patton can be the symbolic proof of the madness of the whole military complex. The picture, from a script by Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund H. North, plays him both ways—crazy and great—and more ways than that, because he's a comic-strip general, and even those who are anti-war may love comic strips. Patton is treated as if he were the spirit of war, yet the movie begs the fundamental question: Is this the kind of man a country needs when it's at war? This movie is both a satirical epic and a square celebration, yet the satire backfires. Scott's Patton is so much stronger than anyone else that he has glamour and appeal. The film's style itself validates Patton the war lover as a hero. (Cinema Village; July 4.)

THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT (1932)—This musical political satire was George M. Cohan's first talking picture; for anyone who cares about American theatrical history it's an indispensable record of Cohan's style—which is almost nothing like the styles of James Cagney and Joel Grey when they played Cohan (on the screen and the stage, respectively). Cohan is dapper and bland; he seems to wear a mask of ordinariness, and only the droopy-lidded eyes, and sometimes the awareness in the smile, clue us in to the theatrical instinct at work. One doesn't know quite what to make of him or his smooth technique. There's a good satirical idea here: he plays a double role—a quiet Presidential candidate and the extroverted look-alike who campaigns for him. With Claudette Colbert and Jimmy Durante. Norman Taurog directed; the songs are by Cohan, except for Rodgers and Hart's "Give Her a Kiss." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off her public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in 1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action, she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. The cast includes James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adaptor, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Regency; starting July 5.)

PRETTY BABY—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auc-

tioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funny played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 30-July 1.)

SABRINA (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

SERVANT AND MISTRESS—An elitist role reversal between a master (Victor Lanoux) who comes home to collect his supposed inheritance and the family maid (Andréa Ferréol) who has moved in to commandeer the money and behaves like a very Gallic Lady Bracknell. Everything is conducted here with talk that gives an implacable weight to trivia. Bruno Gantillon made the film without humor or humanity, and with a good deal of solemnity. In French. (6/19/78) (Eastside Cinema.)

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Gary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6.)

A STAR IS BORN (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huene served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1977 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Cinema Studio; through June 29.)

STROSZEK—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simpleminded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Cinema Studio; starting June 30.)

TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS (1952)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to

Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Quad Cinema.)

TOM JONES (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Art; through July 4.)

TREASURE ISLAND (1934)—Wallace Beery as Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins, in a lively, robust version of the Stevenson story, directed by Victor Fleming in the damn-the-budget style of M-G-M. The cast includes Lionel Barrymore (fortunately in a sinister role), Lewis Stone (more energetic than usual), and Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 5.)

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Beekman, Paramount, and Cinema 3.)

A WOMAN AT HER WINDOW—A good French picture, badly subtitled, set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (6/12/78) (68th St. Playhouse.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as the prodigious actor-playwright-songwriter George M. Cohan, in a big, enjoyable musical. Well directed by Michael Curtiz and made during the Second World War, it's packed with jingoistic Americanism, but this ties in with Cohan's own attitudes and with the unself-conscious Irish-American sentimentality of his songs, and Cagney's stiff-backed hoofing is so spirited that the soggy plot turns hardly bother one. He gets to dance more in this movie than in any of his previous films, and though he was born in 1899 and is somewhat portly here, he is so cocky and sure a dancer that you feel yourself grinning with pleasure at his movements. (He took the Academy Award for Best Actor.) With Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Rosemary de Camp, and Frances Langford. The cinematography is by James Wong Howe. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

YOHIMBO (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. When our Westerner came into town, although his own past was often shady, he picked the *right* side—the farmers against the gamblers and the cattle thieves. This samurai walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesiologically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 4.)



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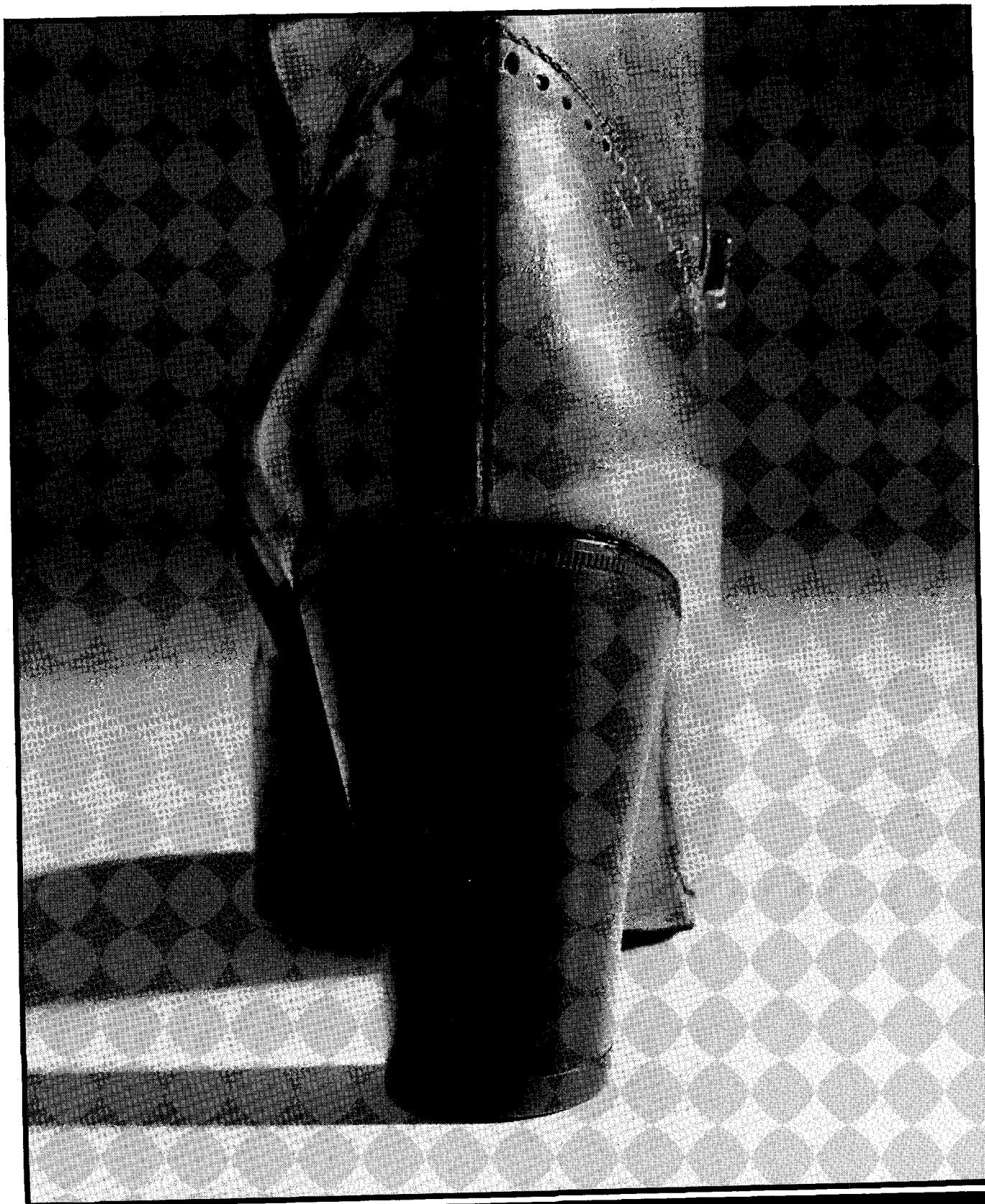
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received the following letter from a young woman we know:

Not long ago, I had an abortion, under what must certainly be called the best of circumstances. It was performed in an excellent hospital, by my own gynecologist. The father was loving—I remember being grateful and relieved that he was as saddened as I by the necessity for the abortion but understood that it wasn't happening to *him*. There was enough money. I have close friends. And so on.

I went into the hospital early in the morning, and was home in bed early that evening. At seven the next morning, the telephone rang. A woman asked for me.

"Yes?" I said.

"How are you?" she asked.

I said I was O.K.

"Well, we know that yesterday morning you murdered a six-week-old baby girl, and we'd like to offer you some guidance."

"Who is this?" I said, frightened and trying to think.

"My name is Betty, and I want to help you."

I asked for her phone number and said I would call her right back. I dialled the number, and reached a recorded message from a movie theatre. Then I called my doctor, and he told me that anti-abortion groups pay nurses for lists of women who have had abortions, the same way diaper companies used to pay nurses for lists of women who had given birth.

There are women all over the city—probably all over the country—who are getting phone calls like that one. Many of them are alone and scared and ashamed. I was none of these, and my doctor took time to call back to reassure me that there was no possible way to determine the sex of a six-week-old embryo.

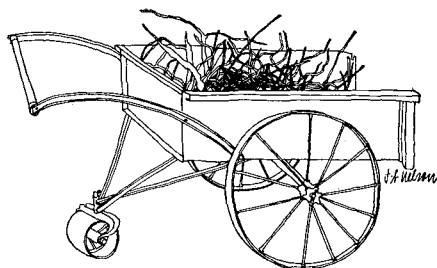
I try to figure out what would drive a person to make such a phone call. Hatred? Deep principle short-circuited by desperation? Fanaticism? Frenzy? I don't know. But I do know how I felt then, and how I still feel when that phone call comes into my mind: as if I'd suddenly lost my ability to think.

Zeke

SOME of the best things that happen go by so fast they seem not to have happened at all. One was the performance on Broadway for eight days in April of Morgan Freeman as Zeke the wino in Richard Wesley's "The Mighty Gents." Wesley's play, which deals with the relationship between Zeke and four aging members of a black Newark street gang known as the Mighty Gents, appeared previously, as "The Last Street Play," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, where it ran for two weeks in May, 1977. It reappeared with its present title at the Kennedy Center in Washington in March, and then came to the Ambassador, opening on April 16th to favorable but quiet reviews. Freeman's performance won a Drama Desk award, a Tony nomination, and the Clarence Derwent Award. It was an electrifying piece of work. Zeke starts out as a harmless bum but slowly becomes a satanic presence, who kills the leader of the Gents at the end of the play. Freeman wore a battered suit, a historic fedora, and a long, sinister overcoat, and everything he did was hyp-

notic. He moved in the queer, jerky, hurry-up-and-wait way of street bums, his back curved like a boulder, his left arm constantly flailing, his legs bent and rubbery. His voice was guttural and his diction both ruined and precise (not a word was lost), and he alternately cajoled and roared and mumbled. At one point, he took a classic pratfall, his head hitting the floor and his legs flying toward the ceiling. It was marvellously funny, in the old vaudeville way, and it was horrifying. In outline, Freeman was every stage and movie drunk of the last century, but in intensity, detail, rhythm, and sheer cumulative presence he was unique and indelible.

Freeman lives in a big old West End Avenue apartment with his fiancée, Myrna Lee, who is doing graduate work in costume and scenery design at Temple, in Philadelphia; his sixteen-year-old son, Sai (he also has two daughters, who live in Chicago with their mother); and a dog and a cat, named Nema and Zipper. He is tall, and is the diameter of a barber's pole. His small face is dominated by his eyes, which laugh and gleam. He has a good baritone, but he often speaks so low his words blur. Seated on one of two sofas in his living room, which also has a fireplace and lots of books, he is a bony, akimbo jumble of arms and legs. "I wish they'd stop giving me awards—except, of course, when they come with checks," Freeman said the other day. "I won my first acting prize in Greenwood, Mississippi, when I was thirteen. Every year, they had a kind of dramatic meet—a tournament in which local schools put on plays, which were judged like pies. The winners competed at the state level, and the first year I entered, our school won the state title. It was 1950, and I still have that little medal. We won again in 1952 and 1954, and I was real well known in Greenwood. Then if I didn't top that by up and nearly dying. I was in every-



thing in school—the glee club, dramatics, the debating team, the band. So I travelled all the time, but I didn't bother to eat, because I never had any money and I was never much of an eater anyway. We went on a biology field trip in the woods, and a friend and I were swimming across a pond we came to, but when I got halfway I couldn't go any farther. I remember thinking, I'll just go down to the bottom for a minute and rest. I went down and down, but there didn't seem to be any bottom, and the next thing I knew I was at the surface and three people were pulling me out. The day after, I couldn't move, and they discovered I had malnutrition. I developed pneumonia and an abscessed lung. I was in the hospital two weeks, and my mother nursed me back, and, as she always did in bad times, only collapsed when it was over. I wasn't born in Greenwood but in Memphis. When I was two, I was sent—or abandoned—to Charleston, Mississippi, to live with Evelyn Freeman, who was my father's mother. She had been married to Morgan Herbert Freeman, and my father was

Morgan Porterfield Freeman, but they forgot to give me a middle name. When I was six, my grandmother died, and I was shunted off to Chicago with my sister Iris Virginia, who was a year and a half younger. My mother and father were living there with my mother's cousins, who had three or four children of their own. We arrived in the dead of winter, and I couldn't believe how unfriendly the weather was—the bitterness of it, the unyielding quality of the cold, as if it was after *you*. I guess we stayed about six months, and then we moved to Greenwood with Lenora—Lenora Greenlee Revere, who was my *mother's* mother. My sister and my mother and I moved down there into my grandmother's three-room shotgun. My father stayed in Chicago—which was just as well, because he and my mother just didn't get along, no matter how often they tried. I never did see that much of him—I thought of my stepfather as my father—and he finally drank himself to death in 1961. My mother got a job as a teacher in Money, Mississippi, which was a nearby hamlet. It was exactly what you see in Eudora Welty's book

of photographs, 'One Time, One Place.' The school was a small building, and there were several grades to a room. Then, when I was nine and in the third grade, we went *back* to Chicago, where I had a real tough teacher who had a voice like Lauren Bacall. My mother and sister and I generally lived in one room with a tiny gas stove, and my mother worked nights as a nurse's aide. All we did in Chicago was move. The windowsills were our freezer, and once we lived in a building that stood by itself on an empty lot. In 1948, we settled in Gary, Indiana, and my mother became deathly ill. Her mother came to get her, and my sister and I went with them, and there we were again at 431 Pelican, in Greenwood. I'd been in the seventh grade in Chicago and I was an excellent student. English: superior. Math: superior. Deportment: superior. But they gave me a test in Greenwood that had a lot of Mississippi history and things I hadn't studied in Chicago, and I flunked, and they put me back a year. I was crushed.

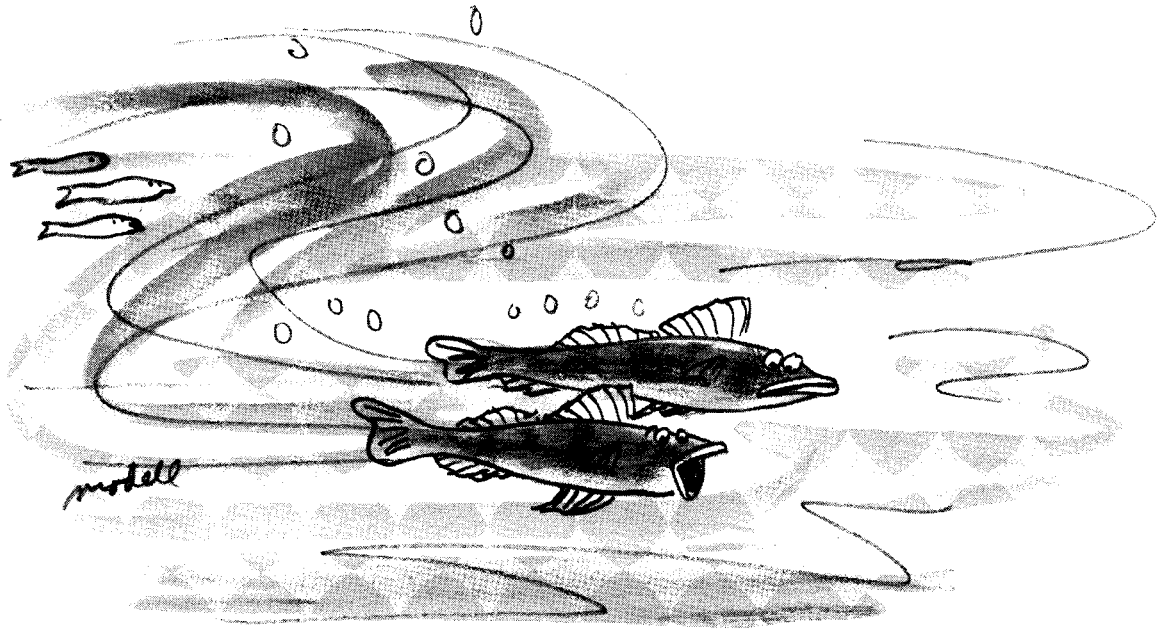
But then I started acting, and when I graduated from high school in Greenwood I was offered a partial scholarship in dramatics at Jackson State College. I was sick of school, however, and I wanted to *fly*, so I enlisted in the Air Force, and ended up as a radar mechanic. I was a good radar mechanic and a bad soldier. I was discharged in 1959 in San Bernardino, and I went straight to Los Angeles, where I bought a trenchcoat and a porkpie hat and presented myself at the Paramount Studios. That was in February, and between then and April I didn't eat much. Finally, I landed a job at Los Angeles City College as a transcript clerk, and I enrolled in courses in acting, voice development, and diction. A year later, a friend and I spent five months in New York, and all that happened was I joined the Negro Actors Guild, for ten dollars. I went back to the Coast, but to San Fran-



*"If the truth be known, of course, he'll eat anything
that's put in front of him."*

cisco, where I joined a company called the Opera Ring. I did the street singer in 'Three-penny Opera,' and got my first mention in a review. I came across it the other day. It was in the *Chronicle*, and I think it went like this: 'Morgan Freeman proclaims the return of the celebrated crook with an appropriate blend of awe, respect, wry humor, and barely perceptible sadness.' I started dancing lessons. I washed cars. I sold ads for a black magazine. I worked at the post office. I bummed a lot and lived on quarter-pound Baby Ruths for dinner. In the early sixties, I

moved to New York for good. I worked in the garment center. Then I landed a job as a dancer with Michael Kidd in an extravaganza out at the World's Fair. In one routine, we dressed up in fur and played Eskimos. After the Fair, I couldn't find *nothin'*, and I ended up as a counter-man at Nedick's in Penn Station. One night, a dancer from the show came in and I was so embarrassed I nearly got under the counter. But I got through 1965, and the next year I went on the road with 'Royal Hunt of the Sun,' and I joined Equity and became eligible for unemployment. I got a part in George Tabori's 'The Niggerlovers,' with Viveca Lindfors and Stacy Keach, but it didn't run very long. That was when I met Douglas Turner Ward, of the Negro Ensemble Company. They were auditioning across the street, and he asked me if I wanted to try. I said, 'Man, you can come and see me any night in "The Niggerlovers."' Well, he didn't come and I didn't go over, and that was that. I ran into him again a couple of years later on Martha's Vineyard, and it was 'How you been, man?' and all that. I had auditioned for Gower Champion for the original 'Hello, Dolly!' but I couldn't make a triple pirouette, and when they put together the black one, with Cab Calloway and Pearl Bailey. I auditioned again and got the part of Rudolph the headwaiter. I stayed eleven months, then did some political cabaret at the Village Vanguard and did Gordon Watkins' 'Caught in the Middle' for television. I was a standby for Purlie



"What surprised me was not that we're an endangered species but that we're snail darters."

at the time 'The Electric Company' came along. 'The Electric Company' paid me more than I'd ever been paid before, and suddenly I was making something unbelievable like seventeen thousand dollars a year. 'The Electric Company' was great the first two years. The vibes were good, we were a family, and watching Bill Cosby all the time was something else. But I'm restless and I'm afraid of the Captain Kangaroo syndrome. I quit once, but I ended up staying five years, and I'd probably still be there if the show hadn't gone off the air.

"While I was doing 'The Electric Company,' I did Richard Wesley's 'Gettin' It Together' at the Public Theatre, and I couldn't believe that this young guy in his twenties had written it. I wanted to *know* when he wrote something else, and when 'The Last Street Play' came along a year or so ago I auditioned for three parts—the father, Braxton the crook, and Zeke the wino. I was given my choice of Braxton or Zeke and took Zeke, and that was a challenge. It was something that was totally not me—an old man, a failure, a wino. I had always watched Gig Young play drunks in the movies, and I understood that when a drunk slurs his words it is not because of sloppiness but because he is trying so hard to enunciate properly. His intensity *flattens* his words. I watched a wino Richard Pryor does, and I watched the winos on Broadway near here. I recalled two long conversations I'd had with winos, in Greenwich Village and out in San Francisco." Freeman jumped

to his feet and stood in the middle of the room. He went into a boxer's crouch and squinted his eyes and brought them slowly down from the middle distance to regular eye level. He swayed and grabbed the mantel to steady himself, and started talking in a thick, unintelligible dialect. As he talked, his head moved like a chicken's and he shuffled and pointed a long finger at the wall. In ten seconds, he was the bum in his memory. He laughed, and stood erect and opened his eyes and sat down again. "I remembered an old guy with a fluttery hand I'd seen, and I worked that in. I worked on the look that comes into a man's eyes when he asks for a dime and is refused. The right voice and speech came more slowly. I tried to get across the feeling of where the voice had *been* by the time it was burnt out. There's some talk of reviving 'The Mighty Gents,' but I don't think I want to do Zeke again. I want to move on. I'm totally interested in the movies, and have been since I was a kid. I went to the movies every day when I was growing up, and my mother told me over and over, 'One of these days, I'm taking you to Hollywood.' I want to do movies that it's likely no one will ever do—the black tank battalion in the Second World War that was Patton's spearhead, and the black regiment in the Civil War that fought so much better than the whites on their side they were bitterly resented, and Dodge City when it was full of blacks. I wanted to be a cowboy when I was little, and I still do, and someday somebody's going to come along and say,

'Here's your Western, Morgan. Do it.'"

Up, Up, and Away

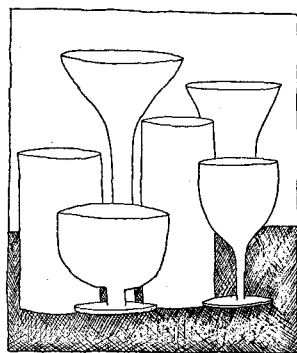
PENNSYLVANIA STATION in Newark is only fifteen minutes away from Pennsylvania Station in New York, but it belongs to another world, a world full of very visible trains. You see, it's a *real* train station: there are trains whizzing in from all directions, in an astonishing variety of colors—not just the red-white-and-blue of Amtrak but the silver, blue-and-white, brown, green, red, and even dark-blue-and-yellow of the commuter trains that begin and end their careers at this station. Hundreds of people on the dead run, and a non-stop series of announcements, some of them almost comprehensible, on the public-address system. We had fitful

opportunities to observe all this when we alighted there at five-twenty on a fine recent Tuesday evening and started to run, too—in the wake of the railway buff E. M. Frimbo, as that elderly man catapulted himself down a staircase, raced through a vast waiting room with a forty-foot ceiling and giant chrome lanterns encircled by the signs of the zodiac, and bounced up another staircase, to Platform 5. "Makes you think of Tokyo Central, doesn't it?" Mr. Frimbo said as we galloped alongside him to the far end of this platform. "But we're only in New Jersey. We're also in one of the finest architectural monuments to the concept of Art Deco—you must have noticed that as we went through the waiting room. If anything finally does happen to Radio City Music Hall, we can move the Rockettes and those 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' movies over here, and the customers will never know the difference. Years from now, of course, when the New Jersey Department of Transportation, that great and benevolent institution, gets the money, we won't have to do all this sprinting, because the line we're about to travel on will be electrified, and then our next train will run right out of New York."

"E. M. Frimbo!" shouted six rather staidly attired businessmen at the end of the platform as we at last came to a stop beside them. "Glad you could join us. She'll be pulling in a minute."

We had always wondered what sort

of people E. M. Frimbo hangs out with when he's on the road, but we hadn't been sure that we were ready for one of his six-week grand tours. And then, a couple of days earlier, he had suggested that we come along on a special overnight lark with a set of his travelling companions, and we'd signed up at once. This evening, we were in the presence of Bob Lewis, the publisher of a trade publication, *Railway Age*; Tom Streeter, a railway specialist in a large Wall Street brokerage house; Arthur Yorke Allen, chairman of the firm that publishes the *Official Railway Guide*, a collection of passenger timetables which still comes out ten times a year; Porter Collins, of the Naporano Iron & Metal Company, who salvages beat-up old locomotives and nurses them back to health; and a couple of pure amateurs, who, like



Frimbo himself, simply enjoy riding on trains. "I like to think of this particular group as the Friends of the N.J. Dot Museum," Frimbo said, "which is what we call the New Jersey Department of Transportation, which has taken over the commuter trains of the now ignominiously bankrupt Penn Central, Erie-Lackawanna, Jersey Central, and Reading railways and pays for what would otherwise no longer exist."

"N.J. Dot sure is a museum," Bob Lewis said cheerfully. "It has bought cars of all vintages, from age one to age fifty-five, and that's why you see them in so many colors. That train on Track 3 has cars from the Santa Fe Railroad. The one arriving on Track 4 has cars from the Burlington, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern. And over there's a train with cars mostly from the Rock Island. And that streamlined car with the observation dome at one end used to go to Florida on a train called the Silver Meteor. Right now, on any other day, I'd be getting in that car, which belongs to my commuter club, and be off on my way home to Red Bank, on the north-Jersey coast. And this dark-blue-and-yellow train coming in on our track is all Kansas City Southern, with one exception."

As though on command, the train halted so that the one exception was only inches away from our group. "This car, gentlemen," Lewis said, "is the museum's prize antique."

Streeter stepped forward and opened

not a door but an elaborate brass gate, and led our party not indoors but on to the ample open-air platform of a car that looked exactly like the one in which Harry S Truman conducted his campaign for the Presidency in 1948.

"No!" we said. "There *can't* be anything like this in existence today!"

"Well, you're almost right," said Lewis. "This is the last open-platform observation car left on any scheduled passenger train in this country. And it pulls out of here at five-thirty five nights a week—Monday through Friday—on the end of a train for Phillipsburg, sixty-six miles away. I hope you've brought along a sandwich, because we won't be dining until after eight o'clock, and that will be in Easton, Pennsylvania, across the Delaware River from Phillipsburg. I organize holidays like this for Friends of the N.J. Dot now and again during the long summer evenings."

Having already been warned by Frimbo, we had fetched along a brace of roast-beef sandwiches from the Fountain deli, across the street from our office, and we noticed that our new friends were equipped with bulging satchels. "Put your bags on the rear seats in the car to hold places for yourselves, and then come on out again," Streeter told us.

The five-thirty for Phillipsburg was pulling out as we went back outdoors. We noticed that our solemnly accoutred companions were now armed with cameras and were waving farewells to the crowds on other platforms. "Vote for me, and I'll clean up this town!" someone right behind us shouted, and we were on our way.

The conductor came out on the platform to collect our tickets. "Eight tickets for P-burg!" he said. "What's going on out there? A convention, in that boondock?"

"We're railroad men," Porter Collins said firmly. "And we're staying outside here the whole way."

"Welcome aboard my train," the conductor said.

"I'm on home ground now," said Frimbo as the conductor went on his way. "In better times, there were thirteen trains a day out of Grand Central Terminal *alone* with cars like this. I was present at the birth of this car we're in—when it made its first run, from Jersey City to Atlantic City, as part of one of my favorite trains, the Jersey Central's Blue Comet. That must have been fifty years ago. There were six canvas chairs on this platform then, and inside there was green car-

peting and two rows of wicker arm-chairs. As I remember it, every car in the train was named after a comet or an astronomer. Just ahead of this car was a restaurant car, from which, unfortunately, the porter in our car could not fetch us drinks, because the Devil had invented Prohibition. This cheerful conveyance was unwonted and unwanted competition to the Pennsylvania Railroad, which had had the Atlantic City business practically to itself, with a parlor-car express named the Nellie Bly—after the newspaper reporter who refused to take Jules Verne for granted and made it around the world in seventy-two days instead of eighty. Women's rights were, as you can see, already in full fig in those days—in fact, the parlor-bar car on that train was named after Jenny Lind. Prohibition was eventually put to death, and something called Progress eventually put the Blue Comet to death, but once or twice a year thereafter, on a summery day like this, I would charter this car and some of the Blue Comet day coaches from the Jersey Central Railroad and take off with friends of

mine to such cheerily named New Jersey country seats as Egg Harbor, Woodbine Junction, and Bivalve. The Second World War turned me to more serious endeavors, and when peace came I could no longer find this car. Then, one night, Bob Lewis said to me, 'Why don't you ride down to the north-Jersey coast with me and my friends in our club car? You can have dinner with us at home and then we'll put you on the mid-evening train back to New York.' That club car turned out to be this very vehicle, now No. 1178. The green carpet and the wicker chairs had gone to their reward—such luxuries as commuter club cars, which are subscription affairs and guarantee every member a seat, tended to fade out during the war—but it was still, to me, my old Blue Comet star. The club car lost a lot of Wall Street patronage in 1967, when the ferryboats from downtown Manhattan to Jersey City, which was then its terminal station, stopped running, and soon after that 1178 stopped running, too. Then, a couple of years ago, Bob Lewis phoned me with the gladsome

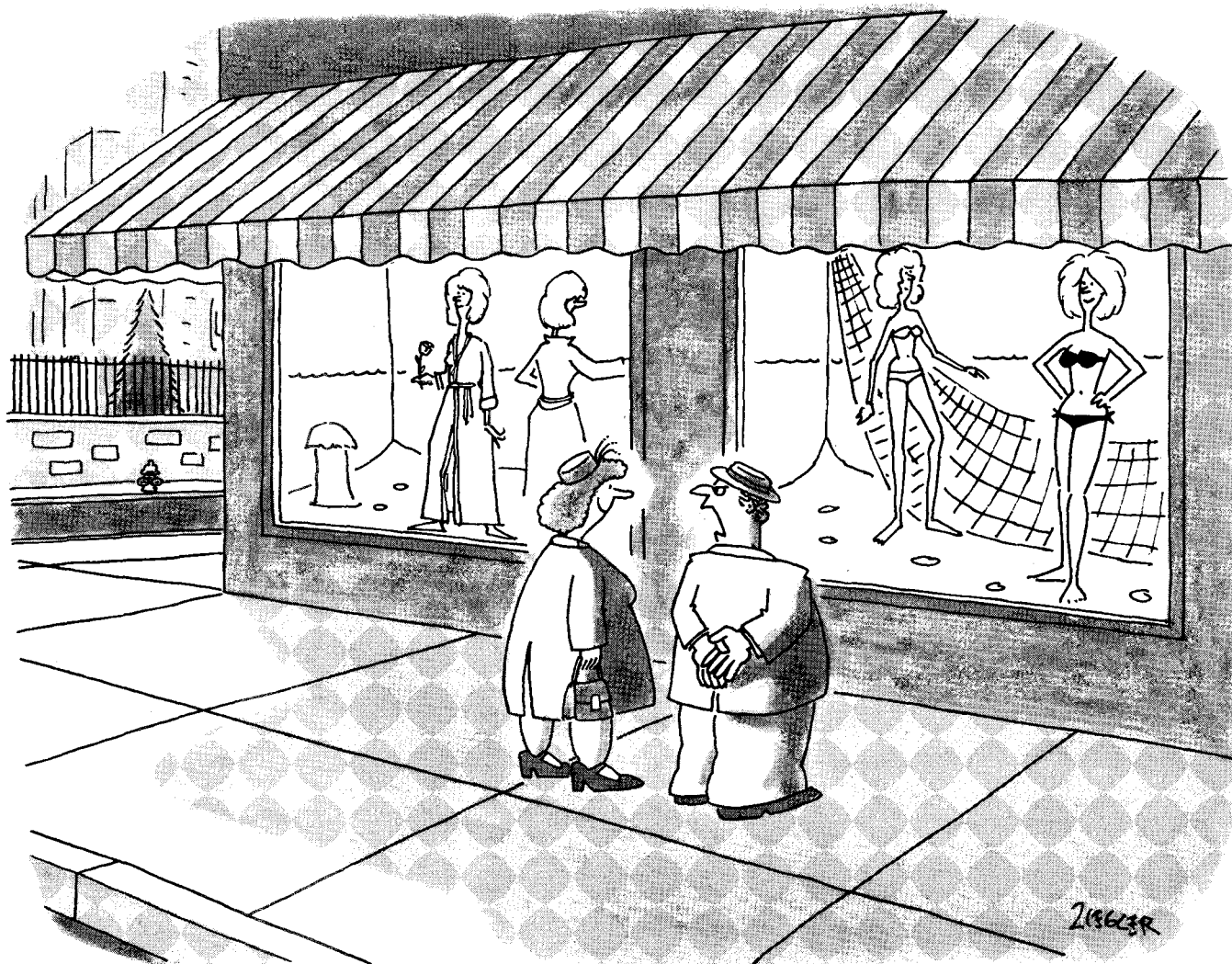
news that 1178 had had its third resurrection—this one—thanks to Dot."

It was a commuter run unlike any other we'd ever been on. Even in the suburbs of Newark, some of the stations had a neat, nineteenth-century air. A few of them were actually landscaped. And before long we broke into rolling, hill-climbing open country. Tom Streeter said, "This is old American country. The battles of the Revolutionary War were fought over this land, and you can still see the tailings of the iron mines that supplied some of our munitions for that war."

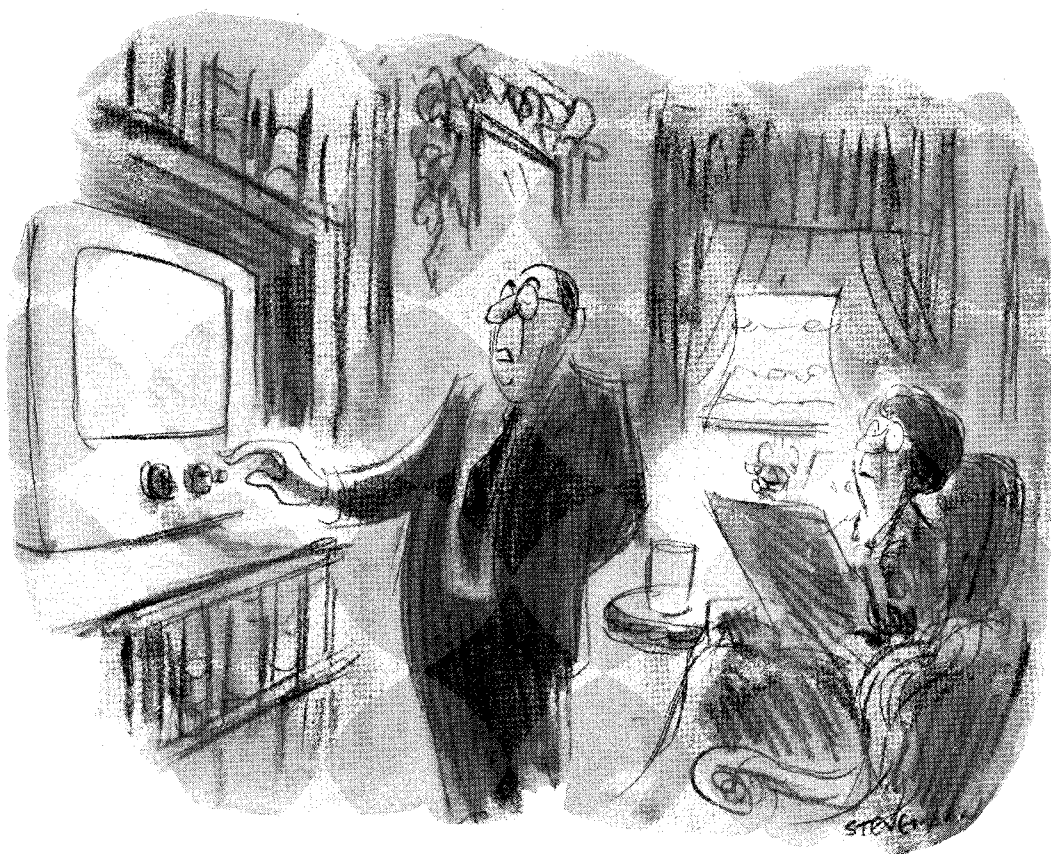
There were, we observed, no Levittowns. There were only villages, vast stretches of woodland, dairy farms, meadows full of blooming wild mustard and of cows, who never seem to learn, running away from the sound of our train. And there were small clusters of commuters getting off at every stop. For the last forty miles of the run, we had the observation car to ourselves.

"Not many passengers," we said to Frimbo.

"That's why I call N.J. Dot be-



"No!"



"Shall we see what Mr. Fred Silverman has in store for us?"

nevolent," he said. "It looks after its clientele not just in the big towns—Jersey is the most thickly populated state in the Union—but in the thinly peopled northern countryside as well."

We shared our roast-beef sandwiches with Frimbo, and all too soon Bob Lewis said, "Folks, I have an apology to make about this wonderful trip."

"What's that?" said Tom Streeter.

"We're almost at P-burg," Lewis said.

The train ended its run a good half mile short of the old station in Phillipsburg, but Bob Lewis had laid on a couple of cabs to pick us up there and take us to a steak dinner at the Sheraton-Easton Inn in Easton.

"The Jersey Central once had three cars like this," Porter Collins said as we alighted. "One is now a restaurant called Union Gap, near the town of Clinton, on Route 78, on the way home. Forty years ago, we might have gone there from here on a Lehigh Valley train—but not anymore."

Cheese

AT a luncheon the Dorman Cheese Company gave the other day, at the Sky Garden Roof of the St. Moritz, in honor of Mary Anne Krupsak, the

Lieutenant Governor of New York; Carol Bellamy, the New York City Council President; John Lindsay, the former Mayor of New York City; Lewis Rudin, an influential New York real-estate man; Alan King, the comedian; and Sandy, a dog and a star in the Broadway musical "Annie"—because the Dorman Cheese Company thinks they are all good New Yorkers—here are some of the people and things we saw and heard:

Alan King wearing a brown heringbone sports jacket. Carol Brock, a food columnist for the *News*. Avram Dorman, the president of Dorman Cheese. Carol Dorman, the wife of Avram Dorman. William Dorman, vice-president of Dorman Cheese. Phyllis Dorman, William Dorman's wife, wearing a roomy maroonish dress. Jeff and Ned Dorman, their sons. Carol Bellamy wearing a smartly tailored blue suit. Alice Weiss, Phyllis Dorman's friend from Scarsdale. Carol Bellamy sipping water. John Lindsay buttering bread, then eating the buttered bread. Sandy the dog wearing a black bow tie and lapping up water from a water glass. Phyllis Dorman saying, when she saw Sandy the dog lapping up the water from the water glass, "Oh, my God!"

Also: Phyllis Dorman saying to a

woman she had just met, "I am from Charleston, West Virginia. I married Billy twenty-seven years ago, and today is our anniversary." Phyllis Dorman saying to a man, "Herman, is Susie here?" Phyllis Dorman saying to the people at her table, "Could we make some room for Herman? Move over a little." Sandy the dog barking. Sandy the dog wearing a white napkin. Sandy the dog looking sad-eyed, the way all dogs look when they are around people eating. Phyllis Dorman calling out from her table to Alan King, who was sitting on the dais, "Alan, is your speech going to be better than Sandy's?"

Also: Alan King staring across the room past Phyllis Dorman's head. Phyllis Dorman's friend Alice saying to Phyllis Dorman, about the first-course antipasto, "This should be the whole lunch. It's so much and it's so good." Alice, as she watched Sandy eat up a large slice of cheese, saying, "Kay Thompson's dog ate pasta like that in Florence."

Also: William Dorman handing out awards—bronze wedges of Swiss cheese—to the good New Yorkers. Carol Bellamy sipping more water. Phyllis Dorman saying to her friend Alice, "Billy and I are going to Wimbledon on Sunday." Alice saying to Phyllis Dorman, "We played tennis with Jack Paar at his house in Connecticut. He has a little TV camera on the court that tapes the game as you play, and later he shows the tape. It's fun to see yourself." Phyllis Dorman saying, "Ugh, I can't bear to watch myself."

Also: Carol Bellamy, Alan King, John Lindsay, Lewis Rudin, and Sandy posing, with their awards, for photographers. John Lindsay leaving after lunch. Mary Anne Krupsak arriving after lunch. William Dorman telling an after-lunch joke about how much he hates photographers telling him to say "cheese" when they are taking his picture. William Dorman telling the roomful of people that it was his and Phyllis Dorman's twenty-seventh wedding anniversary, and then saying to Phyllis Dorman, "Here's to my big cheese," and holding out to her an award similar to the awards that the honored New Yorkers had received. Mrs. Dorman clasping her hands over her mouth and then saying, "Oh, that's so sweet."

DATING YOUR MOM

IN today's fast-moving, transient, rootless society, where people meet and make love and part without ever really touching, the relationship every guy already has with his own mother is too valuable to ignore. Here is a grown, experienced, loving woman—one you do not have to go to a party or a singles bar to meet, one you do not have to go to great lengths to get to know. There are hundreds of times when you and your mother are thrown together naturally, without the tension that usually accompanies courtship—just the two of you, alone. All you need is a little presence of mind to take advantage of these situations. Say your mom is driving you downtown in the car to buy you a new pair of slacks. First, find a nice station on the car radio, one that she likes. Get into the pleasant lull of freeway driving—tires humming along the pavement, air-conditioner on max. Then turn to look at her across the front seat and say something like, "You know, you've really kept your shape, Mom, and don't think I haven't noticed." Or suppose she comes into your room to bring you some clean socks. Take her by the wrist, pull her close, and say, "Mom, you're the most fascinating woman I've ever met." Probably she'll tell you to cut out the foolishness, but I can guarantee you one thing: she will never tell your dad. Possibly she would find it hard to say, "Dear, Piper just made a pass at me," or possibly she is secretly flattered, but, whatever the reason, she will keep it to herself until the day comes when she is no longer ashamed to tell the world of your love.

Dating your mother seriously might seem difficult at first, but once you try it I'll bet you'll be surprised at how easy it is. Facing up to your intention is the main thing: you have to want it bad enough. One problem is that lots of people get hung up on feelings of guilt about their dad. They think, Oh, here's this kindly old guy who taught me how to hunt and whittle and dynamite fish—I can't let him go on into his twilight years alone. Well, there are two reasons you can dismiss those

thoughts from your mind. First, *every* woman, I don't care who she is, prefers her son to her husband. That is a simple fact; ask any woman who has a son, and she'll admit it. And why shouldn't she prefer someone who is so much like herself, who represents nine months of special concern and love and intense physical closeness—someone whom she actually created? As more women begin to express the need to have something all their own in the world, more women are going to start being honest about this preference. When you and your mom begin going together, you will simply become part of a natural and inevitable historical trend.

Second, you must remember this about your dad: you have your mother, he has his! Let him go put the moves on his own mother and stop messing with yours. If his mother is dead or too old to be much fun anymore, that's not your fault, is it? It's not your fault that he didn't realize his mom for the woman she was, before it was too late. Probably he's going to try a lot of emotional blackmail on you just because you had a good idea and he never did. Don't buy it. Comfort yourself with the thought that your dad belongs to the last generation of guys who will let their moms slip away from them like that.

Once your dad is out of the picture—once he has taken up fly-tying, joined the Single Again Club, moved to Russia, whatever—and your mom has been wooed and won, if you're anything like me you're going to start having so much fun that the good times you had with your mother when

you were little will seem tame by comparison. For a while, Mom and I went along living a contented, quiet life, just happy to be with each other. But after several months we started getting into some different things, like the big motorized stroller. The thrill I felt the first time Mom steered me down the street! On the tray, in addition to my Big Jim doll and the wire with the colored wooden beads, I have my desk blotter, my typewriter, an in-out basket, and my name plate. I get a lot of work done, plus I get a great chance to people-watch. Then there's my big, adult-sized highchair, where I sit in the evening as Mom and I watch the news and discuss current events, while I paddle in my food and throw my dishes on the floor. When Mom reaches to wipe off my chin and I take her hand, and we fall to the floor in a heap—me, Mom, highchair, and all—well, those are the best times, those are the very best times.

It is true that occasionally I find myself longing for even more—for things I know I cannot have, like the feel of a firm, strong, gentle hand at the small of my back lifting me out of bed into the air, or someone who could walk me around and burp me after I've watched all the bowl games and had about nine beers. Ideally, I would like a mom about nineteen or twenty feet tall, and although I considered for a while asking my mom to start working out with weights and drinking Nutrament, I finally figured, Why put her through it? After all, she is not only my woman, she is my best friend. I have to take her as she is, and the way she is is plenty good enough for me.

—IAN A. FRAZIER



LURCHERS

WHEN my great-grandfather came out of the hills above Llandovery in 1864, his furniture on a flat cart, his pans in clanking bundles, his pots in wicker baskets, his two small boys kicking their legs over the backboard, you can be sure he brought his dogs with him. He was not migrating very far—not more than fifty miles—but he was leaving behind the green, Welsh-speaking county in which he had been born. He never went back. He walked with his wife at the mare's head through the hamlets of Halfway and Llywel, and his cousins the Gardners ran out to wish them luck and to give them parting gifts—small lustre jugs, packets of tea. Reaching Sennybridge, they turned south to climb the gaunt and sneering heights of the Brecon Beacons. Here the little boys climbed down to lighten the load as, dwarfed by height, silenced by darkness, the family crawled for hours under black Fan Frynach before they reached the top of the pass, at the Storey Arms inn. Then they could see below them the spoiled valleys of Glamorgan, their sides already pocked with the heaped detritus of the Industrial Revolution, their skies lit by leaping flames from the furnaces or hidden by rolling smoke.

Yes, my great-grandfather brought the dogs. He needed them. He was not going to the foundries or the coal mines but to a farm on the clear hills above the newly smoking town. He would have a white house, thick-walled, four-square to the winds; he would have an enclosure of over forty acres and grazing rights on twelve long miles of open mountain. On those high, unhindered moors he would raise his sheep—not your demure symbols of meekness, all soft fleece and gentle bleating, but stubborn, short-tempered animals, malevolent and cunning, able to grow stout on the shortest grass, yellow-eyed as goats, fluent as goats on the rock faces. They could outrun the mountain fox, they could lie snug for days under a fall of snow in the hollow, fetid caves of their own warm breathing.

To contain such animals without dogs would have been impossible. They would have been among my great-

grandfather's most valued possessions—more prized than the corner cupboard given to him by his mother, more valuable than the dresser and the six oak dining chairs made for him by Jonah Jenkins of Trecastle. He needed his dogs more than he needed the tough brown mare that pulled the cart. Without them he could not have commanded the long slab of the mountain, acres of sloping turf and bracken on which his sheep were to feed, he could not have stood alone and calm while the dogs worked above him, extensions of his will. Each obedient to its own set of signals, his sheepdogs ran, crouched, sidled, and slunk close, and faultlessly gathered in his butting and recalcitrant animals. Panting, they brought in the sheep for lambing and dipping and marking, they held and penned them for shearing, they cut out the sick and injured so that my great-grandfather could treat them with his homemade drenches and salves. And after his death, in my grandfather's day, the descendants of those dogs still ran the hills, hard, strong, heavy-coated, their names repeated generation after generation: Bob, Gyp, Mot, Fan, Meg, Dick, Carl—monosyllables easy to shout against the wind.

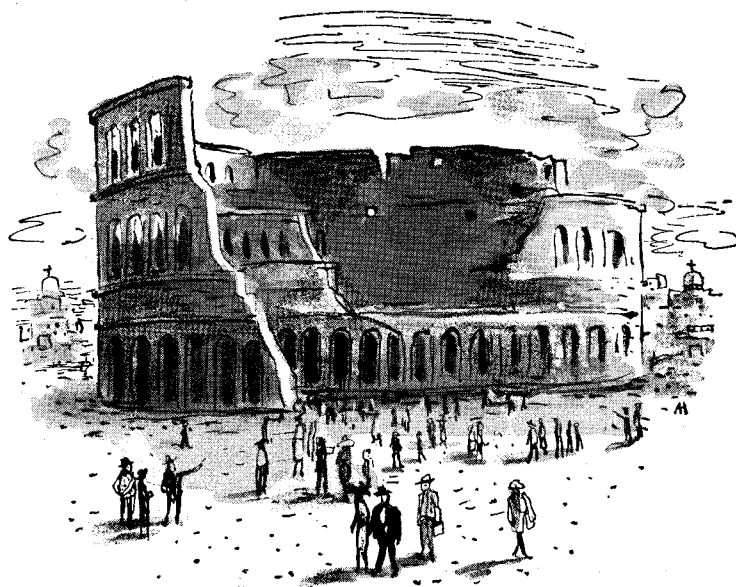
They were the strong aristocrats of the farm, moving stiff-legged and contemptuous through the yard, scattering the silly buff Orpington and Light Sussex fowl my grandfather so admired, or sleeping thin-eyed in a patch of sun by the barn. They lived only for my grandfather, they had no existence without him. When he appeared around the dim back door and walked down the path, they swung in behind him, heads low, waiting only for the twitch of his hand to send them

racing for the flocks. Wherever he went, two or three dogs padded silently behind him, as natural as his shadow. They were as close to him as his hands.

On warm afternoons we would sit together, old man and boy, talking. We spoke with wonder of the world outside the farm, for we shared an ignorance of that community which did not live directly, as we did, by what it produced. We believed completely that the rest of society was in some sense an immoral growth, a parasite like mistletoe, hanging without purpose from the great oak of our work. At such times we would look with pride at our dogs, seeing them as symbols of those puritan qualities we admired; they were staunch, loyal, infinitely hardworking, shy—like us—and sometimes sullen with strangers. And yet, although I loved my grandfather's sheepdogs and could work Bob myself, I did not want one of my own. I yearned for another kind of dog altogether—a long, silent hunter, a dog outside the law. I wanted a lurcher.

SOMETIMES a group of men—small men, dark, wary-eyed—would move through our big field on the way to the mountain. Beyond a nod in our direction, or a muttered good morning, they rarely greeted us. They were gypsies. They would have with them four or five lurchers, a kind of dog unchanged since the time of the pharaohs, with the lines of greyhounds but quieter, more secretive. Most of them would have long hair. They were bred from working greyhounds, with an occasional cross of sheepdog or, sometimes, deerhound blood. They were beautiful. It was their sheepdog ancestry that enabled them to hunt silently, that made them hardy and resourceful, and instantly obedient, despite the raging instinct of the chase which came from the greyhound.

My grandfather would stand unspeaking, rigid with distaste, when such a little group crossed our ground. The gypsies would climb the stile and cross the railway line, the gray dogs would wind themselves sinuously through the wire or, effortlessly, without fuss, leap the fence. When the men had vanished, quietly with their quiet dogs, my



grandfather would turn away, two sharp, unaccustomed spots of color on his cheekbones, his mouth stern beneath his white mustache. He was a short, generally smiling man, extravagantly generous. He could whistle like a thrush. He knew where the early flowers grew, the windflower and the primrose, and where the mistle thrush, first of birds to nest, kept her spotted eggs. He never seemed to hurry. His speech was slow and quiet. But his rare anger was terrible. He hated lurchers—I could see that. I dared not ask him for one—though I wanted one of those lean outlaws far more than respectability—because I had no wish to set my grandfather's violence alight.

Still, once the old man had turned away, I would follow the gypsies at a timid distance. Standing in the shadow of a clump of stubby hawthorn, or almost hidden in bracken waist-high to a man, I would watch the hills for the lurchers—long, slim as stems, powerful, coursing and turning the blue hares of the mountain. I stood one morning in the red ferns, powder of winter frost unthawed on every brittle frond, when a tall lurcher stopped in front of me. I saw its eyes. They were large and gentle, curiously distant and impersonal. It opened its mouth in a kind of laugh, and I had a glimpse of the terrifying white teeth before it was whistled away and I ran downhill, frightened and elated, in the thin tracks made by the sheep. A lurcher can pull down a grown deer. According to record, in Cowdray Park, in Sussex, in the summer of 1591, Queen Elizabeth saw "sixteen bucks, all having fair play, pulled down after dinner" by dogs very much like these lurchers.

Too soon, we had to leave the farm. We went to live at the edge of town, in a row of houses almost where the fields began, and every day my grandfather walked out into the country, smiling as best he could, and wrecked by age. Of our dogs we took only Bob with us. The big orange-and-white sheepdog, dignified and brilliantly handsome, was too old to work with a new master. He settled down well, sat mildly on our front lawn, was gentle with passing children. He lived a long time, dying when I was seven-



"Frankly, I think they've been completely obnoxious ever since they went solar."

teen, a year or two older than he was. It was June, and we buried him in the garden and planted a cherry tree over him.

THAT summer I found a holiday job in a fruit-and-vegetable warehouse. I used to rise early and walk through the streets as the summer dawn gradually brought the town awake. I used to hump boxes of fruit onto the trucks for delivery to shops all down the valley. I liked it very much. On Saturdays I used to work right through to late afternoon, loading up, checking invoices and delivery notes, taking new deliveries from the growers, and then I'd get paid. I had never known such wealth. The whole world grew docile and manageable under the power of the three pound notes I carried away each Saturday. Whole perfumed empires opened up for my inspection—cafés, theatres, gentlemen's outfits with real silk ties. It was a heady time. On my last Saturday Mr. Frimpton put three pound notes into my hand, and then, with a light smile, two more. "You've been a good lad," he said. "Buy yourself something special."

That evening I went alone to swim in the river. September was already chilling the water, but it seemed warmer when the sun had gone down. It was my last freedom before school began again, and it was fine to be there, washing summer off my summer skin, lazily downstream. I got out in the dusk, as the bats were beginning to fly, and walked down the lane for

home. A ghost of the moon was out in a sky still full of daylight. Long grass in the hedgerows was ripe and heavy, there was a faint odor of hay as the dew settled.

Three people were standing in the lane, and one of them was singing. The singer was Talbot Hamer, famous in our town as an outrageous firebrand, a drinker and a fighter. He sang with his head slightly raised and his arms at shoulder height in front of him, palms upward as if he held on his hands the airy weight of his lovely voice. He was singing "The Last Rose of Summer," and he was not drunk. His two companions, men of his own age—thirty, perhaps—were listening seriously, and Talbot filled the lane with his perfect singing, as a river fills its bed.

"All her lovely companions," sang Talbot Hamer, "are faded and gone." It was unbearably beautiful. We waited until the final note, sweet and poignant beyond our understanding, had died in the darkening lane. Talbot stood there, smiling down at us, amused at our stillness.

"I didn't know you'd gone in for singing, Talbot," said one of the men.

"I have," said Talbot, nodding dreamily, still aware of the song inside his head. "I've been taking lessons for two years now."

The music still held us, a sense quieter and more intense than silence. We stood there respectfully, not knowing what to do.

"Do you want to buy a dog?" said

the other man at last, looking at me.

It was as if I were being asked to take part in a ceremony of gratitude. I looked at the long, pale dog standing at the man's knees.

"He's a good one," said Talbot Hamer. The spell of his song was with him; he looked at the evening with an exalted eye.

"Yes," I said. "I'll buy him."

"Two pounds," the man said.

I took the two carefree pounds Mr. Frimpton had given me and handed them over. The man put them in his pocket without a glance. "He'll catch anything that moves," the man said. "Retrieve to hand. Gentle, obedient. I'd not sell him to anyone but you."

"I believe you," I said.

He handed over the dog's leash. The whole affair was so tenuous that I was startled by the weight and touch of the leash; it was heavy, smooth and heavy—real saddler's leather, and hand-stitched. It was pliable and slightly oily with use, about eighteen inches long, and fastened by a spring clip to the dog's wide collar.

"I'll take him, then," I said.

The men stood aside and I walked past them, the dog going with me, unprotesting. He didn't look back.

"The name's Ben," the man called. "He's a good one, mind. You look after him and he'll look after you."

I trotted away as Talbot Hamer sang again. "*Una furtiva lagrima*," he sang. "*Negli occhi suoi spunto, quelle festose giovani . . .*"

I turned the corner and could hear him no more.

I took Ben into the house and had a look at him. He was bigger than I'd thought—all of twenty-nine inches at the shoulder—and rough-coated. He was mostly white, but there were patches of orange on his body—on the ribs and the right shoulder—and his ears were deep orange, almost red. He might have been two years old. I fed him in the kitchen—a bowl of crusts softened in milk. He ate thoroughly, carefully cleaning every particle of food from the dish, and then looked thoughtfully about him. His expression was both cynical and mournful, and he never looked any different all the years I had him. That's how I came to own my first lurcher.

Talbot Hamer was quite right; the dog was a good one. When he was with us, he was vastly obedient, without ever letting us believe that he was at all humble or subservient; he followed at our heels, alert for any order. But he was also independent, roaming the town at will. I often saw him

THE PAWNSHOP

The first time I saw a pawnshop

I thought, Sheer insanity.

A revolver lying next to a camera,
violins hanging in the air like hams . . .

But in fact there was a reason for everything.

So it is with all these lives:

one is stained from painting with oils;

another has a way of arguing

with a finger along his nose, the Misnagid tradition;

a third sits at a desk made of mahogany.

They are all cunningly displayed

to appeal to someone. Each has its place in the universe.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

swinging down the High Street with his long, economical stride—deep-ribbed, solitary, detached from the scene, as if he were some thoughtful philosopher engrossed in a profoundly satisfying problem. On such occasions he did not seem to recognize me; he looked away tactfully, as if to let me know that he was his own man with his own concerns. He roamed very far afield. Men from outlying villages, seeing him with me, would often come up and tell me of his exploits in their parishes, for he was a famous lover, visiting for miles around.

He was also very fond of beer. He was at his best in small inns on winter evenings, when the talk was good. His method was a simple one, I was told. He would sidle in quietly, offering a token wag of the tail if anyone looked at him, sigh gently, and lie down out of the way in some corner. His eyes would grow soft as he looked beyond the walls at some distant and innocent memory. In a little while everybody would forget all about him. The old drinkers sat on their benches, laughed, pulled at their beer, wiped the foam from their mouths, and put their mugs on the floor, the better to illustrate a point in some hot debate. Casually, Ben would saunter over and join the group, stretching almost invisibly in the shadow of a bench or a chair. And then, dreamily and in complete silence, he would lap up the beer. Men who knew him would chase him out the moment his long head appeared around the inn

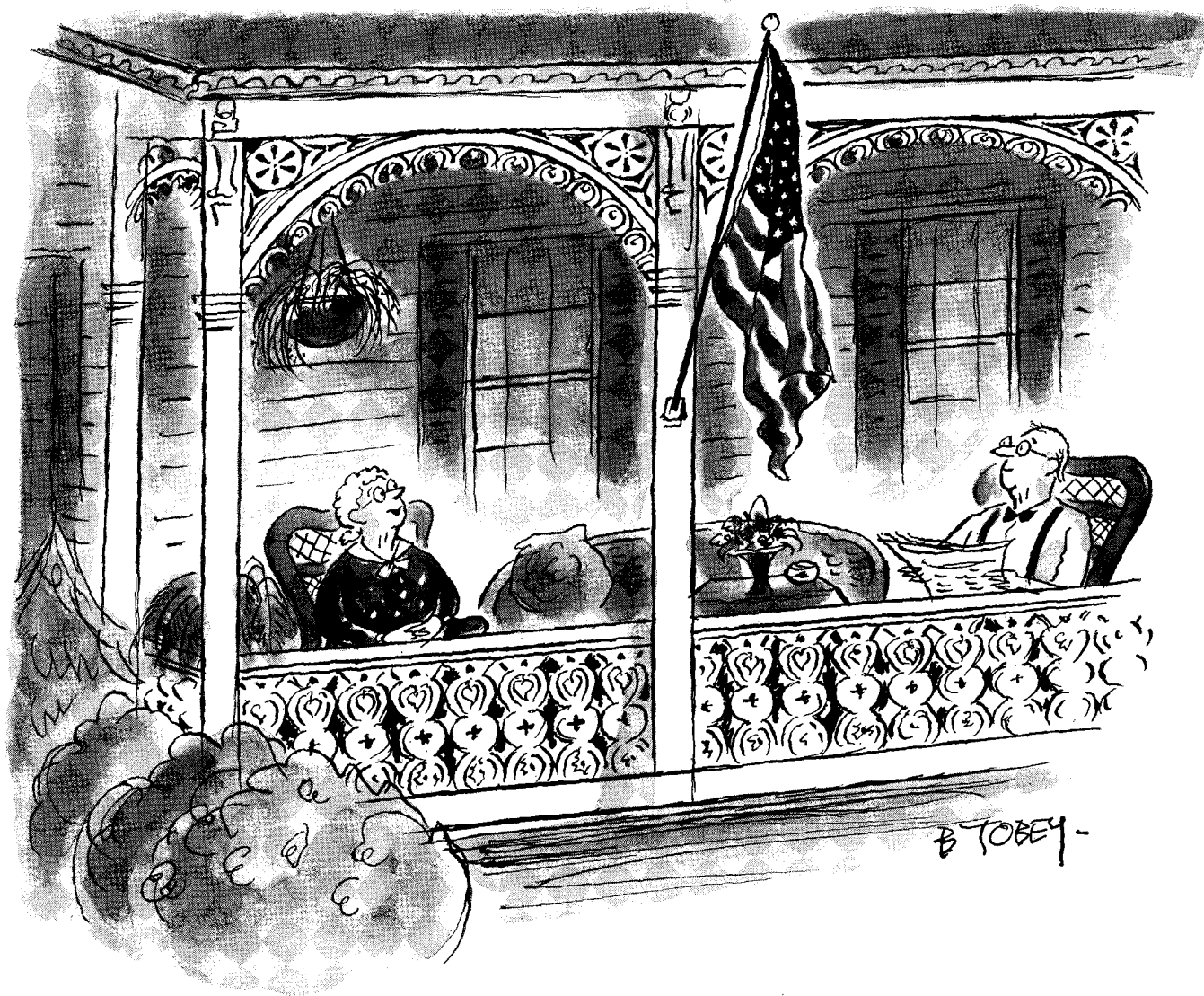
door, and he often had to move very smartly. On the other hand, he also managed to drink a lot of beer.

He was wonderful in the country, an incomparable craftsman. He and I worked together. A little shift of his head would lead me unerringly to some animal—a hedgehog, maybe, curled up in his leaves and just about to stir, or a bird. I had never seen a snipe until Ben turned one out for me one heavy winter morning when the ground was hard and the only place for such shy creatures was on the softness at the edge of a stream. Ben held back, looking to make sure I was attending, and then moved noiselessly into the willows. At once, a snipe came rocketing out, breaking into erratic flight, uttering two stiff cries. Ben looked at me sardonically and then stretched his long body in a gallop over the frozen meadow. He was a hunter all his life, he could not be kept from hare or game bird. Well, that was long ago. Talbot Hamer is dead, the summer of his voice a memory.

THE most beautiful lurcher I ever saw was Georgie Todd's Dagger—a spectacular, golden dog Georgie owned when I first knew him, about fifteen years back. Oh, he was lovely, a great beauty, over seventy pounds in weight, and he moved like thistledown. His yellow coat was harsh to the touch, his eyes were dark and kind. He and Georgie were very like each other—large, quiet, diffident, and very gentle.

Georgie has a fruit farm the other side of the Downs, toward Pulborough. He grows apples mainly—Bramley's, Cox's, russets—but he has a few pear trees and a couple of acres of strawberries. The house is an old Georgian farmhouse, simply and beautifully preserved. The furniture is good, too, each





"Do you know what would be nice, Matthew? It would be nice if we had a few firecrackers."

piece shrewdly chosen. Georgie and his wife have taken great pains over it, bought carefully over the years, and have never been impulsive or haphazard. I always thought it strange that so neat and methodical a pair as Georgie and Phyllis Todd should have a dog at all, even one as striking as Dagger.

Their greatest enthusiasm is for the history of this part of Sussex—the Weald and the South Downs—and they are very serious about it, very knowledgeable. Between them, they've done some first-class research; Georgie does the field work, and Phyllis, a meticulous woman, looks after records and documents. Dagger was very much Georgie's dog. Without being in any way unkind, Phyllis seemed hardly aware that the animal was about. One day, in the Well-digger's Arms at lunchtime, looking at Dagger as he lay at our feet, I asked Georgie to sell me the dog.

"I shan't sell him," Georgie said.

"We get along very nicely; he's a sweet old dog."

"Where did you buy him, Georgie?" I said.

"I didn't buy him," Georgie said.

He told me how, three years before, he had been walking down Bury Hill. It was a day of quite exceptional heat, after a succession of very hot days. Georgie had got up in the cool of the morning and tramped off to visit a church in one of the villages; he was tracing the ramifications of an old local family and had gone to look at the gravestones in the churchyard. Now, in the late morning, the heat was growing intense. Traffic wasn't as heavy in those days, and you could walk the roads with pleasure, but that day the dust was everywhere—chalk dust off the Downs, very thick, like powder. It rose in little puffs as Georgie plodded down the hill, getting into his nose and throat, making him think of the long, cool drink he'd have when he reached

home. He sat on a stone at the side of the road to watch a gypsy caravan, pulled by a bay mare, climbing the hill toward him. It was a barrel caravan, its canvas stretched neatly over its hooped ribs, and it was in good shape, but the mare was finding the going hard; she was distressed and blowing as she dug into the steep of the hill. A thin young man walked with her, a surly young man, lean and dark in the face. They came slowly by, the caravan heavily laden, well down on its two creaking springs.

"You've got a load on," said Georgie, smiling.

The man didn't lift his head. Georgie stood up. At the tail of the caravan, tied to a spar by a rope heavy enough to hold a lion, was a lurcher puppy. He tottered and swayed, yelping each time he was dragged by the neck as the mare pulled gamely on. He was so dirty that Georgie could not guess at his color. He was far



"No, thank you, Rose. Rose is the Billie Jean King of the canapés. Aren't you, Rose?"

gone. Georgie, surprised by his own anger, ran to the front of the van.

"Do something about the dog!" he shouted. "You're killing him!"

Very quietly and deliberately the young gypsy led his mare to the roadside grass and dropped the reins over her head. She stood there, exhausted. The man said nothing at all. He took from his pocket a black-handled clasp knife and opened it with his thumbnail. The blade was long and glittering, thin with use and viciously sharp. Georgie knew that his last moments had come and prepared to meet his death as well as he could. All he could think of, he told me, smiling, was to stand erect and die bravely. But the gypsy walked slowly past him, down the side of the van, disappeared around the tail. The puppy began to scream, and Georgie's quick relief turned to indignation.

"My God," he thought, starting to run after the man, "he's going to kill the dog." But then the young man came back toward him, in one hand

the open knife and in the other the heavy rope, its fibres freshly cut. The dog, unhurt, howled at the other end. The young man bent down and lifted the animal, holding it to Georgie. "Take it," he said. "Take it away." His voice was thick and trembling, as if he held his violence in check only by the severest effort.

"That was the first time I saw his face clearly," said Georgie. "The man was desperate, and I became even more frightened. I still believe that if I hadn't taken the dog—well, the fellow would have knifed me. I grabbed the pup and ran downhill as fast as I could go."

Georgie carried the dog home and, in time and with patience, turned him into Dagger. He was a lovely dog, noble and unassuming. After his death Georgie never had another.

THERE'S a parti-colored dog that lives on the coast road with an old gypsy couple. I saw this dog when

it was a sapling, running loose on Clymping beach, and I followed it home. The old man was sitting on the step of his caravan, a wooden van, traditionally painted. The old people travel the road from Littlehampton to Portsmouth and back again. I often see them parked on some small plot of grass, their skewbald gelding hobbled close by.

"That's a nice dog," I said to the old man.

"He'll come," said the old man. "In time, he'll come."

"What's his name?" I said.

"Toro," said the old man. "It's a good name. You should always give a dog a name he can grow up to. I've had three dogs named Toro in my life, and they've all been good. Belle is a good name, too."

The old man would not live well without Toro. There will not be many nights when the dog will not be silently quartering some rich man's fields, bringing almost apologetically to the pot the fresh spoils of the countryside—hare, rabbit, a pheasant so gently killed that the bronze feathers are not displaced.

THE lurcher I have now, Jess, came to me from the dogs' home when she was twelve weeks old—a pathetic little waif, very ugly and awkward. But you could tell she'd be elegant; the length was already apparent in leg and back. At that time she couldn't manage herself at all well. Even her slight weight was sometimes too much for her, and she'd slowly collapse, spread-eagled, unable to rise and yelling with pain. At first we couldn't give her enough food—she ate all day long—and as she grew stronger she began to forage for herself. A poor sparrow once flew into the garden wall. It had hardly fallen to the ground when she'd swallowed it at a gulp. She began to catch wood pigeons. Slow to get up the birds would be, in their first clatter of flying, and she would grab one of them and, running on, take it to a corner of the field. Later I'd find two small pink feet—all that would be left of Jess's meal. But she's big now, a sturdy animal, full of grace and power.

I know quite a lot about her—where she was bred, her parentage, her precise age. When she was about twelve months and beginning to look as she should, I had her out on the lawn, chasing a ball. A young man came over and leaned on the gate, watching us. "She's growing nicely," he said. He was a pleasant young man—heavy-

shouldered, thick, tousled fair hair above a round face. "We've been keeping an eye on her," he went on. "We knew you'd got her."

"Oh?" I said.

"I bred her," the young man said. "I had to leave her. And the rest of them—eight pups altogether. I put them in a box in the middle of the field and rang the dogs' home. Told them where to find the pups."

"Why did you abandon them?" I said sternly.

"Had to. I was running," he said, as if it were the most obvious explanation in the world.

I was mystified. "Running?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "From the police. I had to leave everything—the van, wife, kids, everything. It's all blown over now."

"What had you done?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, so virtuously I knew he was lying. "I hadn't done a thing."

We looked at Jess galloping about the garden, pouncing on invisible game behind the lilac trees.

"She's big," the young man said. "And fast. I'll buy her back. I'll give you a good profit, Mister."

"No, thanks," I said. "I quite like her." I started to walk toward the house when I remembered something. "Tell me," I asked. "How was she bred?"

He took a small notebook out of his pocket and turned the pages. "Here it is," he said. "I keep all the details in this book. Her father was a first-cross greyhound-deerhound. She favors him a lot—same gray color, same little whiskers. And her mother was a little brindle greyhound, very fast. I gave her to my brother after these pups were born, but she got killed up on the Downs. Ran into a fence and broke her neck. Yes, it's all down here. Born April 12th, your dog was, one of eight pups."

Gypsies call here pretty regularly, to offer me a profit. Jess would be a good dog for a travelling man. She's very fast, but

it's not just her speed—she's a thinking runner. I've seen her catch sea-gulls on the beach, racing on the very last inch of sand next to the water so that the birds on land are unable to fly directly out to sea. They have to take off and turn back over Jess's head, and any gull that isn't above her astonishing leap is in real danger.

When I first had her, I kept her about the house for a week or two before taking her out. I put her in the back of the car one day, thinking to let her have a run near the river. When I reached the top of the village, I saw Alec Dougan come out of the post office. Alec owns a lot of land around here—a couple of thousand acres of arable land, enough pasture for a large

and famous herd of Ayrshires, and a stretch of woodland it takes days to cover. I stopped to talk to him.

"How are you, old son?" said Alec, eyes alight, smiling. I could see he was going to tell me the latest racy tale of local high life. And then he turned the smile off. I watched the harsh resurrection of my grandfather's dislike of lurchers come into his face—the same downturn of the lips, the same stiffening of the neck.

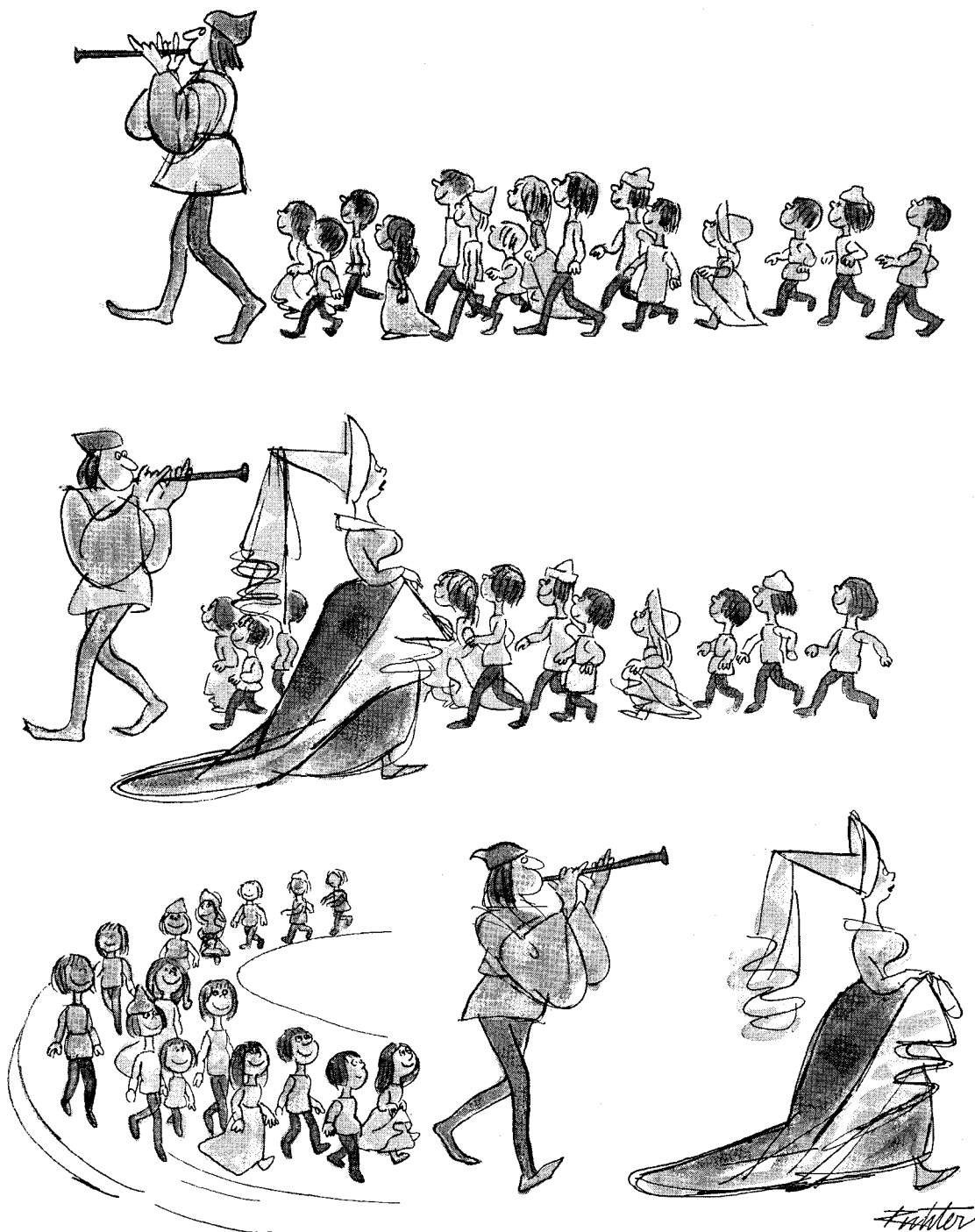
"What's that you've got?" he said.

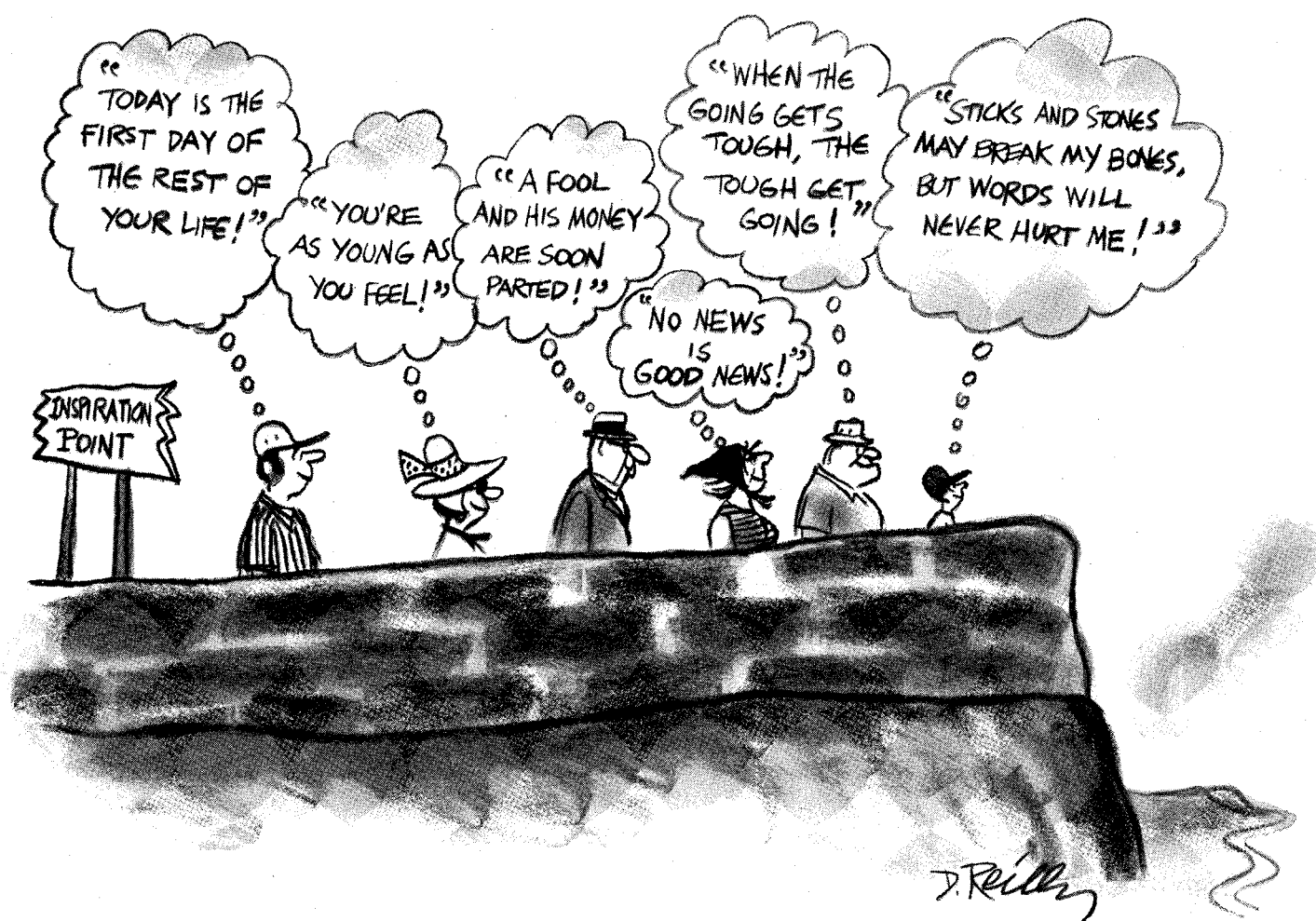
"Nice, isn't she?" I said.

"You've got trouble there," he said.

"Come away, Alec," I said. "She's only a baby."

"She'll hunt," he said. "You won't





be able to stop her." I could see him thinking of his pheasants. "We're old friends," he said. "I won't ask you to keep her off my land, but watch her. And don't say I didn't warn you." He went off shaking his head.

She hasn't been too hard to train, though, and she no longer hunts indiscriminately. But I have had moments of panic. Last spring, we walked on a holiday Sunday in the public woods. The paths were full of strolling groups come to see the renewed foliage of the beeches. Children ran through the grass. I had Jess on her lead, and she walked demurely at my side. Without breaking step, she dipped her long neck to a tussock and, raising her head, gave me—put gently into my hand—a live cock pheasant. His gape wide with fright, he sat heavily in my hand. It had all been done so gracefully, so entirely without fuss, that nobody noticed at all. Completely unhurt, the bird sat there, and then, indignant, blundered off, his long tail feathers streaming.

Although I can safely whistle Jess off any chase at all now, she can still startle me. This morning the fields are covered with a light snow. It lies in the furrows and is blown in midget drifts in the lee of trees. The ground is so

hard that it rings when you stamp on it. We went out early into the field behind Dr. Medlicott's house, and I slipped Jess at once. Normally she bounds immediately into a frolic, running in circles, tossing twigs in the air, but this morning her moving was quite unlike play, and I should have recognized at once that she was on to something. There is a frightening directness and velocity about her serious running, a concentration of effort that involves the whole dog, bending everything to a single purpose, that of catching and killing. Before I could purse my cold lips to a single recall, she had picked up a rabbit in the shadow of a hedge. It was a run of at least two hundred yards and the poor creature hadn't time to turn away, hadn't time to squeal before its back was snapped and Jess was bringing it back, hanging loose from her killing jaws. It's easy to understand why landowners are wary of men who walk the fields with lurchers.

IT wasn't always so. Such dogs were once owned only by princes. In ancient Wales, the gift of a rough-coated greyhound was a mark of the highest royal favor, and great poets, skilled in the strict measures, wrote complex odes to their lords begging such gifts. The

young hero Culhwch, journeying to Arthur's court in search of initiation and adventure, went on horseback, dressed as a prince, miraculously accoutred. His horse was a light gray, four winters old, well ribbed and shell-hoofed. His saddle was of gold, his tubular bridle bit was of gold, his battle-axe was keen enough to draw blood from the wind, his sword was hilted with gold, and his buckler was of gold and ivory. But his ultimate treasures were the two greyhounds, white-breasted, brindled, that danced and cavorted in front of him as he rode. Sufficient evidence of his nobility in themselves, they each wore a wide collar of red gold, fitting from shoulder to ear. They would have been the old, rough-coated greyhounds, exactly like the lurchers I've studied for so long, since the brindle color did not exist in smooth-haired greyhounds until Lord Orford, in the eighteenth century, introduced a bulldog cross in order to improve the courage of his strain. What I am calling a lurcher is a dog that has come down unchanged through the ages; except that he was known until the seventeenth century as a greyhound, everything about him is the same. A strong, hardy dog, his lines the dominant graceful outline of the

Jeep Wagoneer...

a reflection of the man who drives it



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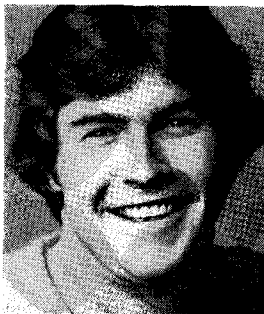
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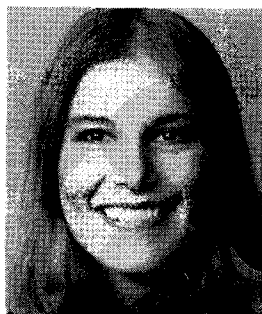
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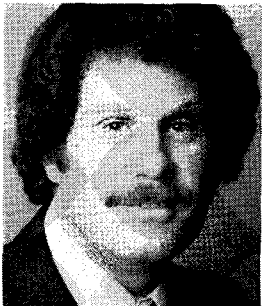
"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
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"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
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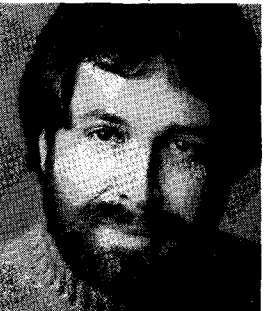
"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
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"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
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—Iby Korody, New York.



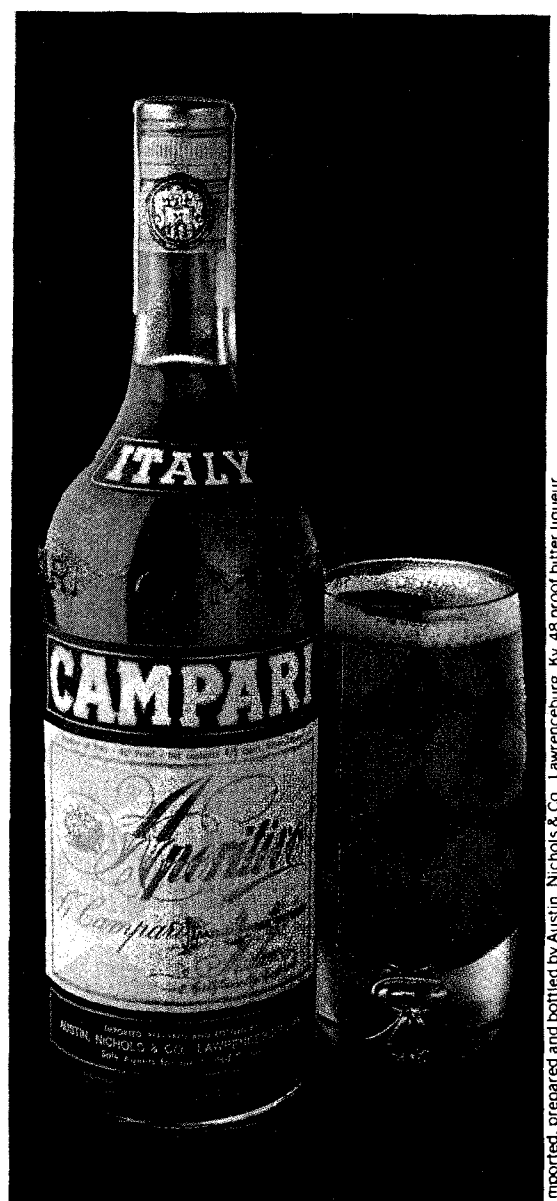
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"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
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THE FACE

greyhound we know today, his coat longer and weather-resisting, from the occasional judicious crosses of sheepdog and deerhound, he is valued for his intelligence and ability in the field. His likeness can be seen in a thousand paintings and tapestries, because he was as necessary to the life of the court as he is now to the travelling man. Culhwch's dogs would have been true hunting dogs, bred for efficiency in all weathers, long-coated, tough. King Canute, a notably sensible man, laid down in his laws that none but a gentleman could own a greyhound, and I'm delighted by this evidence of the legitimacy of lurchers.

It wouldn't surprise me to find the lurcher becoming a fashionable dog in a year or two. It has many virtues: it is tactful, not quarrelsome; will curl up in the smallest space; is not noisy. Lurchers are big enough to be very efficient guards. I saw one walking along the Charles River in Boston two years ago, and it was evident to me that the girl who owned him was safe. It would be a desperate mugger who'd willingly face a lurcher; he'd very likely lose an arm. And they're gratifyingly good to look at; they'd cause a sensation in Greenwich Village. I saw, in a fashionable journal recently, a slim and disdainful lady, posed to display the perfection of her expensive clothes. She held on two leads two splendid lurchers. They're coming back. If I wear my country tweeds and carry an ashplant, my lurcher takes me into the most rarefied social circles; she becomes a sporting dog rather than the companion of gypsies, thieves, and tramps. Retired colonels write books about them, they are to be seen with rich race-horse owners and young men-about-town.

They are likely to be very useful very soon. As an experiment, a group of people in Wiltshire have been living for a year exactly as the ancient Celts did, raising scrubby animals, growing meagre wheat, sleeping in a thatched, circular hut. They have with them two dogs—lurchers—and are loud in their praise of these animals, which have proved essential to the success of their project. Come the destruction, when the last warhead has exploded and the world is an untechnical ruin and small groups of people live desperately on what they can catch, we lurcher owners will no doubt be the new aristocrats. Because of Jess I expect I'll have a gray horse of four winters, gold all over him. I shall be a prince. —LESLIE NORRIS

A strange wind off the night.
I have come here to talk
to you at last, here
in an empty hotel room
half the world away from home.
Our tracks have crossed
how many times—a dozen
at least—and yet it's more
than forty years since I saw
you, solemn and hurt, gazing
from your favorite window
at the night that would
soon flood your eyes and darken
the living veins. Below,
the city is almost
asleep. An old man, no
taller than a boy, mumbles
drunkenly on his way,
and then only a sentry
passes from time to time,
his head sunk to his chest,
his eyes closed against
the strange summer cold.

We should all be asleep.
The hour is good for
nothing else, and yet
I cannot sleep because
suddenly today I caught
your presence beside me
on the street as I hadn't
before in all these years.
A tall man laid aside
his paper and stared at me,
a man no older than I,
with the long, sad face
that passed from you
to me. I kept walking,
feeling his eyes on me,
and when I turned at last
he was gone and the bench
filled with dirty children.
I went back—but no—
he was gone, and wherever
I walked I felt those eyes
on me and felt somehow
a time had come when
we might speak at last.

And so I do. I say, Father,
the years have brought
me here, still your son;
they have brought me
to a life I cannot
understand. I'm silent.
A ship is mooring
in the great harbor,
and the only voice
that comes back is the faint
after-ringing of my own.
I say, Father, the dark
moon above this battered city

must once have guided you
across the twelve frontiers
you crossed to save
your life. It leads me
nowhere, for I'm a free man,
alone as you were,
but going nowhere. I, too,
have lost my three sons
to America, I, too, have climbed
the long hillsides
of Spain in early light
as our forefathers did,
and gazed down at the sea,
deep and silent. I prayed
for some small hope,
which never came. I know
the life you lost. I
have it here, Father,
where you left it, in
the long face of Spain,
in these hands, long
and broken like your own,
in the silence collecting
between each ringing
of my heart, the silence
you anoint me with each day.

Below, the sentry passes
once more in a new light,
for morning is graying
the streets of this quarter.
He wipes his nose on
the rough green wool
of his sleeve and stamps
his feet. Spain will waken
soon to street cries, to
the cries of children,
the cries of the lost men
and women of Barcelona
naming their despair.
I will walk among them,
tired and useless. Today
I will not talk, not
even to myself, for
it is time to listen,
as though some secret
message came blaring
over the megaphones,
or a voice mumbled below
the waves of traffic, as though
one word mattered more
than another in this world,
in this city, broken and stained,
which is the home of no one,
though it shouts out all
our names. I will listen
as though you spoke and told
me all you never knew
of why the earth takes
back all she gives and
even that comes to be enough.

—PHILIP LEVINE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GIVING GOOD WEIGHT

YOU people come into the market—the Greenmarket, in the open air under the downpouring sun—and you slit the tomatoes with your fingernails. With your thumbs, you excavate the cheese. You choose your stringbeans one at a time. You pulp the nectarines and rape the sweet corn. You are something wonderful, you are—people of the city—and we, who are almost without exception strangers here, are as absorbed with you as you seem to be with the numbers on our hanging scales.

“Does every sink grow on your farm?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“It’s marvellous. Absolutely every sink?”

“Some things we get from neighbors up the road.”

“You don’t have no avocados, do you?”

“Avocados don’t grow in New York State.”

“Butter beans?”

“They’re a Southern crop.”

“Who baked this bread?”

“My mother. A dollar twenty-five for the cinnamon. Ninety-five cents for the rye.”

“I can’t eat rye bread anymore. I like it very much, but it gives me a headache.”

Short, born abroad, and with dark hair and quick eyes, the woman who likes rye bread comes regularly to the Brooklyn Greenmarket, at Flatbush and Atlantic. I have seen her as well at the Fifty-ninth Street Greenmarket, in Manhattan. There is abundant evidence that she likes to eat. She must have endured some spectacular hangovers from all that rye.

Farm goods are sold off trucks, vans, and pickups that come into town in the dark of the morning. The site shifts with the day of the week: Tuesdays, black Harlem; Wednesdays, Brooklyn; Fridays, Amsterdam at 102nd. There are two on Saturdays—the one at Fifty-ninth Street and Second Avenue, the other in Union Square. Certain farms are represented everywhere, others at just one or two of the markets, which have been primed by foundation funds and developed under the eye of the city. If they are something good for the urban milieu—tumbling horns of fresh plenty at the people’s feet—they are an even better deal for the farmers, whose disappearance from the metropolitan borders may be slowed a bit by the many

thousands of city people who flow through streets and vacant lots and crowd up six deep at the trucks to admire the peppers, fight over the corn, and gratefully fill our money aprons with fresh green city lettuce.

“How much are the tomatoes?”

“Three pounds for a dollar.”

“Peaches?”

“Three pounds for a dollar twenty-five.”

“Are they freestones?”

“No charge for the pits.”

“How much are the tomatoes?”

“Three pounds for a dollar. It says so there on the sign.”

“Venner the eggs laid?”

“Yesterday.”

“Kon you eat dum raw?”

We look up from the cartons, the cashbox, the scales, to see who will eat the eggs raw. She is a good-looking big-framed young blonde.

“You bet. You can eat them raw.”

“How much are the apples?”

“Three pounds for a dollar.”

Three pounds, as we weigh them out, are anywhere from forty-eight to fifty-two ounces. Rich Hodgson says not to charge for an extra quarter pound. He is from Hodgson Farms, of Newburgh, New York, and I (who come from western New Jersey) have been working for him off and on for three months, summer and fall. I thought at first that I would last only a week, but there is a mesmerism in the selling, in the coins and the bills, the all-day touching of hands. I am often in charge of the peppers, and, like everyone else behind the tables by our truck, I can look at a plastic sack of them now and tell its weight.

“How much these weigh? Have I got three pounds?”

“That’s maybe two and a quarter pounds you’ve got there.”

“Weigh them, please.”

“There it is. Two and a quarter pounds.”

“Very good.”

“Fantastic! Fantastic! You see that? You see that? He knew exactly how much it weighed.”

I scuff a boot, take a break for a shiver in the bones. There are unsus-

pected heights in this game, moments that go right off the scale.

This is the Brooklyn market, in appearance the most cornucopian of all. The trucks are drawn up in a close but ample square and spill into its center the colors of the country. Greengage plums. Ruby Red onions. Yellow crookneck squash. Sweet white Spanish onions. Starking Delicious plums.

Fall pippins (“Green as grass and curl your teeth”). McIntoshes, Cortlands, Paulareds. (“Paulareds are new and are lovely apples. I’ll bet they’ll be in the stores in the next few years.”)

Pinkish-yellow Gravensteins. Gold Star cantaloupes. Patty Pan squash.

Burpless cucumbers.

Cranberry beans.

Silver Queen corn. Sweet Sue bicolor corn, with its concise tight kernels, its well-filled tips and butts. Boston salad lettuce. Parris Island romaine lettuce. Ithaca iceberg crunchy pale lettuce. Orange tomatoes.

Cherry Bell tomatoes.

Moreton Hybrid, Jet Star, Setmore, Supersonic, Roma, Saladette tomatoes.

Campbell 38s.

Campbell 1327s.

Big Boy, Big Girl, Redpak, Ramapo, Rutgers London-broil thick-slice tomatoes.

Clean-shouldered, supple-globed Fantastic tomatoes. Celery (Imperial 44).

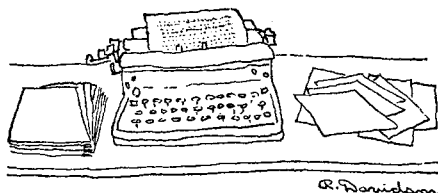
Hot Portugal peppers. Four-lobed Lady Bell glossy green peppers. Aconcagua frying peppers.

Parsley, carrots, collard greens.

Stuttgarter onions, mustard greens.

Dandelions.

The people, in their throngs, are the most varied we see—or that anyone is likely to see in one place west of Suez. This intersection is the hub if not the heart of Brooklyn, where numerous streets converge, and where Fourth Avenue comes plowing into the Flatbush-Atlantic plane. It is also a nexus of the race. “Weigh these, please.” “Will you please weigh these?” Greeks. Italians. Russians. Finns. Haitians. Puerto Ricans. Nubians. Muslim women in veils of shocking pink. Sunnis in total black. Women in hiking shorts, with babies in their backpacks. Young Connecticut-looking pants-suit women. Their hair hangs long and as soft as cornsilk. There are country Jamaicans, in loose dresses, bandannas tight around their heads. “Fifty cents? Yes, dahling. Come on a sweetheart, mon.” There



are Jews by the minyan, Jews of all persuasions—white-bearded, black-bearded, split-bearded Jews. Down off Park Slope and Cobble Hill come the neo-bohemians, out of the money and into the arts. “Will you weigh this tomato, please?” And meantime let us discuss theatre, books, environmental impacts. Maybe half the crowd are men—men in cool Haspel cords and regimental ties, men in lipstick, men with blue eyelids. Corporate-echelon pinstripe men. Their silvered hair is perfect in coif; it appears to have been audited. Easygoing old neighborhood men with their shirts hanging open in the summer heat are walking galleries of abdominal and thoracic scars—Brooklyn Jewish Hospital’s bastings and tackings. (They do good work there.) A huge clock is on a tower high above us, and as dusk comes down in the autumn months the hands glow Chinese red. The stations of the hours light up like stars. The clock is on the Williamsburgh Savings Bank building, a skyscraper full of dentists. They go down at five into the Long Island Rail Road, under us. Below us, too, are all the subways of the city, in ganglion assembled.

“How much are the cabbages?”

“Forty cents a head.”

“O.K. Weigh one, please.”

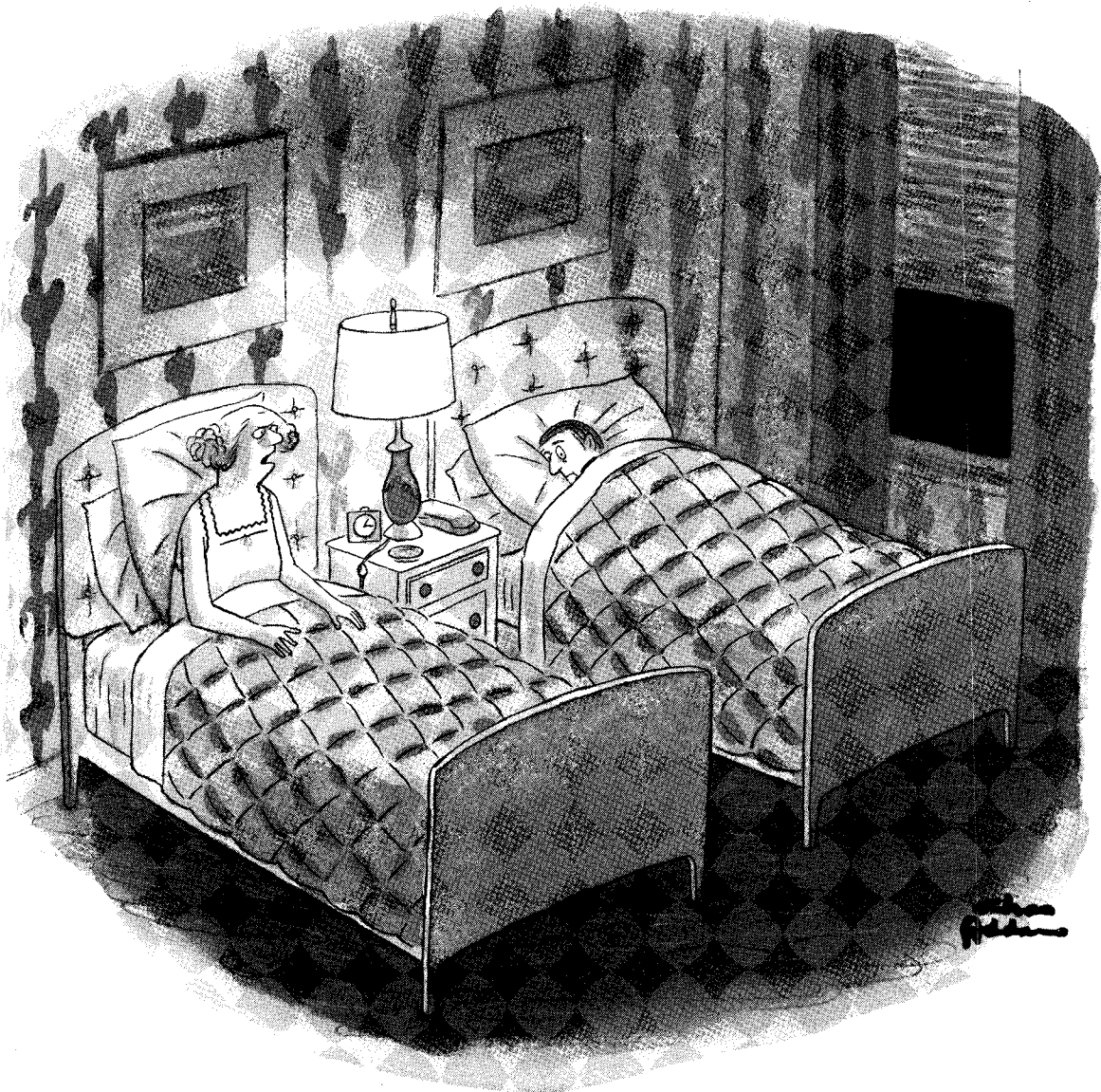
We look around at empty storefronts, at J. Rabinowitz & Sons’ SECURITY FIREPROOF STORAGE, at three gold balls (Gem Jewelers Sales), at Martin Orlofsky’s Midtown Florist Nursery. Orlofsky has successfully objected to our presence as competitors here, and we can sell neither plants nor flowers. “HAVE YOU HAD ANY LATELY? CLAMS, STEAMERS.” Across Fourth Avenue from the Greenmarket is the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, a century and a quarter old, with what seem to be, even in the brightest morning light, black saints in

its stained-glass windows. Far down Fourth, as if at rest on the paved horizon, stands a tower of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. To the northwest rises the Empire State. Not long after dawn, as trucks arrive and farmers begin to open boxes and set up wooden tables, a miscellany of whores is calling it a day—a gradual dispersal, quitting time. Their corner is Pacific and Fourth. Now and again, a big red Cadillac pauses at the curb beside them. The car’s rear window is shaped like a heart. With some frequency, a squad car will slide up to the same curb—a week-in, week-out, endless duet with the Cadillac. The women hurry away. “Here come the law.” The Greenmarket space, which lies between Atlantic and Pacific, was once occupied by condemned buildings—spent bars and liquor stores. The block is fenced and gravelled now, and is leased by the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which charges the Greenmar-

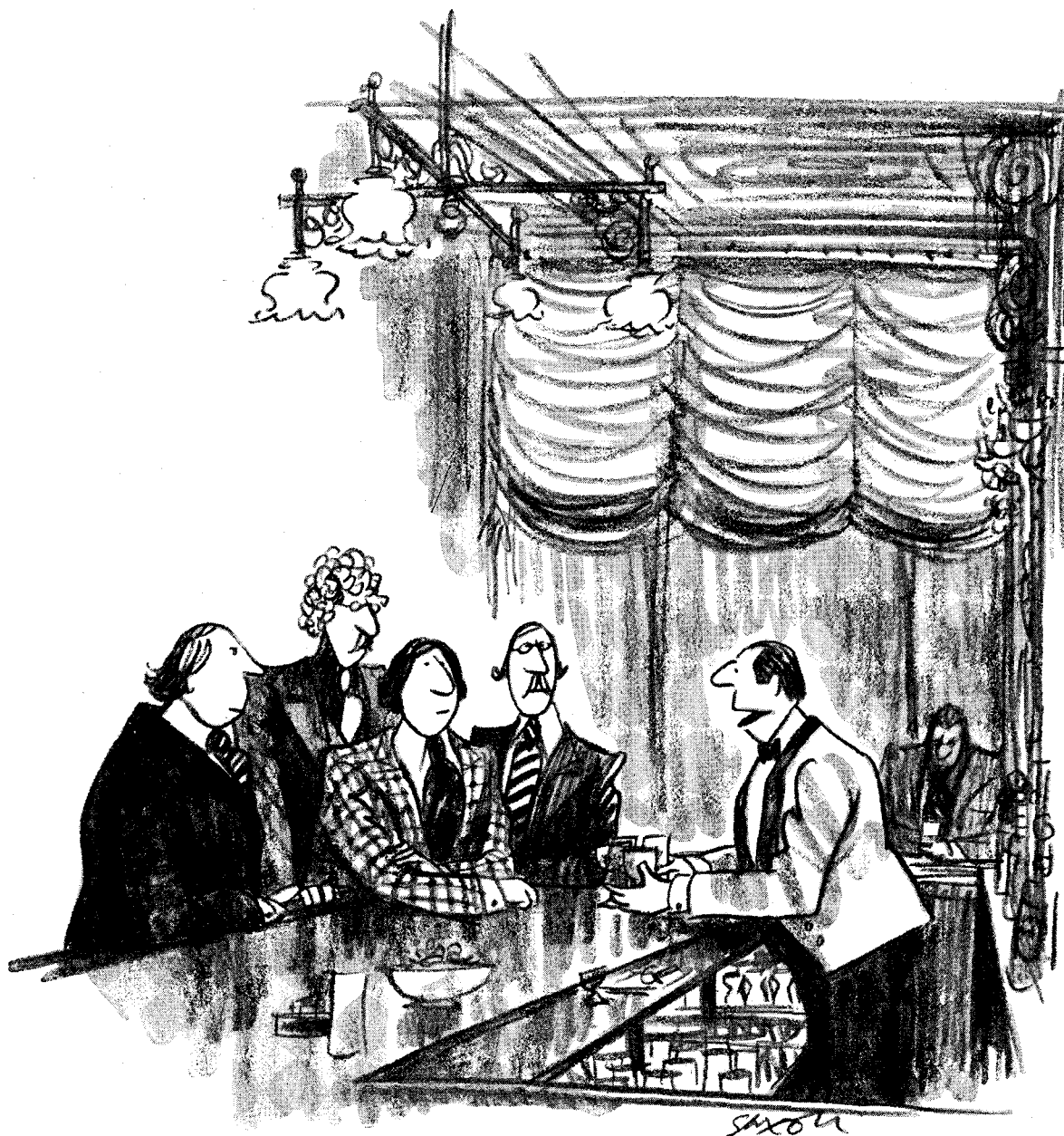
ket seventy-five dollars a Wednesday. The market does not fill the lot—the rest is concession parking. Here in the din of the city, in the rivers of moving metal, some customers drive to the Greenmarket as if it were a roadside stand in Rockland County, a mall in Valley Stream.

On a sidewalk around the corner, people with a Coleman stove under a fifty-five-gallon drum are making sauce with our tomatoes. Tall black man in a business suit now picks up a slim hot pepper. Apparently he thinks it sweet, because he takes most of it with a single bite and chews it with anticipant relish. Three . . . two . . . one. The small red grenade explodes on his tongue. His eyeballs seem to smoke. By the fistful, he grabs cool stringbeans and stuffs them into his mouth.

I forget to give change to a middle-aged woman with bitter eyes. I charged her forty-five cents for a pound and a third of apples and she gave me half



“How can you just lie there and accept continental drift?”



"Here you go, boys. Two Perrier-and-lime, one chilled white wine, and a Tab."

a dollar. Now she is demanding her nickel, and her eyes are narrower than the sides of dimes. She is a round-shouldered person, beaky and short—short-changed. In her stare at me, there is an entire judiciary system—accusation, trial, and conviction. "You give me my nickel, mister."

"I'm sorry. I forgot. Here is your nickel."

She does not believe my mistake a mistake. She walks away in a white huff. Now she stops, turns, glowers. She moves on. Twice more, as she departs from the market, she stops, turns, and stares angrily back. I watch her all the way to the curb. She waves at the traffic and gets into a cab.

A coin will sink faster through bell peppers than it will through water. When people lose their money they go

after it like splashing bears. Peppers everywhere. Peppers two deep over the apples, three deep over the plums. Peppers all over the ground. Sooner or later, the people who finger the eggs will spill and break the eggs, and the surface they walk on becomes a gray-and-yellow slurry of parking-lot gravel and egg—a Brooklyn omelette. Woman spills a dozen now. Her purse is hanging open and a falling egg plops in. Eleven smash on the ground. She makes no offer to pay. Hodgson, who is young and whimsical, grins and shrugs. He is not upset. He is authentically amused. Always, without a sign of stress, he accepts such losses. The customer fingers another dozen eggs, and asks if we are sure they are good.

I err again, making change—count

out four ones, and then a five, "and ten makes twenty."

The customer says, "I gave you a ten-dollar bill, not a twenty."

I look at her softly, and say to her, "Thanks very much. You're very nice."

"What do you mean I'm very nice? I gave you a ten-dollar bill. Why does that make me very nice?"

"I meant to say I'm glad you noticed. I'm really glad you noticed."

"How much are the tomatoes?"

"Weigh these, please."

"Three pounds for a dollar."

"How much the corn?"

"Ten cents an ear. Twelve for a dollar."

"Everything is so superior. I'd forgotten what tomatoes taste like."

"Will you weigh these, please?"

"The prices are so ridiculously cheap."

"How can you charge so little?"

"In nine years in the city, I've never seen food like this."

"How much are these?"

"Fifty-five cents."

"Wow! What a rip-off!"

"Three pounds for a dollar is too much for tomatoes. You know that, don't you? I don't care how good they are."

"How much are these?"

"A dollar-ten."

"A dollar-ten?"

"Three eggplants. Three and a half pounds. Three pounds for a dollar. You can have them for a dollar-ten."

"Keep them."

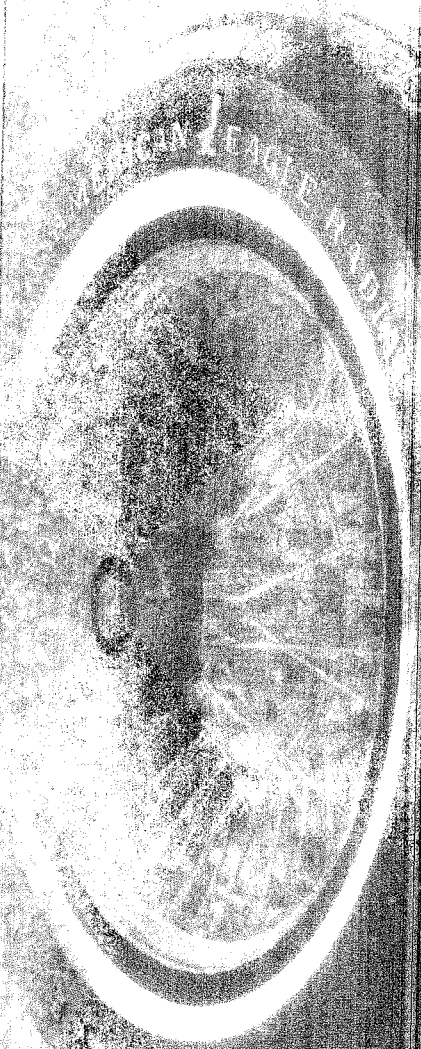
"In the supermarket, the vegetables are unspeakable."

"They are brought in from California."

"You can't see what you are getting."

"When the frost has come and you are gone, what will we do without you?"

Around the market square, some of



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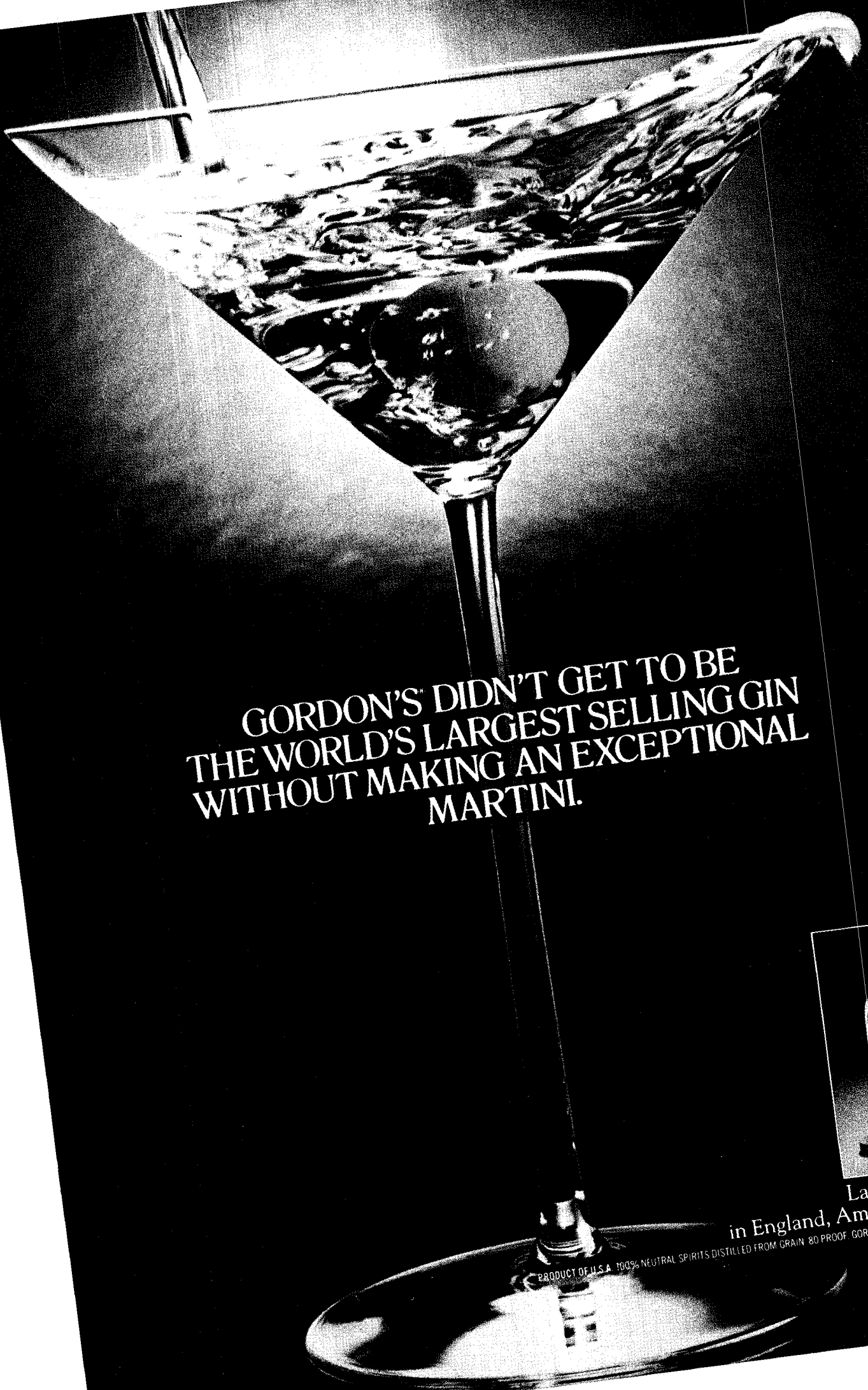
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the trucks have stickers on them: "NO FARMERS, NO FOOD." Alvina Frey is here, and Ronald Binaghi, from farms in Bergen County, New Jersey. John Labanowski and his uncle Andy Labanowski are from the black-dirt country, the mucklands, of Orange County, New York. Bob Engle and Jim Kent tend orchards in the Hudson Valley. Ed Milliman, the honey man, is from Lakeville, Connecticut; Joan Benack and Ursula Plock, the bakers, from Milan, New York. Ed and Judy Dart grow "organic" on Long Island, Richard Finch in Frenchtown, New Jersey. John Henry. Vincent Neglia. Ilija Sekulovski. Don Keller. Cleather Slade completes the ring. Slade is young, tall, paunchy, silent, and black. His wife, Dorothy, sells with him. She has a nicely lighted smile that suggests repose. Their family farmland is in Red Springs, North Carolina, but the Slades are mainly from Brooklyn. They make occasional trips South for field peas, collards, okra, yams, and for the reddest watermelons north of Chichicstenango.

Jeffrey Mack works for Hodgson part time. He has never seen a farm. He says he has never been out of the city. He lives five blocks away. He is eight years old, black. He has a taut, hard body, and glittering eyes, a round face. He piles up empty cartons for us and sometimes weighs tomatoes. On his better days he is some help.

"Jeffrey, that's enough raisin bread."

"Jeffrey, how many times do I have to tell you: get yourself out of the way."

"What are you doing here, Jeffrey? You ought to be in school."

He is not often pensive, but he is pensive for a moment now. "If you had a kid would you put him up for adoption?" he asks.

"What is that supposed to mean, Jeffrey? Why are you asking me that?"

"My mother says she's going to put me up for adoption."

With two, three, and four people working every truck, the farmers can occasionally take breaks, walk around—eat each other's apples, nectarines, and pears. Toward the end of the day, when their displays have been bought low and the crowd is becoming thin, they move around even more, and talk in small groups.

"What always surprises me is how many people are really nice here in the city."

"I was born in New York. My roots are here, you know. I'd throw away a bad cantaloupe, anything, so the people would come back."

"We have to leave them touch tomatos, but when they do my guts go up and down. They paw them until if you stuck a pin in them they'd explode."

"They handle the fruit as if they were getting out all their aggressions. They press on the melons until their thumbs push through. I don't know why they have to handle the fruit like that. They're brutal on the fruit."

"They inspect each egg, wiggle it, make sure it's not stuck in the carton. You'd think they were buying diamonds."

"They're bag crazy. They need a bag for everything, sometimes two."

"They're nervous. So nervous."

"Today I had my third request from someone who wanted to come stay on the farm, who was looking for peace and quiet for a couple of days. He said he had found Jesus. It was unreal."

"I had two Jews in yarmulkes fighting over a head of lettuce. One called the other a kike."

"I've had people buy peppers from me and take them to another truck to check on the weight."

"Yeah, and meanwhile they put thirteen ears of corn in a bag, hand it to you, and say it's a dozen. I let them go. I only get after them when they have sixteen."

"They think we're hicks. 'Yeah,' I say. 'We're hicks and you're hookers. You're muggers and you breathe dirty air.'"

"I hardly smoke in the city. Down home I can smoke a whole pack of cigarettes and still have energy all night. You couldn't pay me to live here. I can't breathe."

If the farmers have a lot to say about their clients, they have even more to say about each other. Friendly from the skin out, they are deep competitors, and one thing that they are (in a sense) competing for is their right to be a part of the market. A high percentage of

them seems to feel that a high percentage of the others should be shut down and sent away.

The Greenmarket was started in 1976. Farmers were recruited. Word got around. A wash of applicants developed. There was no practical or absolute way to check out certain facts about them—nor is there yet. For example, if some of the goods on a truck were not grown by the farmer selling them, who did grow them, and when, and where? The Greenmarket quickly showed itself to be a prime outlet for the retailing of farm produce. On a good day, one truck with an eighteen-foot box could gross several thousand dollars. So every imaginable kind of seller became attracted. The ever-present problem was that anyone in jeans with a rustic address painted on his truck could load up at Hunts Point, the city's wholesale fruit-and-vegetable center, and head out at 5 A.M. for the Greenmarket—a charter purpose of which was to help the regional farmer, not the fast-moving speculator, survive. Authentic farmers, moreover, could bring a little from home and a lot from Hunts Point. Wholesale goods, having been grown on big mass-production acreages (and often shipped in underripe from distant states), could be bought at Hunts Point and retailed—in some instances—at lower prices than the custom-grown produce of a small Eastern farm. Prices, however, were an incidental issue. The customers, the people of the city, believed—and were encouraged to believe—that when they walked into a Greenmarket they were surrounded by true farmers who had grown the produce they displayed and were offering it fresh from the farm. That was the purpose and promise of the Greenmarket—if not the whole idea, an unarguably large part of it—and in the instances where wholesale, long-distance, gassed-out goods were being presented (as some inevitably were) the principle was being subverted. In fact, the term Greenmarket had been coined—and registered in Albany—to set apart these markets in the public mind from certain "farmers' markets" around the city that are annually operated by Hunts Point hicks.

"Are you a farmer, or are you buying from an auction?" was a challenge the farmers began to fling around. Few were neighbors at home—in positions to know about each other. They lived fifty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty miles apart, and came to the city to compete as strangers. They competed in sales, and they competed in slan-



der. They still do. To a remarkable—and generally inaccurate—extent, they regard one another as phonies.

"He doesn't even know what shoe-peg corn is."

"Never trust a farmer who doesn't know shoe-peg corn."

"What exactly is shoe-peg corn?"

"Look at *him*. He has clean fingernails."

"I happen to know he has them manicured."

"I bust my hump seven days a week all summer long and I don't like to see people bring to market things they don't grow."

"Only farmers who are not farmers can ruin this market."

"These hustlers are going to work us off the block."

"There's farmers selling stuff they don't know what it is."

"What exactly is shoe-peg corn?"

"I like coming here. It gets me out of Vineland. Of course, you pick your ass off the night before."

"Look at Don Keller's hands. You can see the farm dirt in them."

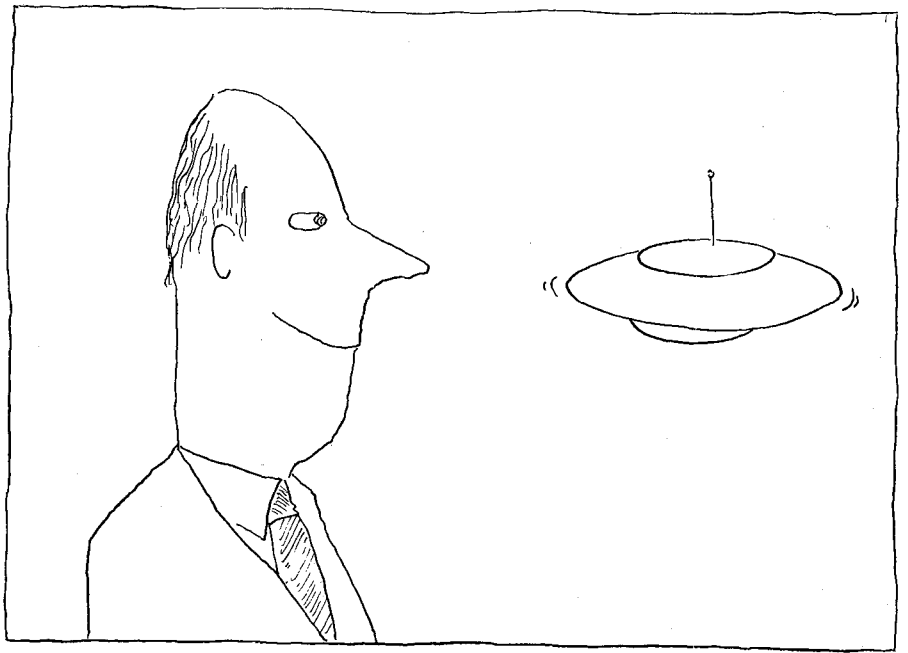
"His nails. They'll never be clean."

"Rich Hodgson. See him over there? He has the cleanest fingernails in New York State."

"That Hodgson, he's nice enough, but he doesn't know what a weed looks like. I'll tell you this: he's never even *seen* a weed."

AROUND the buildings of Hodgson Farms are some of the tallest volunteers in New York, topheavy plants that sway overhead—the Eastern rampant weed. With everybody working ninety hours a week, there is not much time for cosmetics. For the most part, the buildings are chicken houses. Rich's father, Dick Hodgson, went into the egg business in 1946 and now has forty thousand hens. When someone in the city cooks a Hodgson egg, it has quite recently emerged from a chicken in a tilted cage, rolled onto a conveyor, and gone out past a candler and through a grader and into a waiting truck. A possible way to taste a fresher egg would be to boil the chicken with the egg still in it.

Dick Hodgson—prematurely white-haired, drivingly busy—is an agrarian paterfamilias whose eighty-two-year-old mother-in-law grades tomatoes for him. His wife, Frances, is his secretary and bookkeeper. He branched into truck farming some years ago specifically to keep his daughter, Judy, close to home. Judy runs the Hodgsons' roadside stand, in Plattekill, and her husband, Jan Krol, is the family's



vegetable grower, the field boss—more than a hundred acres now under cultivation. Rich, meanwhile, went off to college and studied horticulture, with special emphasis on the fate of tropical houseplants. To attract him home, his father constructed a greenhouse, where Rich now grows wandering Jews, spider plants, impatiens, coleus, asparagus ferns—and he takes them with him to Harlem and wherever else he is allowed to sell them. Rich, who likes the crowds and the stir of the city, is the farm's marketer.

The Greenmarket, even more than the arriving Hodgson generation, has expanded Hodgson Farms. Before 1976, the family had scarcely twenty acres under cultivation and, even so, had difficulty finding adequate outlets for the vegetables Jan grew. The roadside stand moved only a minor volume. Much of the rest was sold in New Jersey, at the Paterson Market, with discouraging results. "Paterson is semi-wholesale," Rich says. "You have to sell in units of a peck or more. You're lucky if you get three dollars for a half bushel of tomatoes. You ask for more and all you hear all day is 'That's a too much a money. That's a too much a money.'" (A half bushel of tomatoes weighs twenty-six pounds, and brings at least eight dollars at the Greenmarket, giving good weight.) The Hodgsons tried the fruit-and-vegetable auction in Milton, New York, but the auctioneer's cut was thirteen per cent and the farmers were working for him. They also tried a farmers' market in Albany, but sold three bushels of peppers and a couple of bags of corn in one depressing day.

They were more or less failing as small-scale truck farmers. Dick Hodgson's theory of family cohesion through agricultural diversification was in need of an unknown spray. NBC news presented a short item one evening covering the *début* of the Greenmarket. The Hodgsons happened to be watching.

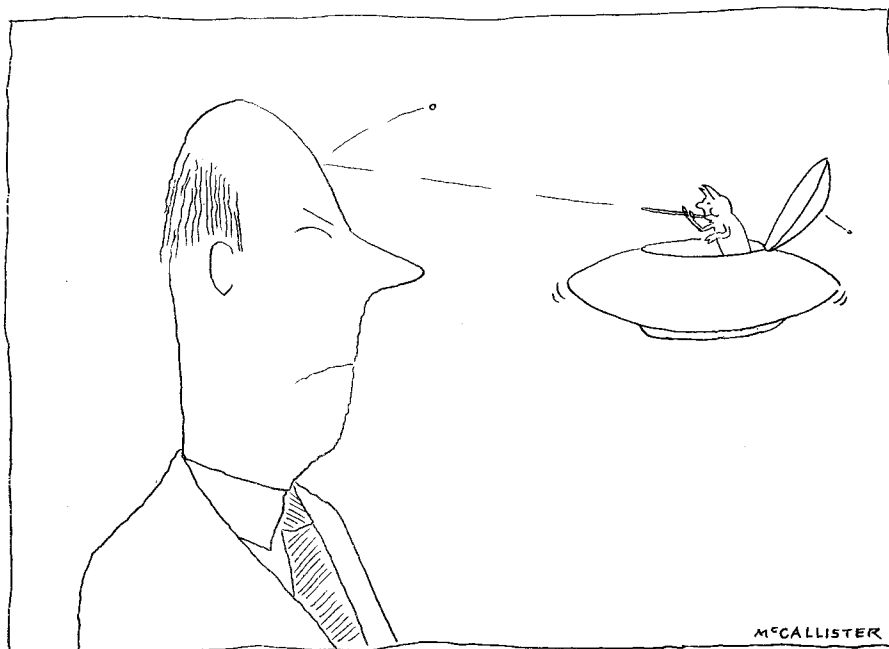
"The first place we went to was Fifty-ninth Street, and the people were fifteen deep waiting to get to the eggs. I couldn't believe it. There were just masses of faces. I looked at them and felt panic and broke into a cold sweat. They went after the corn so fast I just dumped it on the ground. The people fell on it, stripped it, threw the husks around. They were fighting, grabbing, snatching at anything they could get their hands on. I had never seen people that way, never seen anything like it. We sold a full truck in five hours. It was as if there was a famine going on. The people are quieter now."

Quietly, in a single day in the Greenmarket, Rich has sold as many as fifteen hundred dozen eggs. In one day, nearly five thousand ears of corn. In one day, three-quarters of a ton of tomatoes.

"How much are the tomatoes?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds for five hundred dollars."

Rich is in his mid-twenties, has a tumbling shag of bright-red hair, a beard that comes and goes. When it is gone, as now, in the high season of 1977, he retains not only a mustache but also a pair of frontburns: a couple of pelts that descend from either end of the mustache and pass quite



close to his mouth on their way to his chin. He is about six feet tall and wears glasses. Their frames are pale blue. His energy is of the steady kind, and he works hard all day with an easygoing imperturbability—always bemused; always a controlled, sly smile. Rarely, he looks tired. On market days, he gets up at four, is on the Thruway by five, is setting up tables and opening cartons at seven, has a working breakfast around nine (Egg McMuffin), and, with only a short break, sells on his feet until six or seven, when he packs up to drive home, take a shower, drop into bed, and rise again at four. His companion, Melissa Mousseau, shares his schedule and sells beside him. There is no market on Mondays, so Rich works a fourteen-hour day at home. He packs cartons at the farm—cartons of cauliflowers, cartons of tomatoes—and meanders around the county collecting a load for Harlem. The truck is, say, the six-ton International with the Fruehauf fourteen-foot box—“HODGSON FARMS, NEWBURGH, N.Y., SINCE 1946.” Corn goes in the nose—corn in dilapidating lath-and-wire crates that are strewn beside the fields where Jan has been bossing the pickers. The pickers are Newburgh high-school students. The fields, for the most part, are rented from the State of New York. A few years ago, the state bought Stewart Air Force Base, outside Newburgh, with intent to lengthen the main runway and create an immense international freightport, an all-cargo jetport. The state also bought extensive farms lying off the west end of the base. Scarcely were

the farmers packed up and on the road to Tampa Bay when bulldozers flattened their ancestral homes and dump trucks took off with the debris. The big freightport is still in the future, and meanwhile the milieu of the vanished farms is ghostly with upgrowing fields and clusters of shade trees around patches of smoothed ground where families centered their lives. The Hodgsons came upon this scene as farmers moving in an unusual direction. With the number of farms and farmers in steady decline in most places on the urban fringe, the Hodgsons were looking for land on which to expand. For the time being, rented land will do, but they hope that profits will be sufficient to enable them before long to buy a farm or two—to acquire land that would otherwise, in all likelihood, be industrially or residentially developed. The Greenmarket is the outlet—the sole outlet—that has encouraged their ambition. In the penumbral world of the airport land, there are occasional breaks in the sumac where long clean lines of Hodgson peppers reach to distant hedgerows, Hodgson cantaloupes, Hodgson cucumbers, Hodgson broccoli, collards, eggplants, Hodgson tomatoes, cabbages, corn—part vegetable patch, part disenfranchised farm, with a tractor, a sprayer, and a spreader housed not in sheds and barns but under big dusty maples. The family business is integrated by the spreader, which fertilizes the Greenmarket vegetables with the manure of the forty thousand chickens.

Corn in the nose, Rich drives to the icehouse, where he operates a machine

that grinds up a three-hundred-pound block and sprays granulated snow all over the corn. Corn snow. He stops, too, at local orchards for apples, Seckel pears, nectarines, peaches, and plums. The Greenmarket allows farmers to amplify their offerings by bringing the produce of neighbors. A neighbor is not a wholesale market but another farmer, whose farm is reasonably near—a rule easier made than enforced. The Hodgsons pick things up—bread included—from several other farms in the county, but two-thirds to three-quarters of any day's load for the city consists of goods they grow themselves.

In the cooler of E. Borchert & Sons, the opiate aroma of peaches is overwhelming, unquenched by the refrigerant air. When the door opens, it frames, in summer heat, hazy orchards on ground that falls away to rise again in far perspective, orchards everywhere we can see. While loading half-bushel boxes onto the truck, we stop to eat a couple of peaches and half a dozen blue free plums. Not the least of the pleasures of working with Hodgson is the bounty of provender at hand, enough to have made the most sybaritic Roman prop himself up on one elbow. I eat, most days, something like a dozen plums, four apples, seven pears, six peaches, ten nectarines, six tomatoes, and a green pepper.

Eating his peach, Rich says, “The people down there in the city can't imagine this. They don't believe that peaches come from Newburgh, New York. They say that peaches come only from Georgia. People in the city have no concept of what our farming is like. They have no idea what a tomato plant looks like, or how a tomato is picked. They can't envision a place with forty thousand chickens. They have no concept how sweet corn grows. And the people around here have a false concept of the city. Before we went down there the first time, people up here said, ‘You're out of your mind. You're going to get robbed. You're going to get stabbed.’ But I just don't have any fears there. People in black Harlem are just as nice as people anywhere. City people generally are a lot calmer than I expected. I thought they would be loud, pushy, aggressive, and mean. But eighty per cent of them are nice and calm. Blacks and whites get along much better there than they do in Newburgh. Newburgh Free Academy, where I went to high school, was twenty-five per cent black. We had riots every year and lots of tension. Cars were set on fire. Actually, I prefer

Harlem to most of the other markets. Harlem people are not so fussy. They don't manhandle the fruit. And they buy in quantity. They'll buy two dozen ears of corn, six pounds of tomatoes, and three dozen eggs. At Fifty-ninth Street, someone will buy one ear of corn for ten cents and want it in a bag. The reason we're down there is the money, of course. But the one-to-one contact with the people is really good—especially when they come back the next week and say, 'Those peaches were really delicious.'"

IN the moonless night, with the air too heavy for much sleep anyway, we are up and on the road, four abreast: Anders Thueson, Rich Hodgson, David Hemingway... A door handle is cracking my fifth right rib. Melissa Mousseau is not with us today, and for Hemingway it is the first time selling. He is a Newburgh teen-ager in sneakers and a red football shirt lettered "OKLAHOMA." Hemingway is marking time. He has mentioned January half a dozen ways since we started out, in a tone that reveres the word—January, an arriving milestone in his life, with a college out there waiting for him, and, by implication, the approach of stardom. Hemingway can high-jump seven feet. He remarks that the Greenmarket will require endurance and will therefore help build his stamina for January. He is black, and says he is eager to see Harlem, to be "constantly working with different people—that's a trip in the head by itself."

When the truck lurches onto the Thruway and begins the long rollout to the city, Hodgson falls asleep. Anders Thueson is driving. He is an athlete, too, with the sort of legs that make football coaches whistle softly. Thueson has small, fine features, light-blue eyes, and short-cropped hair, Scandinavian yellow. He is our corn specialist, by predilection—would apparently prefer to count ears than to compute prices from weights. When he arrives in Harlem he will touch his toes and do deep knee bends to warm himself up for the corn.

Dawn is ruddy over Tappan Zee, the far end of the great bridge indistinct in mist. Don Keller, coming from Middletown, broke down on the bridge not long ago, rebuilt his starter at the toll-booth apron, and rolled into market at noon. Days later, Jim Kent's truck was totalled on the way to Greenmarket—Hudson Valley grapes, apples, peaches, and corn all over the road. Gradually now, Irvington and Dobbs Ferry come into view across

the water—big square houses of the riverbank, molar, packed in cloud. In towns like that, where somnolence is the main resource, this is the summit of the business day. Hodgson wakes up for the toll. For five minutes he talks sports and vegetable prices, and again he dozes away. On his lap is a carton of double-yolk eggs. His hands protect them. The fingernails are clean. Hodgson obviously sees no need to dress like Piers Plowman. He wears a yellow chemise Lacoste. The eggs are for Derryck Brooks-Smith, a Brooklyn schoolteacher, who is a regular Hodgson city employee. Brooks-Smith is by appearances our best athlete. He runs long distances and lifts significant weights. He and Thueson have repeatedly tried to see who can be the first to throw an egg over an eight-story building on Amsterdam Avenue. To date their record of failure is one hundred per cent—although each has succeeded with a peach.

We arrive at six-fifteen, to find Van Houten, Slade, and Keller already setting up—in fact, already selling. People are awake, and much around, and Dorothy Slade is weighing yams, three pounds for a dollar. Meanwhile, it is extremely difficult to erect display tables, open boxes, and pile up peppers and tomatoes when the crowd helps take off the lids. They grab the contents.

"Weigh these, please."

"May I have a plastic bag?"

"Wait—while I get the scales off the truck." The sun has yet to show above the brownstones.

This is the corner of 137th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard, known elsewhere in the city as Seventh Avenue. The entire name—Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard—is spelled out on the street sign, which, as a result, has a tip-to-tip span so wide it seems prepared to fly. The big thoroughfare itself is of extraordinary width, and islanded, like parts of Broadway and Park Avenue. A few steps north of us are the Harlem Performance Center and the Egbe Omo Nago African Music Center, and just east along 137th Street from our trucks is the Mother A.M.E. Zion Church. For the Tuesday Greenmarket, the street has been barricaded and cars sent out, an exception be-

ing an old Plymouth without tires that rests on flaking steel. On the front wall of the church is a decorous advertisement: "Marion A. Daniels & Sons, Funeral Directors." The block has four young sycamores, and contiguous buildings in every sort of shape from the neat and trim to broken-windowed houses with basements that are open like caves. On 137th Street beyond Adam Clayton Powell are two particularly handsome facing rows of brownstones, their cornices convex and dented, their entrances engrafted with high, ceremonious flights of stairs. Beyond them, our view west is abruptly shut off by the City College cliffs in St. Nicholas Park—the natural wall of Harlem.

The farm trucks are parked on the sidewalks. Displays are in the street. Broad-canopied green, orange, purple, and red umbrellas shield produce from the sun. We have an awning, bolted to the truck. Anders Thueson, with a Magic Marker, is writing our prices on brown paper bags, taping them up as signs. "Is plums spelled with a 'b'?" he asks.

Hemingway tells him no.

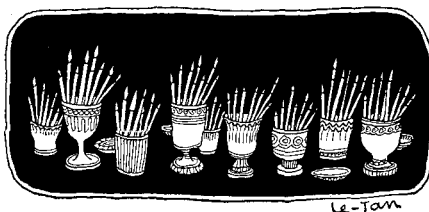
A tall, slim woman in a straw hat says to me, "I come down here get broke every Tuesday. Weigh these eggplants, please."

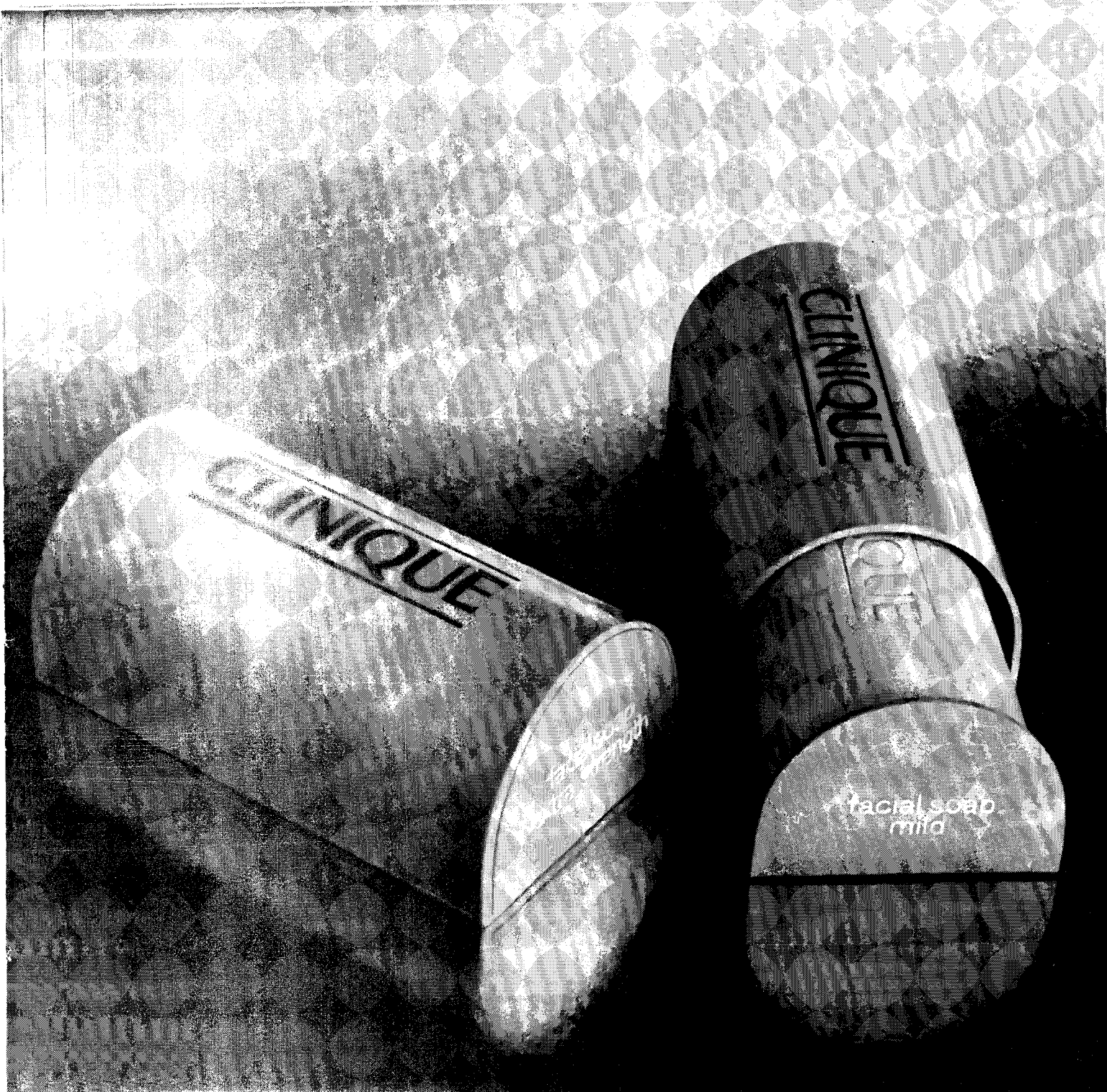
"There you are. Do you want those in a bag?"

"You gave me good weight. You don't have to give me bags."

Minerva Coleman walks by, complaining. She is short and acidulous, with graying hair and quick, sardonic eyes. She wears bluejeans and a white short-sleeved sweatshirt. She has lived in this block twenty-three years. "You farmers come in too early," she says. "Why do you have to come in so early? I have to get up at four o'clock every Tuesday, and that don't make sense. I don't get paid."

Not by the Greenmarket, at any rate. Minerva works for Harlem Teams for Self-Help, an organization that is something like a Y.M.-Y.W.C.A. It is housed, in fact, in a former Y, the entrance to which is behind our truck. Minerva is Director of Economic Development. As such, she brought the Greenmarket to 137th Street—petitioned the city for it, arranged with the precinct to close off the street. While her assistants sell Harlem Teams for Self-Help shopping bags (fifteen cents), Minerva talks tomatoes with the farmers, and monitors the passing crowd. As the neighborhood kleptos come around the corner, she is quick to point them out. When a middle-aged man in a business suit ap-





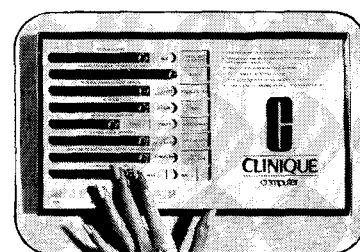
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pears on the scene wearing a sandwich board, she reads the message—"HARLEM TEAM FOR DESTROYING BLACK BUSINESS"—and at once goes out of her tree. "What do you mean, 'destroying black business'? Who is destroying black business? *What* is destroying black business? Get your ass off this block. Can't you see this market is good for everybody? The quality and the price against the quality and the price at the supermarket—there's no comparison."

Exit sandwich board.

"How much are the apples?"

"Three pounds for a dollar, madam."

"Are they sweet?"

"You can eat them straight or bake them in a pie."

"Give me six pounds of apples, six pounds of tomatoes, and three dozen extra-large eggs. Here the boxes from the eggs I bought last week."

Mary Hill, Lenox Avenue. Florrie Thomas, Grand Concourse. Leroy Price, Bradhurst Avenue. Les Boyd, the Polo Grounds. Ylonia Phillips, 159th Street. Selma Williamson, 141st Street. Hattie Mack, Lenox Avenue. Ten in the morning and the crowd is thick. The sun is high and hot. People are drinking from fireplugs. A white cop goes by, the radio on his buttock small and volcanic, erupting: "...beating her for two hours." In the upstairs windows of the houses across the street, women sit quietly smoking.

"Are these peppers hot?"

"Those little ones? Yeah. They're hot as Hell."

"How do you know how hot Hell is? How do you know?"

The speaker is male and middle-aged, wears a jacket and tie, and is small, compact, peppery. He continues, "How do you know how hot Hell is? You been over there? I don't think you know how hot Hell is."

"Fifty cents, please."

The hundreds of people add up into thousands, and more

are turning the corner—every face among them black. Rarely, a white one will come along, an oddity, a floating moon. Just as a bearded person becomes unaware of his beard and feels that he looks like everyone else, you can forget for a time that your own face is white. There are no reminders from the crowd.

Middle-aged man with a woman in blue. She reaches for the roll of thin plastic bags, tugs one off, and tries to open it. The sides are stuck together and resist coming apart. She looks up helplessly, looks at me. Like everyone else on this side of the tables, I am an expert at opening plastic bags.

"These bags are terrible," I tell her, rubbing one between my thumb and fingers. When it comes open, I hand it to her.

"Why, thank you," she says. "You're nice to do that for me. I guess that is the privilege of a lady."

Her husband looks me over, and explains to her, "He's from the old school." There is a pause, some handling of fruit. Then he adds, "But the old schools are closing these days."

"They're demolished," she says. "The building's gone."

They fill their sack with peppers (Lady Bell).

The older the men are here, the more likely it is that they are wearing suits and ties. Gray fedoras. Long cigars. The younger they are, the more likely it is that they are carrying shoulder-strapped Panasonics, turned on, turned up—blaring. Fortunately, the market seems to attract a high proportion of venerable people, dressed as if for church, exchanging news and some opinion.

Among our customers are young women in laboratory smocks with small gold rings in the sides of their noses—swinging from a pierced nostril. They work in Harlem Hospital, at the end of the block, on Lenox Avenue.

Fat man stops to assess the peppers. His T-shirt says, "I Survived the Bermuda Triangle." Little boy about a foot high. His T-shirt says, "Man's Best Friend."

Our cabbages are in full original leaf, untrimmed, each one so broad and beautiful it appears to be a carnation from the lapel of the Jolly Green Giant.

They do not fit well in collapsible shopping carts, so people often ask me to strip away the wrapper leaves. I do so, and sell the cabbage, and go back to weighing peppers, making change, more peppers, more change. Now comes a twenty-dollar bill. When I go into my money apron for some ones, a five, a ten, all I come up with is cabbage.

I prefer selling peppers. When you stay in one position long enough, a proprietary sense develops—as with Thueson and the corn. Hodgson, the true proprietor, seems to enjoy selling anything—houseplants and stringbeans, squash and pears. Derryck Brooks-Smith likes eggs and tomatoes. Hemingway is an apple man. Or seems to be. It is early to tell. He is five hours into his first day, and I ask how he is getting along. Hem-



"I approve of the President's new, forceful style. But not yours."

HEAVEN CAN WAIT



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BEATTY**

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CHRISTIE**

**JAMES
MASON**

**CHARLES
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**VINCENT
GARDENIA**

**AND JACK
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ingway says, "These women in Harlem are driving me nuts, but the Jews in Brooklyn will be worse." Across his dark face flies a quick, sarcastic smile. "How *you* doing?" he asks me.

"Fine. I am a pepper seller who long ago missed his calling."

"You like peppers?"

"I have come to crave them. When I go home, I take a sackful with me, and slice them, and fill a big iron skillet to the gunwales—and when they're done I eat them all myself."

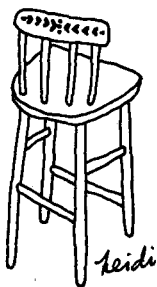
"Cool."

"These tomatoes come from a remote corner of Afghanistan," Derryck Brooks-Smith is saying to some hapless client. "They will send you into ecstasy." She is young, and appears to believe him, but she may be in ecstasy already. Brooks-Smith is a physical masterpiece. He wears running shorts. Under a blue T-shirt, his breasts bulge. His calves and thighs are ribbed with muscle. His biceps are smooth brown loaves. His hair is short and for the most part black, here and there brindled with gray. His face is fine-featured, smile disarming. He continues about the tomatoes: "The smaller ones are from Hunza, a little country in the Himalayas. The people of Hunza attribute their longevity to these tomatoes. Yes, three pounds for a dollar. They also attribute their longevity to yogurt and a friendly family. I like your dress. It fits you well."

Brooks-Smith teaches at John Marshall Intermediate School, in Brooklyn. "A nice white name in a black neighborhood," he once remarked. He was referring to the name of the school, but he could as well have meant his own. He was born in the British West Indies. His family moved to New York in 1950, when he was ten. He has a master's degree from City University. "It is exciting for me to be up here in Harlem, among my own people," he has told me over the scale. "Many of them are from the South. They talk about Georgia, about South Carolina. They have a feeling for the farm a lot of people in the city don't have." He quotes Rimbaud to his customers. He fills up the sky for them with the "permanganate sunsets" of Henry Miller. He instructs them in nutrition. He lectures on architecture in a manner that makes them conclude correctly that he is talking about them. They bring him things. Books, mainly. Cards of salutation and farewell, anticipating his return to the school. "Peace, brother, may you always get back the true kindness you give." The message is

handwritten. The card and its envelope are four feet wide. A woman in her eighties who is a Jehovah's Witness hands him a book, her purpose to immortalize his soul. She will miss him. He has always given her a little more than good weight. "I love old people," he says when she departs. "We have a lot to learn from them."

"This is where it is, man. This is where it is!" says a basketball player, shouldering through the crowd toward the eggplants and tomatoes, onions and pears. He is well on his way to three metres in height, and his friend is taller still. They wear red shorts with blue stripes and black-and-white Adidas shoes. The one who knows where it is picks up seven or eight onions, each the size of a baseball, and holds them all in one hand. He palms an eggplant and it disappears. "Man," he goes on, "since these farmers came here I don't hardly eat meat no more."



Now comes a uniformed racing cyclist—All-Sports Day at the Greenmarket. He is slender, trained, more or less thirty, and he seems to be on furlough from the Tour de France. He looks expensive in his yellow racing gloves, his green racing shoes. Partly walking, partly gliding, he straddles his machine. He leans over and carefully chooses peppers, apparently preferring the fire-engine-red ones. Brooks-Smith whispers to me, "That bicycle frame is a Carlton, made in England. It's worth at least five hundred dollars. They're rare. They're not made much anymore."

"That will be one dollar, please," I say to the cyclist, and he pays me with a food stamp.

Woman says, "What is this stuff on these peaches?"

"It's called fuzz."

"It was on your peaches last week, too."

"We don't take it off. When you buy peaches in the store, the fuzz has been rubbed off."

"Well, I never."

"You never saw peach fuzz before? You're kidding."

"I don't like that fuzz. It makes me itchy. How much are the tomatoes?"

"Three pounds for a dollar."

"Give me three pounds. Tomatoes don't have fuzz."

"I'm a bachelor. Give me a pound of plums." The man is tall, is wearing a brown suit, and appears to be nearing seventy. "They're only for me, I don't need more," he explains. "I'm a bachelor. I don't like the word 'bachelor.'"

I'm really a widower. A bachelor sounds like a playboy."

"Thirty-five cents, please. Who's next?"

"Will somebody lend me a dollar so I can get some brandy and act like a civilized human for a change?" We see very few drunks. This one wears plaid trousers, a green blazer, an open-collared print shirt. He has not so much as feigned interest in the peppers but is asking directly for money. "This is my birthday," he continues. "Happy birthday, Gus. My mother and father are dead. If they were alive, I'd kick the hell out of them. They got me into this bag. For twenty years, I shined shoes outside the Empire State Building. And now I'm here, a bum. I need to borrow a dollar. Happy birthday, Gus."

SLADE, opposite, is taking a break. He sits on an upturned tall narrow basket, with his head curled into his shoulder. Like a sleeping bird, he has drifted away. I need a break, too—some relief from the computations, the chaotic pulsations of the needle on the scale.

"Two and a quarter pounds at three pounds for a dollar comes to, let's see, seventy-five cents. Five and a half pounds at three for a dollar twenty-five, call it two and a quarter. That's three dollars."

"Even?"

"Even."

"Y'all going up every week. Y'all going to be richer than hell."

"How much are the nectarines?"

"Weigh these, please."

Turn. Put the fruit in the pan. Calculate. Turn again. Spin the plastic bag. Knot the top. Hand it over. Change a bill.

"You take food stamps?"

"Yes, but I can't give you change."

"How much are the green beans pounds for a dollar and with you in a minute next one—please."

I take off my money apron, give it to Rich, and drift around the market. I compare prices with the Van Houtens. I talk cows with Joe Hlatky. We are from the same part of New Jersey, and he once worked for the Walker-Gordon dairy, in Plainsboro, with its Rotolactor merry-go-round milking platform. Hlatky is a big, stolid man with a shock of blond hair not as neatly prepared as his wife's, which has been professionally reorganized as a gold hive. They work together, selling their sweet white corn and crimson tomatoes—not for nothing is it called the Garden State. Hlatky's twenty-one-year-old daughter, Juanita, often sells with him,



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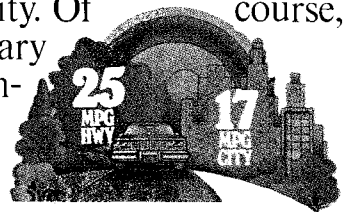
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DODGE DIPLOMAT.

too. She is a large-boned, strongly built, large-busted blonde like her mother. Hlatky says that he and his family are comfortable here in Harlem, feeling always, among other things, the appreciative good will of the people. I remember Minerva Coleman telling me that when the farmers came into Harlem the first Tuesday they were "a little nervous—but after that they were O.K." She went on to say, "You can tell when people don't feel quite secure. But now they come in here and go about their business and they don't pay nobody no mind. They like the people here better than anywhere else. I don't know why. I would assume they'd get ripped off a little bit—but not too much." And now Hlatky, standing on 137th Street weighing tomatoes, says again how much he likes this market, and adds that he feels safer here than he does in other parts of the city. He says, "I'll tell you the most dangerous place we sell at. The roughest part of the city we go to is Union Square." So rough, he confides, that when he goes there, on Saturdays, he takes along an iron pipe.

Hlatky today has supplemented his homegrown New Jersey vegetables with peaches from a neighbor in California. They are wrapped in individual tissues. They are packed and presented in a fine wooden box. He bought them at a wholesale market. Robert Lewis, assistant director of the Greenmarket, happens along and sees the peaches. Lewis is a regional planner about to receive an advanced degree from the University of Pennsylvania, a gentle person, slight of build, a little round of shoulder, with a bandanna around his throat, a daypack on his back, steel-rimmed spectacles—all of which contribute to an impression of amiable, academic frailty. He says to big Joe Hlatky, "Get those peaches out of sight!"

With an iron pipe, a single tap on the forehead could send Lewis to Heaven twice. Hlatky respects him, though, and is grateful to him, too, for the existence of the market. Hlatky says he will sell off these peaches, with a promise not to bring more—never again to bring to a Greenmarket so much as a single box of wholesale fruit.

"The peaches are from California," says Lewis. "They must go back on the truck."

Hlatky casts aspersions up one side of 137th Street and down the other. Has Lewis noticed Slade's beans, Hodgson's onions, Van Houten's lettuce, Sekulovski's entire load? He says he feels unfairly singled out. He knows, though, that without Lewis and Barry

Benepe, who created and developed the Greenmarket, the Hlatky farm in New Jersey would be even more marginal than it is now. ("Here you can make double what you make wholesale. If I sold my stuff in a wholesale market, I couldn't begin to exist.") And while Lewis and Benepe might lack a certain shrewdness with regard to the origin of beans, they contribute an essential that no farmer could provide: a sophisticated knowledge of the city.

One does not just drive across a bridge with a load of summer squash, look around for a vacant lot, and create a farmers' market in New York. Tape of every color is in the way: community boards, zoning committees, local merchants, City Hall. In order to set up even one open-air market—not to mention five or six—it was necessary to persuade, and in many cases to struggle against, nine city agencies, which Benepe describes in aggregate as "an octopus without a head; pull off one tentacle and another has a grip." Benepe is an architect who has worked as a planner not only for the city government but also in Orange County, watching the orchards disappear. When he conceived of the Greenmarket, in 1974, it seemed "a natural answer to a twofold problem": loss of farmland in the metropolitan area and a lack of "fresh, decent food" in the city. Moreover, farmers selling produce from their trucks would start conversations, help resuscitate neighborhoods, brighten the aesthetic of the troubled town. "It seemed too obvious to ignore," Benepe says. "But most obvious things do get ignored." Benepe, like Lewis, is a native of the city. Son of an importer of linen, he studied art history at Williams College (1950) and went on to M.I.T. His dress and appearance remain youthful. To the Greenmarket

office, on Fortieth Street, he wears brown denim highwaters, polo shirts, and suede Wallabees. He has long sandy graying hair, a lithe frame, a flat stomach. He rides a bicycle around town. He has a steady gaze, pale-blue eyes. He knows where City Hall is. He once worked for the Housing and Redevelopment Board. To start the Greenmarket, he knew which doors to knock on, and why they would not open. He approached the Real Estate Department. "They seemed to think I wanted to rip them off." He affiliated the project with the Council on the Environment of New York City in order to be eligible to receive foun-

dation funds. He tried the Vinmont Foundation, the Richmond Foundation, the Fund for the City of New York, the America the Beautiful Fund. Finally, the J. M. Kaplan Fund said it would match anything he raised elsewhere. He went back to the others, and enough came through. Of the Greenmarket's overall cost—forty-two thousand dollars in 1977—the farmers, renting space, pay a third.

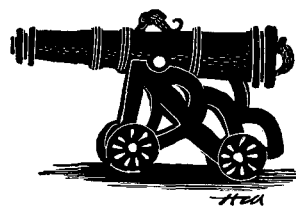
Lewis, twenty years younger, was a colleague of Benepe in Benepe's urban-planning firm, and helped him start the market. They searched for sites where farmers would be welcome, where neighborhoods would be particularly benefitted, where local fruit-and-vegetable stores were unlikely to open fire. Lewis to a large extent recruited the farmers. He sought advice from Cornell and Rutgers, and wrote to county agents, and interviewed people whose names the agents supplied. He went to roadside-marketing conferences, to farmers' associations, to wholesale outlets. Under his generally disarranged locks, his undefeated shrug, Lewis has a deep and patient intelligence that tends to linger over any matter or problem that comes within its scrutiny. If he is ready to rebuke the farmers (for selling West Coast peaches), he is also ready to listen, without limit, to their numerous problems and even more numerous complaints. Day by day, market to market, he is a most evident link between the farmers and the city. He binds them to it, interprets it for them. Son of a New York University professor, he has no idea what shoe-peg corn is, but he was born in Brooklyn Jewish Hospital, grew up in Crown Heights, and has a sense of neighborhoods, of urban ways, that reaches from Flatbush to the hem of Yonkers. He is not much frightened by Harlem or intimidated by Fifty-ninth Street. He is a city man, and, more important, he is an emeritus city kid.

After staring up the street for a while, Hlatky puts the peaches back on the truck.

"Cigarette lighters! Cigarette lighters!"

The Zippo man did not grow his produce down home. "Cigarette lighters!" Never mind where they're from. They're fifty per cent off and selling fast. While Lewis goes after the Zippo man—effecting an at best temporary expulsion—I return to my peppers.

"Give me two, please. Just two. I ain't got nobody with me. I live by my-



self. I throw food in the pot. I stick a fork in it. When it gets soft, I eat it."

"Lysol! Lysol!"

A man has come along selling Lysol. He offers cans to Rich Hodgson and, at the same time, to a woman to whom Rich is selling apples. One result of the Greenmarket's considerable success is the attraction it presents to street hucksters, not the Sabrett's-hot-dog sort of street venders, who are licensed by the city, but itinerant merchants of the most mercurial kind. Some conceal things under their jackets. They are readily identifiable because their arms hang straight, as whose would not with five pounds of watches on either wrist? They sell anything—ski hats, tooled-leather belts, turquoise rings, inflatable airplanes. They spread blankets on the sidewalk and sprinkle them with jewelry. Man comes by now selling his dog. They always try to sell to the farmers, who are possibly better customers than the customers. A guy came up to me once in Brooklyn and offered me a case of hot mangoes. I assume they were hot. What other temperature could they be when the case-lot price was two dollars? Another day in Brooklyn, a man pulled up to the curb in an old Chevrolet sedan, opened the trunk, and began selling Finnish porgies. Cleaning them, he spilled their innards into a bucket and their scales fell like snow on the street.

As to nowhere else, though, such people are attracted to 137th Street. All day they come by, selling coconuts, guavas, and terminal-market cucumbers out of carts from the A. & P. "Crabs! Crabs!" The crab man has bright-red boiled blue crabs. Three for a dollar, they dangle from strings. Now a man arrives with a rolling clothes rack crammed with sweaters and pants. He wants eighteen dollars for a two-piece ensemble. "No, thanks," a woman tells him. "I don't want to go to jail." She turns to the peppers and glances up at me, saying, "If a cop came around the corner they'd drop that stuff and run." Now a young man and woman in turtlenecks and Earth shoes wheel up a grocery cart full of comic books, cotton hats, incense, and tube socks. He has a premature paunch. Her eyes are dreamy and the lids are slow. She leans on him in a noodly manner. She looks half asleep, while he looks half awake, as if they were passing each other in the middle of a long journey. "Tube socks! Incense! Tube socks!" The man fixes his attention on Rich. "It's going to get—I'm telling you—*cold* on that

farm, man." The socks are still in the manufacturer's package, marked a dollar ninety-five a pair. "Cold, man, I'm telling you. Here's six pairs for five dollars." Sold.

Minerva Coleman, who has been watching, stares after the couple as they go. "That must have been a Long Island girl," she says. "A Harlem girl would know I'd break her ass."

There was a firehouse across the street once. It was razed, and a vest-pocket park is there now, smoothly paved, with a chain-link fence, three strands of barbed wire, and a fan-shaped basketball backboard that (most weeks) has a net. When I am not turned toward the scale, and while I wait for customers to fill their plastic bags, I often watch the games across the street. Some of the boys who play there move like light, their gestures rehearsed, adroit. They go both ways, hit well from the outside. The game they play, almost to the exclusion of any other game, begins from the outside.

Say five, in all, are playing. One starts things off with a set from outside.

"How much are the peppers?"

"Three pounds for a dollar."

"Pick me out three pounds. I'll be back after I get some corn."

"Where are your beans? What happened to your beans today?"

The shooter hits five straight from twenty feet. He is a pure shooter. Now he misses. He and the four others go for the rebound. The one who gets the ball is now on his own to try to score, while everyone else tries to stop him. He dribbles right, into the one-on-four. He stops. Jumps. Shoots. Misses.

"Weigh these, please."

"Weigh mine, please."

Another player grabs the ball. Now he makes his moves, trying to score against the four others. The ball pulsates in his hands. His legs are flexed. His feet do not stir. He picks his moment, leaps, arches his back (ball behind his head), scores. The ball is handed to him. He goes outside and shoots an unguarded set. He hits. He shoots another. He misses. Someone else gets the rebound. Now it is four against that player as he tries to drive and score. He misses. The player who gets the rebound now faces the four others. . . .

"Mister, will you weigh these peppers? Do you want to sell them to me or not?"

"Sorry. Three and a half pounds.



Take them for a dollar." Who wants to make change?

After a reverse pivot that is fluid beyond his years, the kid with the ball scores. He walks to the outside. He takes a free set. Swish. He hits again.

"Weigh these, please."

The shooter misses. The rebound goes high. All five are after it. The boy who grabs it turns and faces the mob.

We see the same game all over the city. Always, the player with the ball is alone, the isolated shooter, the incubating star—versus everyone else on the court. There is never a pass, a screen, a pick, a roll, a two-on-two, a two-on-three, a three-on-two, a teammate. I turn with some peppers and rattle the scale.

Bartley Bryt comes by and says a cop caught a thief who was ripping off Sekulovski. Bryt is young and white, in bluejeans, Pumas, and a raggy shirt. He is doing a summer job, helping administer the market. He is slim, good-looking, with a shock of light-brown hair—Dalton School, 1977.

I ask him how old the thief was.

"About forty-five," says Bryt. "The only elderly person I've ever seen stealing here. When there's trouble here, it's usually from kids, but there's not much trouble, because the community feeling is so great here. People are so nice to you. Where I live, people go in and turn on their air-conditioners and that's it."

"Where do you live?"

"Seventy-fifth Street between Park and Lexington."

"HOW much are the cucumbers?"

"Eight for a dollar."

"Give me some ham knuckles, too."

"No ham knuckles."

"I was here earlier and there was ham knuckles here."

"Not at this truck, ham knuckles."

"Bobby Van Houten has ham knuckles."

"Yeah. He's killing us."

"Look at all those people at his truck. They're ten deep."

"He'll gross five thousand dollars today if he takes home a cent."

"He buys the stuff at a slaughterhouse."

"I'd like to see those pigs he talks about."

"If he raises pigs, I raise bananas."

The Van Houtens, next to us, are working from a truck with an eighteen-foot box. There is no larger vehicle here. To secure their choice position—on the corner, at the mouth of the street—they arrived at four in the morning on the first Harlem Tues-

day. Wherever you are at the start, you remain for the summer. The Van Houtens are nothing if not aggressive. With their high-piled fruit-and-vegetable displays and sixteen hundred pounds of ham hocks, hog jowls, and additional pig products coming out of a cooler on the truck, they are frenetically busy. Of the five people working there, four are named Van Houten. Like the Hodgsons', their operation is a family conglomerate. Behind the peaches and peppers is Jim Van Houten, stocky, cheerful, nervous, with a big lick of dark brown hair shading a round, thoughtful face. He is a Master of Business Administration (Cornell University). His wife, Sue Ellen, is close to the cabbage. She brings paperbacks for lulls in the glut. Kay Van Houten, Jim's mother, is dark-haired, trim, youthful, and small. Tomatoes, peppers, jowls alike, she works tirelessly at the scales, the all-day conversion of weight to cash, which she accumulates in a steel box in the cab of the truck. Her other son, Bobby, while selling at least as much as anyone else, periodically leaps onto the truck, lights his pipe, heaves out produce, jumps off the truck, builds and rebuilds high displays, lights his pipe, and moves up and down behind the tables exhorting, encouraging, assisting, scolding, spreading the contagion that seems to impel him, his need to get the best of the bazaar. Bobby has pale-blue eyes. He has patrician high cheekbones, turn-of-the-century sideburns, the heroic good looks of an archaic star. He is obviously the boss—the field boss, anyway, his father being the corporate mastermind, the absentee trucklord.

"They have a big place out in Pennsylvania."

"They say they have a big place out in Pennsylvania."

"Yeah. I happen to know they run a fruit stand in Rockland County."

"They buy their stuff wholesale and bring it from the stand."

"Bobby is a truck driver, not a farmer. He makes long hauls in big rigs."

"I seen him at Hunts Point."

"Look at the stuff on their truck—all those brand-new cartons of Lake Ontario celery."

"They got lettuce from upstate, too."

"Florida cabbages."

"Long Island potatoes."

"Pennsylvania my ass."

"You know the name of their place? It's called Van Houten's Hunts Point Farms."

The Van Houtens last year spent



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ten thousand dollars on seeds. Their place—near Orangeville, Pennsylvania—is on a tributary of the Susquehanna River, about a hundred and fifty miles west of New York. They rent a couple of hundred neighboring acres as well, so they have about five hundred under cultivation. They work not just busily but feverishly—from dawn some distance into dark—with little time and probably less inclination to contemplate the scenery they are helping to preserve. Their farm is among the intervalles where the Poconos and the Alleghenies reach toward one another in the central Appalachian uplift. Their terrain is like rising bread against backdrops of long, low mountains. These Pennsylvania ridges, steep-sided and flat-topped, run on for tens and even hundreds of miles. Knob Mountain, the nearest to the Van Houtens, stands high above the farm, its slopes mainly wooded but open, too, with fairways of upland pasture. There are red covered bridges, nut-colored unpainted barns, narrow crown roads among corn shocks in the autumn—pheasant land. It is a strangely mottled country, where, not many miles to the east, you can make your way in brilliant sunshine across long vistas of standing grain—pastures full of Guernseys, barns full of milk—all the while approaching a high plateau on which there is stationary cloud. When you go up there and out of the warm countryside you enter a spitting fog and before long come into the slippery streets of a small corroding city where atmospheric acids are eating the J. C. Penney and the town common is a huge anthracitic pit. Not much seems to link these plateau towns with the needle-point-sampler valleys that surround them—not much except, perhaps, the pheasant. The bird is curious and goes up there, too—pecks at the edges of the pit. On a coal-town street, I killed one with my car one day when I went out with Bob Lewis to visit the Van Houtens. The right front fender broke its neck and little else. I tossed it into the back seat and dressed it later at home, expecting pea coal to come out of its gizzard but discovering instead the pebbles of the valley. Stuffed with bread, raisins, and Greenmarket onions, it was as succulent a bird as ever climbed a hill.

The Van Houtens' packinghouse is a white barn in a state of picturesque dilapidation. The farmhouse is brick, square, solid, and Dutch, with a windowed cupola at the apex of a pyramidal roof. It is surrounded by heavy

oaks and maples, and a hundred acres of field corn are visible from the kitchen. Bobby's parents have a place nearby, while he lives in the farmhouse with his wife, Anne, who is a schoolteacher, and their four young children, including twins. He was wearing the same threadbare jeans and faded denim shirt he wears in New York, his belt buckle roughly a pound of steel, on which raised letters said "FIELD BOSS." We cruised in his pickup, climbed steep roadless hills, and crossed bottomlands crowded with cabbage—savoy cabbage, with its spinachlike cobbled leaves. Cucumbers, broccoli, collards, cauliflower, cantaloupes, eggplant, peppers, lettuce—Van Houten's "Hunts Point" Farms. "Yeah," said Bobby. "The good Lord made twenty-four hours in a day and seven days in a week, and we work every bit of it. We spray with parathion. We spend forty thousand a year for fertilizer and chemicals, and another two thousand for the chopper that spreads the chemicals. Parathion is deadly, but in three days it's dissipated. It will never take the place of DDT. It's not as safe, either. You can drink DDT straight. It won't hurt you. During the war, Italian prisoners were sprayed with DDT. No one ever died from it. The government hurt us bad when they took away the DDT."

There was a stock pond and a fenced-in woodlot, with pigs and cows among the hemlocks, cherries, and pines. Pigs were squealing and fighting for position around an Agway feeder. We leaned on the fence and watched. "Field-corn prices are dropping every week, and the futures are worse," said



Bobby, with a suck and a puff and a dash of flame. He uses a steel cylindrical lighter that shoots a foot-long tongue of gas. "So right now it pays to put the field corn through the pigs.

If the price goes up, it won't

pay. Pigs go well behind cows. They run together. Pigs will eat what the cows won't eat. A third of corn goes through a cow. Pigs thrive on that stuff." Burlap bags soaked in crankcase oil were wrapped around the trunks of trees. After the pigs rub up against the trees the oil that coats them discourages lice. In a lean-to deep in the woodlot rested a pig three times the size of any of the other pigs. "The truck must have missed that one," Bobby said. "And more than once. Some of them hide in the woods when the truck comes. We have up to a hundred and fifty here at any one

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time. We send off about twenty a week. The slaughterhouse gives us extra jowls and knuckles for the New York market. No one around here eats that stuff. You'd be surprised what they do eat, though. When the testicles are sliced off, the more farmer farmers take them in and cook them. I throw them away." Standing nearby was a Mercedes-Benz diesel fifty-ton refrigeration unit, keeping cool the knuckles, jowls, spareribs, sausage, baloney, and smoked neck bones that within a few hours would be transferred to the truck for Harlem.

Van Houten Farms is a heavy supplier for Mrs. Smith's Pies, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, where Mrs. Smith bakes ten thousand pumpkin pies an hour and uses Van Houten Boston marrow squash. They are grown by the no-till method. Just plant the seeds and let the field go—sixty-five acres, two thousand tons of squash, big orange bombs hidden under thatches of weed.

"Did you ever see ketchup *before* it went into a bottle?" Bobby said, turning into a field of tomatoes grown for the kitchens of Chef Boy-ar-dee. They appeared to have been harvested by migrant sauropods who had ripped whole vines from the soil and thrashed the tomatoes free. Hundreds of thousands—crushed and split—were now ready for delivery. On arrival at the plant they would be unloaded with a high-pressure hose—tomato slurry. We went up on a dome of channery shale, hundreds of feet above the surrounding terrain, where tomatoes grew wider than the spread of a man's hand, almost to the size of curling stones. The ground was so steep that, to hold the soil, rows of hay and sod were interspersed with the vines. While the low-ground tomatoes were on the way to Boy-ar-dee, these would be rolling toward Harlem.

The Van Houtens sell to Boy-ar-dee for three cents a pound. The tomatoes they take to Harlem return ten times that. They sell tomatoes at Hunts Point, too—for less than half of what they get in the Greenmarket. "Lots of times we don't make money selling wholesale. When corn goes at Hunts Point for two-seventy-five a box, there's nothing left for us." From big canneries to city sidewalks, they sell at every type of outlet. They have to—to dispense their considerable production. And, as one would imagine, their roadside stand is not a card table. Rather, it is a fair-sized store. It is close to the New York-New Jersey

line, less than twenty miles north of the George Washington Bridge. "It attracts the carriage trade," Bobby said. "Cadillacs, Lincolns, Jaguars. We pay a hundred and seventy dollars a week in taxes there, and the customers are bitches. One Tuesday in Harlem, we had six salespeople working the counter. *Each* of the six grossed as much as the roadside stand for that day—and four people were working the stand. I'd rather wait on those people in Harlem anyway. I'd rather wait on them for ten hours than on our affluent trade at the stand for ten minutes. If I had my choice I'd take a market every day solid black. Second choice

I'd take the Spanish, last of all the whites. They're a solid pain in the ass. They ask if something has sodium nitrite. Well, to preserve something, the only

alternative is embalming fluid. Some woman gets out of a Lincoln Continental and peels back an ear of corn. 'Oooo, a worm!' she says. 'Do you use chemicals on this corn?' And I say, 'Lady, you can't have it both ways.' The people in Harlem appreciate our being there. We sell cabbage three heads for a dollar there. Three heads for a dollar is a good deal for those people and a good deal for us. They rarely complain. They tell you how nice the tomatoes are, how nice the sweet corn is. It gives you a nice feeling at the end of the day."

The Van Houtens are, as Bobby says it, "Blauvelt Holland Dutch," yielding only twenty years' seniority to Henry Hudson himself. Gerrit Hendricksen Blauvelt was their seminal patroon. His sons were part of a syndicate that bought the Tappan Patent, west of the Tappan Zee. "Oh, yeah, we're S.A.R., C.A.R., D.A.R. Both my mother and father are Blauvelts. I'm Blauvelts fourteen ways. The Van Houtens didn't come over until 1670. The house I grew up in was built in 1731." The original address was Muddy Brook, New York, a name that was changed a century ago—in an early example of suburban semantics—to Pearl River.

When Bobby was growing up, the family ran a dairy farm in Pearl River that is now three fathoms deep—a reservoir owned by the Hackensack Water Company. In 1953, when he was in kindergarten, he and Jim put up a table beside the road and sold vegetables from the family garden. With the money they took in, they bought their first TV. They planted a larger garden the next year, and bought



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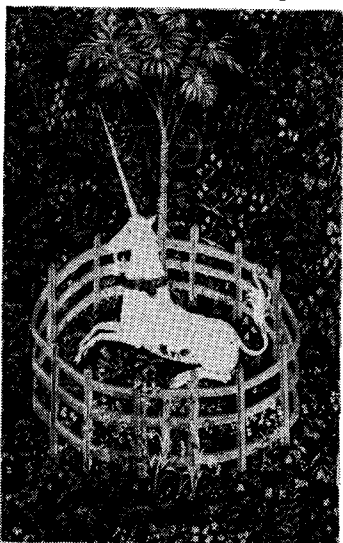
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an automatic washing machine for their mother. Four years later, they built the present stand. In the late sixties came the reservoir. "Dad and I were not going to be storekeepers. We didn't want to grow things on a few acres for window dressing and bring in all the rest—like most roadside stands." From Albany to Delaware, they searched for a farm, and, answering an ad, found the one in Pennsylvania. In the big woodlot where the pigs now hide were thirty-eight oaks, each with a girth of eight to ten feet, and coveted by cabinetmakers. These oaks were older than the nation—O.A.R. Fortunately, the previous farmer had repeatedly refused to sell them. As a result, the farm was in a position to make a payment on itself. The Van Houtens sold the trees.

Bobby, out of Pearl River High School, did not go on to college. "What could it teach me?" His extraordinarily integrated knowledge of what was coming to be called agribusiness would develop empirically on the farm, and his passion for the driving of behemoth trucks would develop on the road. Twenty-six hours here, thirty-three there, he often takes field corn from Orangeville to sell to cattlemen in Florida, and something in him lives for those journeys. "I know every route number going to and around the South, and that's worth something. It may not be worth much, but it's worth as much as Greek mythology." Once, in a big tandem-axle twin-screw sleeper-cab tractor-trailer, he started alone out of Vero Beach with twenty-five tons of Indian River oranges, and thirty-six hours and no pills later he delivered the fruit in Toronto. The air there was twenty below zero and he was still in his Florida shirt-sleeves. He had supported his stamina with "sixteen gallons of coffee." He feels sheer contempt toward all the young drivers on pills.

Hanging around Hunts Point over the years, Bobby developed considerable admiration for the savoir-faire of a certain broker there. He once observed him taking on a buyer to whom he had sold rotting peppers. There had been a layer of good ones on the top. Now the buyer was back in a rage, and the broker was rising to the situation. Speaking with disarming and convincing candor, he succeeded in calming the man down. Then he sold him another load of peppers. As these, too, went out of the terminal, they were

split and seamy but covered with a healthy green-pepper veneer. Bobby said, "You're crazy. You're really crazy. That guy will kill you."

"Bobby, you don't understand," said the broker. "Think about it. And tell me a better way to get that man back here tomorrow."

"Yeah, this is some business," Bobby said, finishing the story. "We have friends in New Jersey, and they hope we'll have a cyclone, or a flood. We hope they'll have a hurricane. Things like that drive the prices up for the lucky ones. Every year has its own difficulties. In 1972, we had a dry, dry summer. We irrigate from two creeks, and they were running very low. We took a bulldozer and dammed both of them—ended them right here. People downstream all said it was the driest year they'd ever seen."

We went into the farmhouse for dinner with Bobby's wife, Anne, and his father, James, who has the air of a contented President retired on a farm in Pennsylvania—a big man with a baby's grin, a tan scalp, protruding ears, a swift staccato manner of speech. Like Hodgson père, though, he runs the place, prepares the trucks for Bobby's trips to town. "Your market there in Harlem, now, your colored want a good heavy yellow corn," he observed, and went on to say that among the various outlets for their produce the



Greenmarket, by a wide margin, is in every way the best. Anne set turkey before us and gravy, stuffing, and single tomato slices that overlapped their plates. "It's too good to be true," she said. "The Greenmarket is too good to be true." Before sitting down herself, she added a buttery-crust peach pie that was above two inches thick. "Something

will spoil it," she went on. "I know it will. It's just too good to be true."

"It's a land of plenty," Bobby said.

"It's a land of too much," said his father.

Monday evenings Bobby is loaded and away by nine. Over the mountains and through the Water Gap he runs four hours to Pearl River, where he sleeps two hours in the cab. Jim, who lives nearby, meets him at three, and they unload produce for the stand. Then they load on onions, potatoes, fruit—the things they will sell in the city that they don't grow on the farm. By four-thirty, Bobby is away for Harlem. By six he is selling hard. Now, in the afternoon, he is still unflaggingly at

it—displays descending, his mother and brother beside him, scales rocking gently like boats.

Bartley Bryt brings us the news. Like the rest of us, the Van Houtens keep their cab doors locked, but this afternoon for a short time someone forgot. The door (it was not the outside one but the door on *their* side of the truck) was left unlocked for perhaps fifteen minutes. We are watched more closely than we think, for in that brief lapse someone, somehow—coming possibly from under the truck—reached into the cab and took the steel box there, which contained upward of two thousand dollars. Without detectable changes of expression, the family continues to sell.

BROOKLYN, and the pickpocket in the burgundy jacket appears just before noon. Melissa Mousseau recognizes him much as if he were an old customer and points him out to Bob Lewis, who follows him from truck to truck. Aware of Lewis, he leaves the market. By two, he will have made another run. A woman with deep-auburn hair and pale, nervous hands clumsily attracts the attention of a customer whose large white purse she is rifling. Until a moment ago, the customer was occupied with the choosing of apples and peppers, but now she shouts out, "Hey, what are you doing? Your hand is in my purse. What are you doing?" The auburn-haired woman not only has her hand in the purse but most of her arm as well. She withdraws it, and with intense absorption begins to finger the peppers. "How much are the peppers? Mister, give me some of these!" she says, looking up at me with a gypsy's dark, starburst eyes. "Three pounds for a dollar," I tell her, with a swift glance around for Lewis or a cop. When I look back, the pickpocket is gone. Other faces have filled in—people unconcernedly examining the fruit. The woman with the white purse has returned her attention to the apples. She merely seems annoyed. Lewis once sent word around from truck to truck that we should regularly announce in loud voices that pickpockets were present in the market, but none of the farmers complied. Hodgson shrugged and said, "Why distract the customers?" Possibly Fifty-ninth Street is the New York Pickpocket Academy. Half a dozen scores have been made there in a day. I once looked up and saw a well-dressed gentleman under a gray fedora being kicked and kicked again by a man in a green polo shirt. He kicked him



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in the calves. He kicked him in the thighs. He kicked him in the gluteal bulge. He kicked him from the middle of the market out to the edge, and he kicked him into the street. "Get your ass out of here!" shouted the booter, redundantly. Turning back toward the market, he addressed the curious. "Pickpocket," he explained. The dip did not press charges.

People switch shopping carts from time to time. They make off with a loaded one and leave an empty cart behind. Crime on such levels is a part of the background here, something in the urban air, so many parts per million. The condition is accepted with a resignation that approaches nonchalance. The Van Houtens' loss was extraordinary but theirs was by no means the only cash box that has been stolen. We lost one once in Brooklyn, with something like two hundred dollars. For various reasons, suspicion immediately attached itself to a part-time employee who was selling with us and probably handed the box in a bag to a confederate. The previous Wednesday, he had been working for another farmer, who discharged him for dishonesty. Now, just after our cash box disappeared, he began saying, and repeating, in an excited voice, "It's real, man. It's real. We don't like it but that's reality—reality, man—and there is nothing we can do." Rich felt there was something he could do. He said, "You're fired."

Politely, the man inquired if he could know the reason for his dismissal.

"Sure," Rich said. "I don't trust you."

"That's cool, man, cool," said our ex-employee. He took off his apron and was gone.

Most thievery is petty and is on the other side of the tables. As Rich describes it, "Brooklyn, Fifty-ninth Street, people rip off stuff everywhere. You just expect it. An old man comes along and puts a dozen eggs in a bag. Women choosing peaches steal one for every one they buy—a peach for me, a peach for you. What can you do? You stand there and watch. When they take too many, you complain. I watched a guy one day taking nectarines. He would put one in a plastic bag, then one in a pocket, then one in a pile on the ground. After he did that half a dozen times, he had me weigh the bag."

"This isn't England," Barry Be-nepe informed us once, "and a lot of people are pretty dishonest."

Now, in Brooklyn, a heavyset woman well past the middle of life is sobbing pitifully, flailing her arms in despair. She is sitting on a bench in the middle of the market. She is wearing a print dress, a wide-brimmed straw hat. Between sobs, she presents in a heavy Russian accent the reason for her distress. She was buying green beans from Don Keller, and when she was about to pay him she discovered that someone had opened her handbag—even while it was on her arm, she said—and had removed several books of food stamps, a telephone bill, and eighty dollars in cash. Lewis, in his daypack, stands over her and tells her he is sorry. He says, "This sort of thing will happen wherever there's a crowd."

Another customer breaks in to scold Lewis, saying, "This is the biggest rip-off place in Brooklyn. Two of my friends were pickpocketed here last week and I had to give them carfare home."

Lewis puts a hand on his forehead and, after a pensive moment, says, "That was very kind of you."

The Russian woman is shrieking now. Lewis attends her like a working dentist. "It's all right. It will be O.K. It may not be as bad as you think." He remarks that he would call the police if he thought there were something they could do.

Jeffrey Mack, eight years old, has been listening to all this, and he now says, "I see a cop."

Jeffrey has an eye for cops that no one else seems to share. (A squad car came here for him one morning and took him off to face a truant officer. Seeing his fright, a Pacific Street prostitute got into the car and rode with him.)

"Where, Jeffrey?"

"There." Jeffrey lifts an arm and points.

"Where?"

"There." He points again—at trucks, farmers, a falafel man.

"I don't see a policeman," Lewis says to him. "If you see one, Jeffrey, go and get him."

Jeffrey goes, and comes back with an off-duty 78th Precinct cop who is wearing a white apron and has been selling fruits and vegetables in the market. The officer speaks sternly to the crying woman. "Your name?"

"Catherine Barta."

"Address?"

"Eighty-five Eastern Parkway."

Every Wednesday, she walks a mile or so to the Greenmarket. She has lived in Brooklyn close to half her life, the

rest of it in the Ukraine. Heading back to his vegetables, the officer observes that there is nothing he can do.

Out from behind her tables comes Joan Benack, the baker, of Rocky Acres Farm, Milan, New York—a small woman with a high, thin voice. Leaving her tropical carrot bread, her zucchini bread, her anadama bread, her beer bread, she goes around with a borrowed hat collecting money from the farmers for Catherine Barta. Bills stuff the hat, size 7—the money of Alvina Frey and John Labanowski and Cleather Slade and Rich Hodgson and Bob Engle, who has seen it come and go. He was a broker for Merrill Lynch before the stock market imploded, and now he is a blond-bearded farmer in a basketball shirt selling apples that he grows in Clintondale, New York. Don Keller offers a dozen eggs, and one by one the farmers come out from their trucks to fill Mrs. Barta's shopping cart with beans and zucchini, apples, eggplants, tomatoes, peppers, and corn. As a result, her wails and sobs grow louder.

A man who gave Rich Hodgson a ten-dollar bill for a ninety-five-cent box of brown eggs asks Rich to give the ten back after Rich has handed him nine dollars and five cents, explaining that he has some smaller bills that he wants to exchange for a twenty. Rich hands him the ten. Into Rich's palm he counts out five ones, a five, and the ten for a twenty and goes away satisfied, as he has every reason to be, having conned Rich out of nine dollars, five cents, and a box of brown eggs. Rich smiles at his foolishness, shrugs, and sells some cheese. If cash were equanimity, he would never lose a cent. One day, a gang of kids began taking Don Keller's vegetables and throwing them at the Hodgson truck. Anders Thueson threw an apple at the kids, who then picked up rocks. Thueson reached into the back of the truck and came up with a machete. While Hodgson told him to put it away, pant legs went up, switchblades came into view. Part of the gang bombarded the truck with debris from a nearby roof. Any indication of panic might have been disastrous. Hodgson packed deliberately, and drove away.

Todd Jameson, who comes in with his brother Dan from Farmingdale, New Jersey, weighed some squash one day, and put it in a brown bag. He set the package down while he weighed something else. Then, reaching for the squash, he picked up an identical bag

that happened to contain fifty dollars in rolled coins. He handed it to the customer who had asked for the squash. Too late, Todd discovered the mistake. A couple of hours later, though, the customer—"I'll never forget him as long as I live, the white hair, the glasses, the ruddy face"—came back. He said, "Hey, this isn't squash. I didn't ask for money, I asked for squash." Whenever that man comes to market, the Jamesons give him a bag full of food. "You see, where I come from, that would never, never happen," Todd explains. "If I made a mistake like that in Farmingdale, no one—no one—would come back with fifty dollars' worth of change."

Dusk comes down without further crime in Brooklyn, and the farmers are packing to go. John Labanowski—short, compact, with a beer in his hand—is expounding on his day. "The white people are educating the colored on the use of beet greens," he reports. "A colored woman was telling me today, 'Cut the tops off,' and a white woman spoke up and said, 'Hold it,' and told the colored woman, 'You're throwing the best part away.' They go on talking, and pretty soon the colored woman is saying, 'I'm seventy-three on Monday,' and the white says, 'I don't believe a word you say.' You want to know why I come in here? I come in here for fun. For profit, of course, but for relaxation, too. I like being here with these people. They say the city is a rat race, but they've got it backwards. The farm is what gets to be a rat race. You should come out and see what I—" He is interrupted by the reappearance in the market of Catherine Barta, who went home long ago and has now returned, her eyes hidden by her wide-brimmed hat, her shopping cart full beside her. On the kitchen table, at 85 Eastern Parkway, she found her telephone bill, her stamps, and her cash. She has come back to the farmers with their food and money.

WEST of the suburbs, thirty and more miles from Manhattan, the New Jersey-New York border terrain is precipitous and glaciated and—across a considerable area—innocent of high-speed roads. Minor roads run north and south, flanking the walls of hogback ridges—Pochuck Mountain, Bearfort Mountain, Wawayanda Mountain—but the only route that travels westward with any suggestion of efficiency is the Appalachian Trail. The landscape is remarkably similar to



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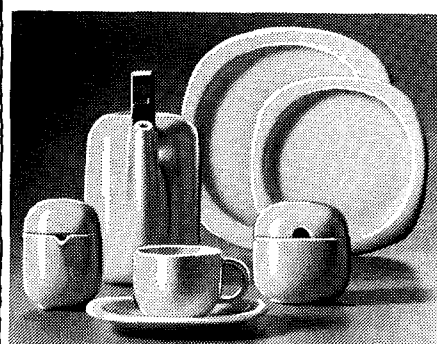
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is to caviar the muckland is to the onion. Millions upon millions of onions are grown in the black dirt. Early flat onions. Hybrid onions. Red Globe, White Globe, Yellow Globe onions. Buccaneer, Bronze Age, Benny's Red Onions. Tokyo Long White Bunching Onions. Harvestmore, Ebenezer, Nutmeg Onions. Yellow sweet Spanish late mild onions. Everywhere you go and everywhere you look are bags and boxes and bushels of onions. Pine Island, where the crop is warehoused, is Onionapolis. The hot days are dry on the muckland. After leaving it, in the evening, farmers sometimes go hopping from island to island, have a beer or two at the Meadow Tavern, and two to four at Mike's Tavern, and four to eight at Leo's Tavern in order to be ready for the Red Onion, a sort of staging area, or base camp, as good a place as any to prepare an all-out assault on the Jolly Onion.

Onion boxes, in this early-autumn harvest season, are in random stacks across the level plain. All day long, harvesting rigs move slowly among them like floating dredges, scooping the powdery soil, "pulling onions." John Labanowski has been pulling onions for twenty days now, stirred toward delirium by the fine black dust, the hammering sun, the asynchronous cacophony of his odd machine. The lower end of a steel conveyor belt, which is angled toward the ground like a stairway, moves forward through the soft earth and nuzzles under the onions. The conveyor consists of runlike rods set apart so that dirt can fall through, but not as far apart as the diameter of an onion. Tops and all, the onions ride uphill. The tops are brittle and dry. Bolted to the rig is a fan that could fly a Jenny. It blows off the tops and scatters them downwind. Clean now, appearing just as they will in a market, the onions reach the top of the conveyor, turn a corner, and roll down a chute. Andy Labanowski, John's un-

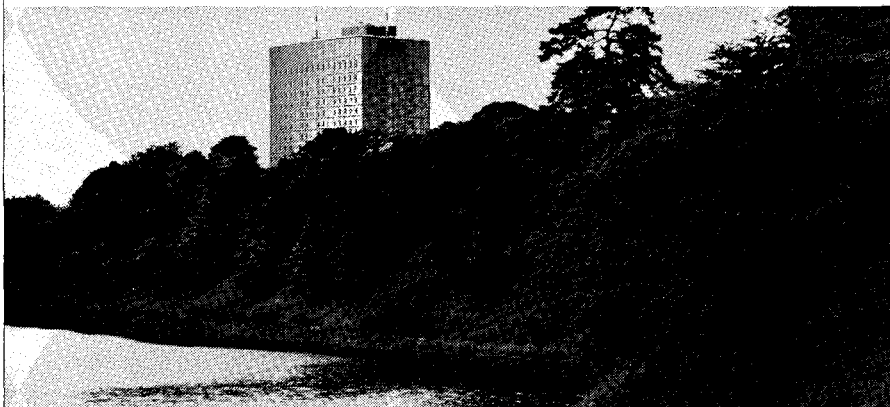


cle, is sitting on a cantilevered seat shoving crates into place beneath the downpour of onions. Roughly four hundred and fifty will fill a crate—in nine seconds. The crates are wooden and heavy. Their loaded weight is eighty pounds apiece. With his left hand, Andy begins to ease one (on rollers) off the harvester, and with his right hand he moves another one below the falling onions. Empty crates are piled on the harvester almost to the point of toppling, and John feeds them down to Andy while the whole grotesque contrivance is kept in motion by John's father, John Labanowski, who sits out in front on a steel-padded tractor—taciturn, enigmatic, in his visored cap and tinted glasses—and advances the enterprise at ten to the minus seven miles per hour. There are thunderheads along the border of the sky, but even if they were directly above us we could not hear the rumbling. Three separate engines power the rig. We are well into the afternoon now, four of us working this Orange County clipper ship. Our skins are as black as the four of spades. There are white doughnuts around the eyes. Old John has the look of a coal miner moments out of the shaft. His brother, Andy—spare, dark-eyed, gregarious—is courting sunstroke under a Budweiser hat that has turned black. Young John, also called Yash, came to work in high-top leather boots, gray twill trousers, monkey-fist gloves, a blue porkpie hat, and a pink T-shirt—all of which now are solid black. He turns away from a gust of dirt. "You can get blowed out," he says. "Winds blow fine dirt so hard it sometimes cuts the tops. But don't worry. This dirt will never kill you. My father's sixty-three and he's still going."

A stone jams the conveyor, and John the elder stops the tractor, gets off, picks up a wrench, and crushes the stone. When Polish farmers first cleared the muckland, stones were hauled in and dumped on the soil to help it support the weight of horses. There are fifty Labanowskis in the valley now. Their cousins the Osczepinskis—who also go to Greenmarket—farm here, too. The harvester moves on. Its weight shakes the earth. The tenth part of an acre vibrates around us like a quaking bog. There are cracks in the dry muck—crevasses of a sort—that will go as much as six feet deep. Onions by the hundred are lost in the cracks. The soil is so rich it will burn. Now and then a farmer flicks a cigarette off his rig and starts a ground fire. Old John, who smokes, has put out three such fires on his fifty

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acres this summer. Blazing black dirt is not easily controlled. In 1964, there was a fire in which a couple of thousand acres of soil burned. The fire crossed many property lines. It was harvest time, and crated onions were stacked across the plain. Fifteen million onions roasted. The fallout quickened appetites in Greece. "There were big winds. You couldn't go nowhere evenings. The air was too thick to see." A tractor blew up. The fire engines of many towns and a firefighting helicopter converged upon the muckland without significant effect. The fire lasted more than a week, and went out under long heavy rains.

John's father, John, flies in chartered aircraft to spy on onions elsewhere in the state. He is the Francis Gary Powers of the Labanowskis. If black-dirt farmers know the stages of the harvest in competitive counties, they can decide whether to wait or pull. Labanowski and his wife and another farmer and Tex Sobiech, of the Pine Island vegetable association, hire a twin-engine plane at the airfield that was Stewart Air Force Base, and, taking off over Hodgson's Brussels sprouts, head north by northwest—to Canandaigua, Canastota, Batavia, Elba, Fulton, Oswego. They land in some places and snoop by car. They fly low over other checkpoints and bulbous destinations.

Lurching onward. It is now my turn to align the boxes under the thundering onionfall. One small timing error and two hundred onions crash in your lap, spew out over the ground. I somehow lose a foot between two rollers, and nearly crack an ankle. "I guess that's dangerous," I remark, recovering the foot.

"On a farm, everything is dangerous," says Yash.

After thirty minutes of filling boxes, my arms feel as if they have gone eighteen innings each. I scarcely notice, though, under the dictates of the action, the complete concentration on the shifting of the crates, the hypnotic effect—veiling everything else in this black-surfaced hill-bordered surreally level world—of the cascade of golden onions. Onions. Onions. Multilayered, multilevelled, ovate, imbricated, white-fleshed, orange-scaled onions. Native to Asia. Aromatic when bruised. When my turn is over and a break comes for me, I am so crazed with lust for these bulbous herbs—these enlarged, compressed buds—that I run to an unharvested row and pull from the earth a one-pound onion, rip off the mem-

branous bulb coat, bare the flesh, and sink my teeth through leaf after leaf after savory mouth-needling sweet-sharp water-bearing leaf to the flowering stalk that is the center and the secret of the onion. Yash at the end of the day will give me three hundred pounds of onions to take home, and well past the fall they will stand in their sacks in a corner of the kitchen—the pluperfect preservers of sweet, fresh moisture—holding in winter the rains of summer.

We quit in early evening, having filled two thousand crates with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of onions, which would bring thirty thousand dollars at Greenmarket prices if only so many could move there. They will bring about eight thousand dollars at the current (and not attractive) wholesale price. They are five per cent of the Labanowski harvest. In the family's packinghouse on Big Island is a tall refrigerator filled to capacity with beer and surrounded by onion crates full of empty cans. We open sixteen cans to smooth off the day. Beer running down our arms streaks them white. We sit on onion crates with the building between us and the falling sun, and we look out over the black lake to forested hills called Mount Adam and Mount Eve. "Yeah, it gets to be a rat race here," says Yash. "In the city, sometimes, I slam things and screech at the customers. I don't know why. We've made a lot of friends there, you know. I sort of favor Brooklyn. The colored go for the big beets there. The whites go for the small beets. I don't know why. Everybody

wants the Boston lettuce. I say, 'If I'd known you wanted to buy it this bad, I'd of grew a whole acre for you.' They like to bargain in Brooklyn. My cabbage is fifty cents a head, and they say they want three for a dollar.

Tomatoes they watch the scale. I give them two pounds always for a pound and a half. Fifty-ninth Street? That's like high class. At Fifty-ninth Street, I get people with gloves."

FIFTY-NINTH STREET in the rain, and—despite the awning—the apples and peppers are wet.

"Is there a towel?" a customer asks. She wears a white hat, no gloves.

"Excuse me?"

"A towel. Water weighs something, you know."

I give her three and a third pounds for three. "There you are, madam. I weighed your water."

I remember asking Derryck Brooks-Smith, before I'd ever been here, to describe the Fifty-ninth Street Greenmarket for me, and he said, "White people. *Mucho* white people—or ones passing for white. Be careful with nickels and dimes. People are more careful there than in any other market. Sixty per cent of them are richies, and people who are really making it, and upper middle class, but when you weigh something you have to defend what you say. They'll ask you, 'Why is this a dollar-ten, and not a dollar-five?' They are—shall we say?—a little tight."

Brown bags are breaking open, corn and potatoes spilling into mud. Nonetheless, as midday approaches, the crowd becomes ever more dense and compressed, moving between parallel rows of farmers in complex slow currents.

"Amazing!" I remark across the table. "So many people out in the rain."

"It's this or the supermarket," says a tall woman in a transparent coat, handing me a sack of pears.

"Two pounds even, at three for a dollar twenty-five—that's eighty-five cents, please."

"Twice forty-two is eighty-four."

"Eighty-four, then." Out of one wet dollar. My apron is filled with wet bills. When a twenty comes along, five minutes are required to change it.

"How much are the tomatoes?"

"Three pounds for a dollar."

"How much are the apples?"

"Three pounds for a dollar. It says so there on the sign."

"They are McIntoshes, are they not?"

"Yes, they are."

"Why are they called McIntoshes?"

"After Charles Macintosh (1766-1843), who invented their waterproof skin."

"I'm finally discovering what real vegetables smell like."

"I never knew lima beans came in a pod."

"These beans, they don't snap."

"My bean hasn't snapped in years."

"Where is your lettuce? I'll take a head of lettuce."

"We don't have any lettuce. Try the Labanowskis, across the way."

The rain is not hurting their beautiful lettuce, and Yash is soaked to the skin. In salute, he lifts a Budweiser. People are formed around his truck in scrums. They press in from all sides, bent over, pushing hard, and now and again a head of lettuce flies out to the side. Between beers, the Labanowskis

munch carrots. They pick up heads of lettuce and bite into them as if they were large green apples.

"If I had to stay on the farm seven days a week I'd go crazy!" shouts Yash, over the crowd.

"I'd say he went some time ago," mutters a man choosing peppers in a London Fog.

Across the sky immediately to the north of us run the improbable cables of the Roosevelt Island tramway, and from time to time a gondola appears, floating up and eastward, or slowly descending, suspended, increasing the sense of carnival in the scene that lies below. The Greenmarket occupies a quarter of an acre running from Fifty-ninth Street to Fifty-eighth along Second Avenue, bordered with fence-climbing vines and trees of heaven. The lot is rented from the city for a dollar a

year. Not long ago it contained a row of shops and restaurants, and upstairs apartments—all of which were wiped out in the name of a fresh approach to the Queensboro Bridge. The approach road has not been built, but tall coöperatives have risen overhead—thirty-six floors and upward, with balconies sprocketing their sides and swimming pools deep in their kidneys. One building has a Rolls-Royce agency on the ground floor. The Greenmarket's obvious popularity at this address is not altogether welcomed by the people of the big co-ops, and through their community board they and others of the upper East Side have imposed some severe if not Draconian rules. No cider by the glass. No brownies by the square. No bread. No jam. No jelly. No houseplants. No balloons. No banners. No music (the market attracts enough riffraff as it is). No market, in fact, in the early or late season—an articulated suspicion that everything ever sold here has not been grown, as claimed, on regional farms.

"How many acres do you have up there?"

"A hundred and twenty."

"And how many chickens?"

"Forty thousand."

"Forty thousand chickens?"

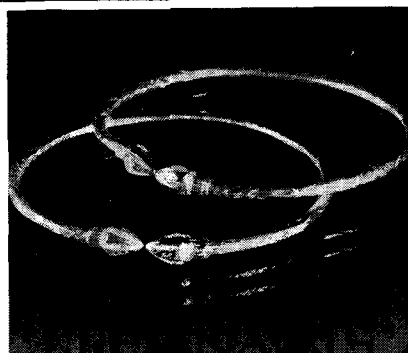
"Four times ten to the fourth."

"Are they running loose?"

"They are not running anywhere."

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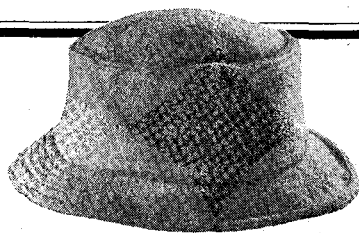
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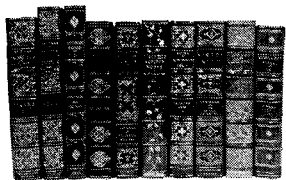
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question, I am reading from a card. "Cobalt carbonate, copper oxide, copper sulfate, iron sulfate, manganous oxide, zinc oxide, methionine hydroxy analogue calcium, Vitamin A supplement, D-activated animal sterol, niacin, calcium pantothenate, riboflavin supplement, Vitamin B-12 supplement, menadione dimethylpyrimidinol bisulfite, Vitamin E supplement, and folic acid."

"Just as I suspected. And how fresh are the eggs?"

Derryck Brooks-Smith—working Saturday, off from school—speaks up to answer. "They were laid, to be perfectly frank, two days ago or one day ago but not this morning."

"Oh. You call yourself a farmer. The eggs should be fresh."

"They are fresh. The yolks will stand up and yell at you. The average egg in a supermarket is three weeks away from the hen."

Brooks-Smith sells two dozen jumbos to a black man with seven bracelets on each wrist, hair in ringlets, and what appears to be about six pounds of tin around his neck. An occasional star comes in here, a face shot out of the midnight tube, and people also arrive in Lincolns, which they park in the Kinney next door. For the most part, though, they are everyday eye-shadowed urban Americans. A dog is in the market. Male. He is not loose. He is leashed. He is, nonetheless, in the market, and a woman makes strong complaint. "Put up a sign! Keep them out! A person's legs are too precious!" she screams.

She has gained the attention of Bob Lewis. "This woman is referring to the fact that we don't really allow dogs in here," Lewis says quietly to the dog's owner.

"She is crazy, too," says the owner, whose dog is six inches high.

The rain has ended and shafts of bright sun have broken through, with the result that mists are rising. An elderly woman tells me she walked a mile to be here. A big bald man in a button-down shirt is drinking beer from a one-quart can. The can is in a brown bag. "The heaviest consumption of beer in the world is in Belgium," he informs us. "Belgium is one place where I believe I could get in trouble." He buys six pounds of apples and an ear of corn. There is a short man before us now in lemon-lime-cherry-and-grape striped trousers and a shirt in bourbon, burgundy, and crème-de-menthe squares.

He explains to a neighbor how to bake an eggplant. "Insert holes in it," he tells her, "or the thing will explode."

Man in a Harley-Davidson T-shirt over a gravid half-mast paunch. He wants the telephone number of the community board so he can call and complain that the farmers here are not permitted to sell plants. The number is 679-2287, and Bob Lewis writes it, crossing the stems of the sevens.

Harley-Davidson: "That's a seven?" "That's the way they write sevens in Europe."

"This isn't Europe. This is America. We've got too many Europeans here. And Spanish. What we need is more Americans, not Spanish. They came here—these animals—and won't learn English."

"Honey! Honey here!" shouts Brooks-Smith. (We have no honey. We never sell honey.)

"Eggs! Eggs! Get your eggs here!" shouts the honey man, across the way.

There is a rhythm in the movement of the crowd, in the stopping, the selecting, the moving on—the time unconsciously budgeted to assess one farm against another, to convict a tomato, to choose a peach. The seller comes to feel the rate of flow, and—for all the small remarks, the meeting of eyes—to feel as well the seclusion of anonymity that comes with the money aprons and the hanging scales. Rich Hodgson—handing them their blue free plums. They don't know he skis in Utah. Melissa Mousseau—changing a twenty for a bag of pears. They don't know that she goes, too. Hemingway and Thueson, the athletes, have heard more encouraging sounds from other crowds. "If you charge for three pounds, give me three full pounds and not two pounds and fifteen ounces, boy."



By a blue Chevrolet panel truck, opposite us, the crowd's rate of flow is perceptibly arrested. The displays there are smaller than most, the list of items shorter. Some of the prices are higher. The zucchini is fifty cents a pound. The corn, the tomatoes, the green beans, the squash are not all superior to their counterparts around the market, and certainly not to ours. So why, then, does the crowd almost crystallize when they come to Alvina Frey? They don't know anything about her except her address (Chad's Farm, Mahwah, New Jersey), if they happen to notice it on the truck, but they can easily sense a consistent standard, a kind of personal signature, in the colors and textures before her.

"What the small farmer offers is fresher, more selected material," Alvina has said. "The small farmer throws away the bad stuff. If my produce is better than some people's, I'll charge more for it. Some of the other guys say I'm Fifth Avenue. I don't care."

She is trim and attractive, petite, with intensity in her narrow, gentle face, and gold earrings that swing and flash. Her hair is short and has flecks of gray in it. Her skin is richly tan, her eyes a bright pale blue. She wears tennis shoes and light-blue denims with bell bottoms and a striped cardigan that looks soft and expensive. At first glance she seems so Short Hills that one wonders whether she is playing, and whether she, as some others have done, starts from home empty and collects her goods on the way to market—hand-me-down potatoes, Hunts Point pears. From years in the sun, though, there are deep radial lines around her eyes. And now, toward the end of the season, her hands are rough, calloused, cracked, her fingers like small bananas. Her nails are split, and the skin that surrounds them is dark with terrarian stains.

She is very busy, and pressed for time, selling. But she takes time to educate, too. She tells people not to be impressed by fat cucumbers. The long thin ones have fewer seeds. To the universal question "Is the corn fresh?" she says, "You can tell for yourself." She reaches for an ear and holds it upside down. If the stem at the break is a damp, pale green, the corn has been off the stalk less than a day. After about twenty-four hours, the stem turns white and chalky, opaque. With more time, it turns various shades of brown. The stem at the break of the ear in her hand is damp, pale green.

"Are the beans fresh?"

"Eat one. If you can eat it and it's juicy and not stringy, it's fresh."

People may also sense when they linger close around Alvina Frey that she is—perhaps a little more than anyone else here—what the Greenmarket is about. Not far from the city, she works a long-established farm that, before the Greenmarket, was on its way to being cut up and sold. While the Hodgsons look for new ground and the Van Houtens have found it, Alvina is all but desperate to hold the farm she has, which her grandmother farmed before her. Her grandmother, in fact, cleared the land. The grandmother's name was Alwine Pelz, and she was born on a farm in Saxony in the eighteen-sixties, emigrating as an adult to



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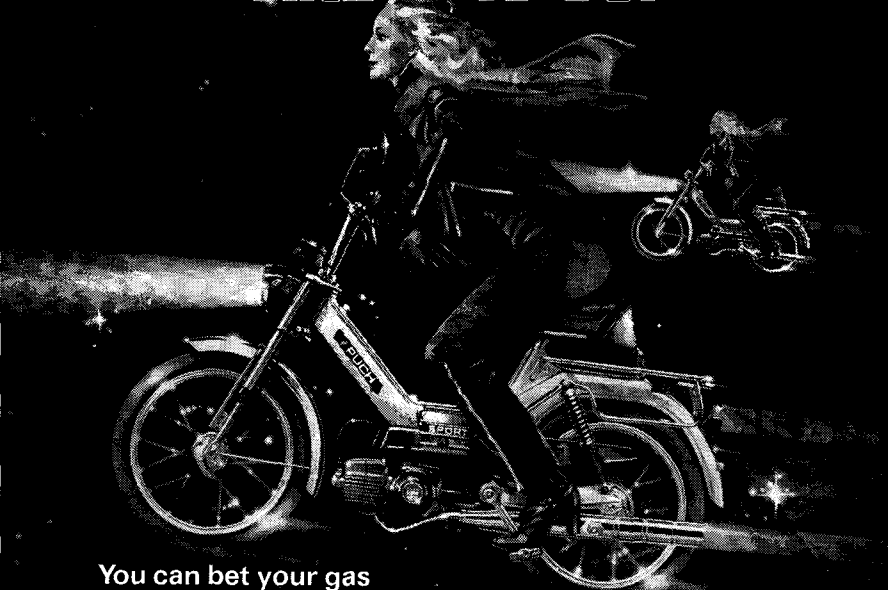
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New Jersey. Her husband was a loom mechanic, and he found a job in a Paterson mill while she looked through the country for a farm. Fifteen miles northeast of Paterson, in the township of Ho-Ho-Kus, she bought fifty-five acres, close by the New York State line. To irrigate her crops, she dug a well, and walled it with fieldstone, topped by four stone columns and a pagoda roof. With her husband's help, she then constructed a fieldstone barn. "She did what she knew how to do, my grandmother—she farmed. When my grandfather went to the mills in Paterson, he took her tomatoes, corn, beans, potatoes, beets—you name it—to the Island Market and sold them there. He went down with his horse and wagon. He didn't have a truck until the late twenties. My grandmother grew strawberries, too—two or three acres of them—and she had apples. She made cider, and I know damned well that during Prohibition she made hooch. She worked every day out in the fields until six months before she died. She was ninety-one years old. She farmed with horses. She never went in for anything mechanized. Neither did I, at first. Toward the end, when stuff grows high, you can't get in with a tractor. I had horses until fifteen years ago. About the only mechanical thing my grandmother ever had was the cider mill. It was steam-driven and made an awful racket. The ones that lived over the hill, they used to complain."

Her nearest neighbors are no longer over the hill. They are on the hill, around the hill, in the hill. The farm is on an old, blacktopped crown road that has become a suburban street, with a Little League field, swimming pools, trim lawns, and mini-wheelbarrows a foot high that have house numbers on their sides. The well is still there, however—its masonry tight, its water serving the farm. The stone barn is a high and beautiful structure that is now covered, like a superannuated college, with ivy. The countryside Alvina remembers from her girlhood had many truck farms, dairy farms, separating what have become contiguous towns: a future that the New Jersey State Highway Department began to sketch in the nineteen-thirties, when it created what is now Route 17, a north-south bifurcation of Bergen County, its purpose being to bring the Catskills closer to the city. Alvina remembers the new road running through garden country with

rich dark earth full of carrots, radishes, and beets. All of what is now Paramus—of what is now a levitated Levittown with houses checkered to the curve of the earth—was celeryland and lettuce land. Where Okonite and Minolta are now, Alvina's father, Frank Pelz, had a farm of his own. The day the new road opened he went down it with a load of cabbages. The truck body was not bolted on well, and the load shook loose—heads all over the road. Route 17 has come to be called a "butcher boulevard," and when



heads roll on it now they are more likely to be human. Alvina is safe enough at six in the morning as the Chad's Farm truck moves south toward the city past the Olds-Toyota and the Swiss Chalet, past the Tiffany Diner and Pay Less Building Supply, past steak houses the size of high schools. Castle Auto Truck Parts (turrets, battlements). Car Crazy Eddie. The ValueHouse. The Cottage Beautiful. McDonald's, Burger King, Shatzi's Hofbrauhaus (Bavarian half-timber). John Barleycorn's Restaurant. The Golden Plough (a barn full of steak and lobsters). The Jade Fountain ("Chinese-Polynesian"). Nasser Aftab's House of Carpets. When Route 17 opened, New Jersey had twenty-nine thousand farms. Today there are seventy-nine hundred. Only forty-eight are left in all of Bergen County, and one is Alvina Frey's.

After her grandmother was gone and her father, too, Alvina worked the place with her first husband, Chad Chodorowski, and for some years they sold all their produce wholesale, mainly in Paterson. Eventually they built a roadside stand. The day it opened, in 1968, Chad suffered a heart attack. A year later, he died. Alvina's grandmother had had ten children, most of whom helped her with the farm. Alvina has no children. She has reduced the acreage under cultivation to thirty-eight, and works it generally alone, with part-time help in the fields and in the stand. Her husband, Ed Frey, assists to some extent, but he is an excavator with a full-time business of his own, and while she is digging furrows he digs sewers and graves. "I love to see stuff grow. When it doesn't do well I could cry," she says. "But I don't like herbicide. The last time I used it was in tomatoes. I use as little chemical as I possibly can."

People who come regularly to the Greenmarket often bring things to Alvina. At Fifty-ninth Street, an elder-

ly woman appears weekly with a container of orange juice for her. When there is no juice, Alvina sucks on the ice with which John Labanowski chills his beer. People take pictures of her. They invite her up for coffee. "I got one customer here at Fifty-ninth Street who's a drinker, male—a damned good-looking distinguished man, even if he drinks. He once brought me a hard-boiled egg in clear gelatin. Some kind of French dish. You don't like it, but you have to eat it." She receives weekly reports from a man who once bought a gourd. Following her directions, he cut holes in it and hung it out a twentieth-story window. A bird came to live in his gourd.

"I love the city—meeting different people, learning that all the things you learn about the city are not true. I see more people in the two markets I come to—Brooklyn and Fifty-ninth Street—than I do in several weeks in Mahwah at the stand. I wouldn't quit this for nothing in the world. The people are wonderful, and the market means a lot to them. They don't want anything to screw it up so we won't come in anymore."

A short time ago, Chad's Farm was drifting down a long and steady economic decline. In the wholesale markets, the middleman, in her opinion, wanted too much. In Paterson a couple of years ago, a half bushel of tomatoes brought four dollars and fifty cents. Now it brings five dollars, a difference that fails to compensate for the inflating costs of gasoline, fertilizer, utilities, containers, and dust. "I'm too small for Hunts Point and too big to make a living only out of a roadside stand. There was four of us—farmers—on my road once. When Johnny Werling went out of business he was forty. He finally had to get a job. That's rough—to farm all your life and then have to get a job. That's where I was headed when the Greenmarket came along. The Greenmarket is a godsend. Next year, I'd like to do different. I'd like to rent out my stand and come into the city every day." —JOHN MCPHEE

Verdi's operatic version of the classic newsroom comedy, "The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, will be presented by The Spotlighter's Theatre, 817 St. Paul St., 8:30 p.m. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays through March 5.

—Baltimore (Md.) News American.

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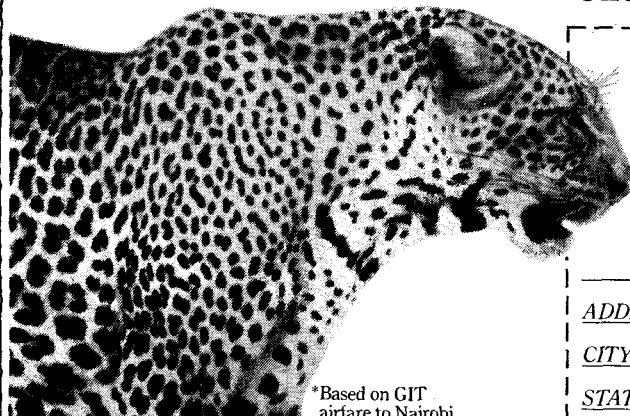
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OFF BROADWAY

THERE are times when Off Broadway is indeed a blessed plot, and last week was one of them, when Constance Cummings opened at the Public in Arthur Kopit's "Wings," a presentation of the Yale Repertory Theatre. Miss Cummings plays, with a depth and radiance that are rare on any stage, a woman who suffers a stroke. At the beginning, she is seated in an armchair, reading; she looks up puzzled, then bewildered, then frightened; there are odd sound effects, and she topples over. From then on, most of the action takes place in her consciousness. With admirable skill and tact, Mr. Kopit has endowed the audience with double vision, always keeping us aware of what is actually happening while we are in her damaged brain. The woman is in a hospital. Behind a scrim, doctors and nurses gather around a bed and question her; she, still in her armchair, replies to their questions. "What is your name?" "Mrs. Stilson," she says, but they cannot hear her. What seems to them to be coma is not; she understands every word they say, but at first only her mind replies. When the words do start coming, they are gibberish; all the flotsam in her mind pours through her garbled speech, often accompanied by mechanical noises and the sound of wind. She once was a flier, and, in a panic, she thinks that she has crashed—that her chute didn't open and she is being held captive by "the enemy" in Rumania or somewhere. Then her courage reasserts itself ("What a strange adventure I am having!") and, along with it, a certain dry humor. She begins to improve and to try to speak, although the words come out all wrong and her actions are out of control—when a doctor asks her to pick a toothbrush off a tray, she chooses a comb—and she is moved to a rehabilitation center. There, working with a therapist called Amy, she starts to make sense and to regain control of her words. Her impatience with herself becomes less drastic, and an earlier temptation to suicide wanes. Outdoors one day with Amy, she sees snow on a bench and is unable to name it. In what is a key passage of the play, she asks Amy where she gets names from. "In here," says Amy, touching her

head. "Do you know how?" "No." "Then how am I supposed to know?" In an abstract sense, "Wings" is about the mystery of language and our mysterious ability—or, in this case, inability—to take command of it. But only in an abstract sense, for "Wings" is also a play—never a clinical documentary—about Emily Stilson in all her complexity of character; and her struggles to recover against one obstacle after another engage all our nerves and feelings. In a long, poetic speech near the end, Emily is once more in her airplane, and, stepping out onto the wing, as she has often done in the past, she tells us how she longs to go on whirling and turning in space and never to land.

Under the direction of John Madden, the performance matches the play in tone and accomplishment. Miss Cummings seems to be the kind of star who brings out the best in everyone around her. The actors—again a mixture of professionals and Yale graduate students, as in "Sganarelle"—all do well. Marianne Owen is very good in the very good role of Amy, and Richard Grusin and Eugene Troobnick are also good in the small roles of patients at the rehabilitation center. The exceptional setting, lighting, costumes, and sound are by Andrew Jackness, Tom Schraeder, Jeanne Button, and Tom Voegeli, respectively. "Wings," which will run at the Public only through July 2nd, was originally written for Earplay, that admirable project which commissions the best of our dramatists to write plays for radio broadcast. That "Wings" is visually as convincing and effective as it is aurally (unlike David Mamet's "The Water Engine," which also originated at Earplay) should come as no surprise to admirers of Mr. Kopit's other plays, among them "Indians" and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, etc."

THE AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE, at the Century, is the name of a bright and proficient young company that, under its director and founder, Lee Theodore, is dedicated to preserving by faithful reproduction the best dances from American musicals—dances that, unlike those in the

classical or modern repertory, tend to vanish when the shows close. This production, engaging and unpretentious, which aims at being a kind of Golden Treasury of Broadway dancing, is, as well, a demonstration of Broadway dancing's variety and its enduring vigor: nothing new—no innovation, no matter how delightful—truly supersedes what has gone before. Agnes de Mille's ballets—"June Is Busting Out All Over," from "Carousel," and "Come to Me, Bend to Me" and "Funeral Dance," from "Brigadoon"—seem as fresh, and even more impressive, in retrospect, yet they happily exist side by side with the Charleston number from "The Boy Friend." (At the performance I saw, by the way, Janet Eilber, a guest artist with the company, was absent, but she was very well represented in the de Mille numbers by Louise Hickey and Gina Martin.) The show is most successful—or was for me—when it brings back in one dance the memory of a whole cherished evening: "If the Rain's Gotta Fall," from "Half a Sixpence," for example. The accomplished dancers can also sing when necessary. Denny Shearer, another guest artist (who could be named James Stewart, Jr., or even Jason Robards IV), doubles as compere and performer; he is a natural hooper and comedian, and his humorous presence holds the evening together. Among other dances I enjoyed were "The Telephone Dance," from "Cabaret;" "Satin Doll" (music by Duke Ellington, choreography by Carol Haney), from a television show of 1962; and "Clog Dance," from "Walking Happy," as done by Mr. Shearer and a male ensemble. The choice of numbers is eclectic, and Miss Theodore has had the sense to steer clear of those by our greatest dancers: nothing at the Century interferes with memories of Gene Kelly or Ray Bolger. The intermission is, hands down, the best in town. When the house lights go up, Harold (Stumpy) Cromer, a stumpy, middle-aged black dancer, who is also a guest of the (all-white) company, walks to the center of the stage, dismisses any members of the audience who want to leave, and reviews the history of black dancing through the years, beginning in the nineteenth century and including the marvellous dances from the Prohibition era at the Cotton Club and the Savoy—humming and singing as he goes—and ending up with an imitation of Bill Robinson and an invisible Shirley Temple tapping down those steps. —EDITH OLIVER

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catch it in riverside park, along the waterfront, from 85th to 105th Streets. And on the Henry Hudson Parkway/West Side Highway (which will become a pedestrian mall from 8 pm) from 57th to 178th Streets. In New Jersey, see Macy's Fireworks from Edgewater, Fort Lee, Cliffside Park, Fairview and also from West New York.

JAZZ

The White House, Man

CALVIN COOLIDGE and Herbert Hoover didn't invite Louis Armstrong to the White House, nor did F.D.R. ask Fletcher Henderson or Count Basie or Duke Ellington. Harry Truman had a classical singer in the bosom of his family, and Dwight Eisenhower was not musical. Neither were the Kennedys, but they did swing, and in the spring of 1962 the Music Committee of the President's People-to-People Program sponsored an International Jazz Festival in Washington. It was given everywhere in the city but at the White House, and was, its intentions notwithstanding, largely irrelevant. There were programs of symphonic jazz, of gospel music, of "religious" jazz, of modern dance, and of jazz for children. Seven years and two Administrations later, the White House officially opened its gates to jazz by giving Duke Ellington the Presidential Medal of Freedom and a seventieth-birthday party. It was a joyous time. Richard Nixon, his Uriah Heep mask set aside, was almost buoyant, Ellington was serene and gracious, and the tributary music (by the likes of Jim Hall, Urbie Green, Paul Desmond, Hank Jones, Gerry Mulligan, Earl Hines, and Willie the Lion Smith) was excellent. Then, on June 18th of this year, the President and Mrs. Carter gave a "jazz concert" on the South Lawn of the White House, "on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Newport Jazz Festival." An acquaintance of George Wein, the producer of the Festival, had suggested that he celebrate the anniversary with, say, a concert at the White House. Wein, never a Milquetoast, and a navigator by impulse, wrote to several congressmen he knew, and in due course was told that the White House would be delighted. In twenty years, few will remember that the chief impulse for the first White House jazz concert was self-congratulatory. People will, however, remember that it was a ringing celebration of the music.

The music began at five o'clock and ended just after dark. A buffet supper of jambalaya (rice and tomatoes mixed with chicken, seafood, or pork, and inclined to be hot) was accompanied by the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, from New Orleans. Just after six-thirty,

President Carter jumped up on a bandstand that had been erected at the northwest corner of the lawn, and immediately and eloquently set the tone for the evening. In his remarks, he gave a capsule history of the music, refreshingly pointed out that racism had slowed its acceptance, admired its freedom and self-discipline, told of first



listening to it in the early forties, and closed by saying that "over the period of years the quality of jazz could not be constrained," which had a fine Faulknerian surge. But the President's graciousness did not stop there. He spent most of the concert seated on the grass about fifteen feet from the front of the bandstand, and he listened with great intensity. When he was particularly moved by a musician, he got quickly to his feet and congratulated him. He told the pianist McCoy Tyner that what he had just played was "beautiful," and after Cecil Taylor was finished he pursued him (Taylor's stage exits are phenomenally swift) across a corner of the bandstand and under a low-lying magnolia tree. He spoke with Lionel Hampton and Phyllis Condon, and with Charles Mingus, who was confined to a wheelchair. The musicians were clearly impressed by Carter's intensity of appreciation, and after a time it seemed to affect the music itself.

Eubie Blake started the main part of the concert. Now ninety-five, he played two of his own numbers, "Boogie Woogie Beguine" and the famous "Memories of You." One has come to relish Blake for his unflagging turn-of-the-century spirit and for his extraordinary two-foot hands, whose fingers stroke up and down the keyboard like trireme oars. With Dick Hyman, Doc Cheatham, and Milt Hinton accompanying her, Katharine Handy Lewis, the daughter of W. C. Handy, sang her father's "St. Louis Blues," and her sweet, faraway voice was cushioned by Cheatham's elegiac obbligatos. Mary Lou Williams did an eight-minute a-cappella history of jazz piano playing which went somewhat awry—the little sea of sound she created was filled with waves of ragtime and boogie-woogie and blues and ballads and bebop, and they tended to break every which way. The first group to appear on the bandstand was made up of Clark Terry,

Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, Illinois Jacquet, Teddy Wilson, Hinton, and Jo Jones, and it played "In a Mellowtone" and "Lady Be Good." Not much happened. Jones dragged the tempo, Carter was dicty, Terry was calligraphic, and Jacquet decorated the evening with his lustrous Southwestern tone. Bebop and hard bop, in the persons of Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner, Ron Carter, and Max Roach, did Rollins' "Sonny's Mood for Two," and the concert came alive. Rollins played a brilliant, compressed solo, full of vertical melodies, repetitions, and quotations, and Roach matched him with stunning staccato snare-drum figures—super-double-time figures, executed at teeth-gritting speed. A group of stylistic first cousins, which included Dizzy Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, George Benson, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams, did ebullient versions of "I'll Remember April" and "Caravan." Williams equalled Roach's staccato ruminations, and Gordon magisterially refloated Lester Young. Then Ornette Coleman, accompanied only by his son Denardo, on drums, played two of his own compositions back to back, and his tone and boldness and invention were like proclamations. His songs were classic Coleman—long, sorrowing, descending melodic lines, enlivened here and there by double-time passages—and his improvisations would have carried even further without Denardo's heavy drumming. Cecil Taylor came next, and President Carter, his back curved and his arms clasped around his raised knees, was transfixed. (Carter is as careful a dresser as he is a listener. He had on a white short-sleeved sports shirt, pale-gray trousers, navy-blue socks, and gleaming wingtip cordovans. His watch, in keeping with college fashion of twenty-five years ago, was worn on the inside of his left wrist.) Taylor was dazzling, and uncommonly brief. He got off several of his unbelievable, almost staccato arpeggios, a lyrical passage, and some thunderhead chords. The last scheduled group was a mixed grill consisting of Lionel Hampton, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, George Benson, Chick Corea, Ray Brown, and Louis Bellson. It did a spacious "How High the Moon," and Zoot Sims, playing two superb choruses, brought the evening to a climax. Getz did two choruses of "Lush Life," and it was a case of the song (Billy Strayhorn) and the musician fitting perfectly: "Lush Life" prodded Getz and Getz filled in its sinuous outlines.

Then President Carter returned to the stage and declared that jazz was

"just as much a part of the great things of the nation as the White House itself or the Capitol Building down the street," and asked for more music. Hampton set off "Flyin' Home," and Jacquet played his celebrated solo. Pearl Bailey rose out of the audience in response to a request from Mrs. Carter, sang a couple of songs, and sashayed back into the audience. The darkness had about touched ground when Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach suddenly reappeared for a stamping, funny duet, with Roach using only his high-hat cymbals. The President and George Wein were watching side by side next to the bandstand, and Wein looked as if his mother, who was in the audience, had neglected to tell him that there would be no need for him to turn to stone if he ever found himself cheek by jowl with a President of the United States. Gillespie, dropping several "Your Majesty"s, asked Carter if he would sing the old bop tune "Salt Peanuts." It isn't easy. The singer, at a fast tempo, is obliged to chant a dozen "Salt peanuts." "Salt" is one note; "pea-," also one note, jumps an octave; and "nuts," one note, too, drops back three tones. Carter brought it off without a wrinkle. Gillespie then asked him if he would care to go on the road with his group, and the President said, "I might have to after tonight."

The scenery and furnishings for such occasions matter, and they were handsome. The South Lawn, with its hummocks and dells, is a beautiful piece of geography. The crowd, numbering around a thousand, sat on the grass or at picnic tables set up diagonally to the bandstand. When the concert began, the sun, coming in over the old State Department Building, was merciless. But it obliged and went down, making way for a pale-blue sky and a lemon moon. Honeysuckle replaced the air, and swallows rocketed between the trees. After the music, the President, surrounded by family and friends, walked back to the White House at roughly the speed of a slow blues.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

The Lexington High School team unseated the defending champions from Fieldale-Collinsville High Monday night on the Channel 7 TV show, Klassroom Kwiz. In an exciting match the local team won by an official score of 220 to 210, but the victory margin should have been larger because the LHS experts failed to get credit for correctly naming Brazil as the country where Buenos Aires is located.—*Lexington (Va.) News-Gazette.*

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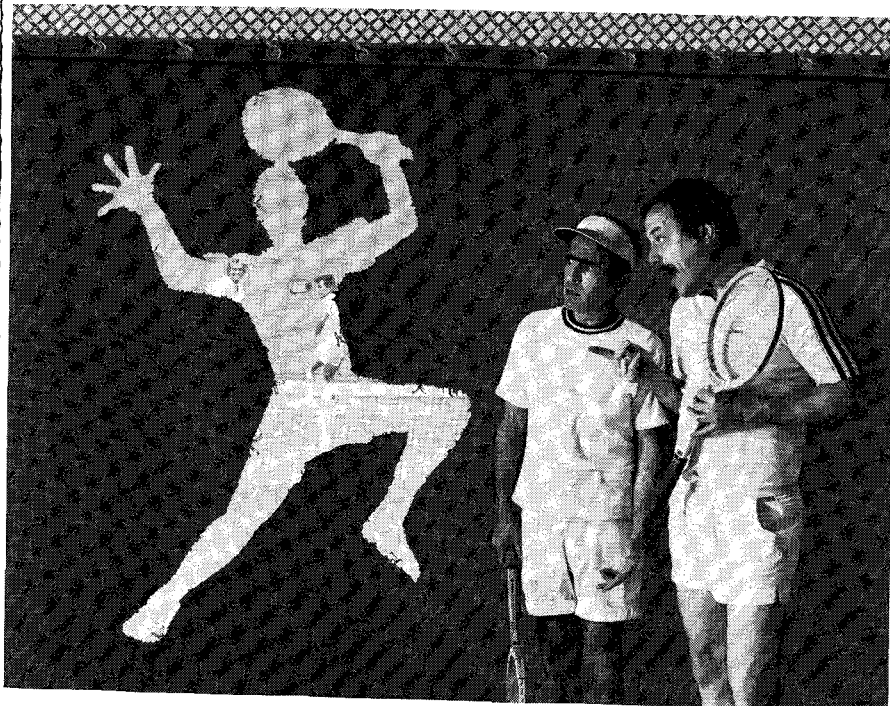
Which was, in a way, a surprise.

After all, I've been married to Doug for ten years.

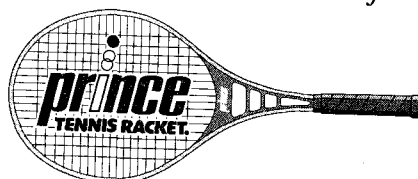
But a few days at Montauk reminded me, all over again, why I fell in love with him in the first place.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Movie Loon Takes On Kids

NEIL SIMON, writer of "The Cheap Detective," seems to be the most prolific author for stage and screen in America. If he were a man on the moon and were quite alone on it, he would be writing a moon film for Ray Stark in the morning, winning against himself with a tennis ball bounced off a moon wall before lunch, and writing a Telstar series before dinner. It might be said of him not that he writes for money but that he writes money.

The cheap detective, played by Peter Falk, is obviously modelled on the Sam Spade-Philip Marlowe of the thirties and forties. This is an ideal picture to go to if you are the Movie Loon. We find ourselves, as it used to be said by the English and is still said by the self-obsessed speakers of French—who are always calling themselves their names, lying themselves down, and, especially, finding themselves—in Sardi's Restaurant with the Movie Loon entertaining her two goddaughters after all three have gone to "The Cheap Detective." The children are aged eight and nine, are dressed in unisex jeans and T-shirts with a big apple on the front, and have their hair cut very short, so that they can fluster grownups by using the ladies' room. Their names are Emma and Amanda. Amanda knows more than Emma and can recognize most of the people in the cartoons hanging on Sardi's walls.

EMMA: Why is the film called "The

Cheap Detective"? Is the Peter Falk man only a nickel?

AMANDA: A nickel is quite a lot. It's half a telephone call.

THE MOVIE LOON: It means somebody who's stingy. You remember the taxi-driver in the film who says "Should I keep the change?"

AMANDA: And the detective—how do you spell Lou Peckinpah?—says, "No, I'll keep the change."

THE MOVIE LOON: Didn't you laugh at the way everyone was stingy? Cheap? What do you want to eat?

EMMA: These bread sticks and a glass of ice water.

THE MOVIE LOON: That's what being cheap means.

AMANDA: I expect that's how Mr. Neil Simon got so rich. Living on bread sticks and ice water. I'm going to have a blow-out on a Shirley Temple.

EMMA: What's a Shirley Temple?

AMANDA: *She* was a film star, quite young in a way, but *it's* a ginger ale with something red in it and an old cherry.

THE MOVIE LOON: When the cheap detective finds his partner shot to death in the tenderloin district of San Francisco, did that upset you?

AMANDA: No. Why? He isn't really dead; it's only a film. I liked all the pretty women, too. Louise Fletcher and Ann-Margret and Eileen Brennan and Stockard Channing and Madeline Kahn and Marsha Mason. I'm just going to the powder room again. The

thing is, they haven't got any powder.

EMMA: I didn't think it was as good as "Sesame Street." Why are you so keen on it?

THE MOVIE LOON: It's interesting to find out why Neil Simon's films and plays are so popular.

EMMA: That's simple. "The Cheap Detective" has a nice complicated plot and it's not dismal—not like the news you always watch.

THE MOVIE LOON: But you liked "Earthquake."

EMMA: That wasn't *dismal*, that was a *disaster* movie. It was exciting. "The Cheap Detective" is exciting.

AMANDA (*on return*): Say the names of the men stars. No, not Emma; she knows them. You say them.

THE MOVIE LOON: James Coco, Sid Caesar, Dom DeLuise, John Houseman.

AMANDA: You've forgotten my favorite, Nicol Williamson. The German in the white suit who clicks his heels and says about the Louise Fletcher character that she is a brave, beautiful, and extremely boring woman. Usually, it's children who are called boring.

EMMA: I liked John Houseman best, because he was such a fat mastermind he always took up two seats.

AMANDA: Nicol Williamson was best, because he was the Nazi colonel of the Cincinnati division, which sounds like a place where your parents go in Italy on vacation. I liked the way his face looked. Like a smashed plate on Coney Island. He said he was trying to suppress an underground. That means a nest of brave men hiding and fighting for their country when their country has been occupied by people who are gross and obnoxious.

THE MOVIE LOON: But John Houseman played such a pallid copy of Sydney Greenstreet, just as the Peter Falk character leaned on all the mannerisms of Humphrey Bogart without catching any of his mercury mind, his watchfulness, his moral way of thought.

EMMA: What's "Über Alles"? What's the "Marseillaise"? The things they were singing in the night club?

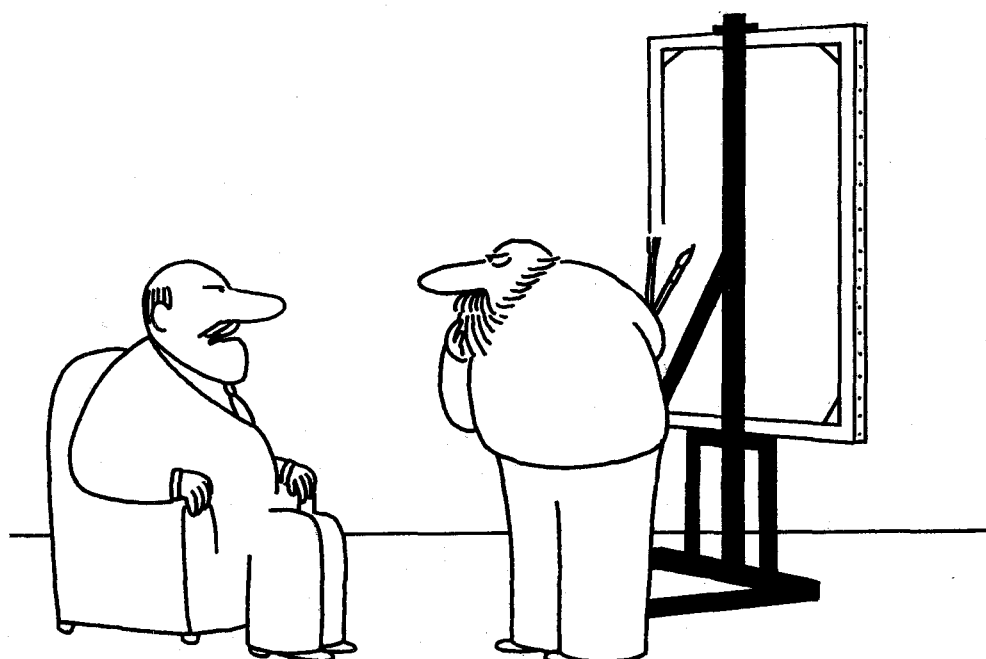
THE MOVIE LOON: German and French patriotic songs. I thought that was very witty and rather moving, the way they were drowned out by "Jeepers Creepers."

AMANDA: I didn't understand about the St. John the Divine Bar.

THE MOVIE LOON: That was a joke.

AMANDA: Where's the joke? Jokes are supposed to mean something. So my parents say when I get the giggles.

THE MOVIE LOON: That's one of



C. G. C.

"Just paint. I'm a busy man."

the reasons Neil Simon is so successful. His jokes don't have to mean anything. He has cottoned on to that through practicing audience-worship, which is, "arter all, an amiable weakness," as the elder Weller put it about wife-beating. Weller is in Dickens. Simple plays and films about national differences are always popular. I don't expect you've heard of Peter Ustinov. He is a very brilliant mimic and observer of national differences. Neil Simon does the same sort of thing. Though he can't make jokes about national differences to any great extent, because America is the couch of national differences, he can indulge his huge middle-class audience with the national joke of an all-American phrase in a crucial situation, like "I'll bring along some wallpapers for you to pick out," lovingly said when something critical and quite other is going on. Mr. Simon revels in any sort of language that is vernacular and graphic. And in its opposite: the sort of language that would put "passing" for "death," or "repast" for "meal." By using this trick, he creates of the audience a class more knowing than the cast speaking the lines: which is a pity in a country that has prided itself on rooting out class. This brings us to the fact that popular comedy in all countries finds it easiest to rest on laughing at the out-of-step.

AMANDA: Now would you like us to tell you the plot?

THE MOVIE LOON: The plot doesn't matter in a film like this. The film leans on the stars, and the point about it really is, I'm afraid, that it defines frivolity, not fun. It wouldn't work for a moment if the audience weren't busy recognizing the stars, like you two recognizing the cartoons on the walls here. The remarkable thing is that the director, Robert Moore, and the producer, Mr. Stark, have found some of the few performers in the world with enough vitality and strength to get to close quarters with characters that are presented as being "ordinary." Actually, Neil Simon makes common people very uncommon indeed. Which is one of the reasons he appeals to the levelled-out American public, which is fed up to here with being called one class, one nation, when it and Neil Simon know that the joke is that America has as many classes and nations as the whole of the rest of the world put together. It may be a thin and snobbish joke, but you should send at least one of your bread sticks to Mr. Simon, who has rather an acute understanding of middle-class America.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Harpers and Queen's just published booklet, "The 300 Best Hotels in the World" includes the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in its listing of the 22 hotels in the United States that merit 'superior quality' mention.

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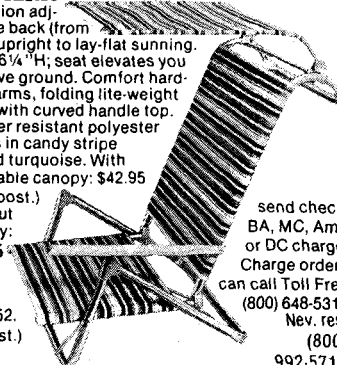


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MUSICAL EVENTS

What Harbour Shelters Peace?

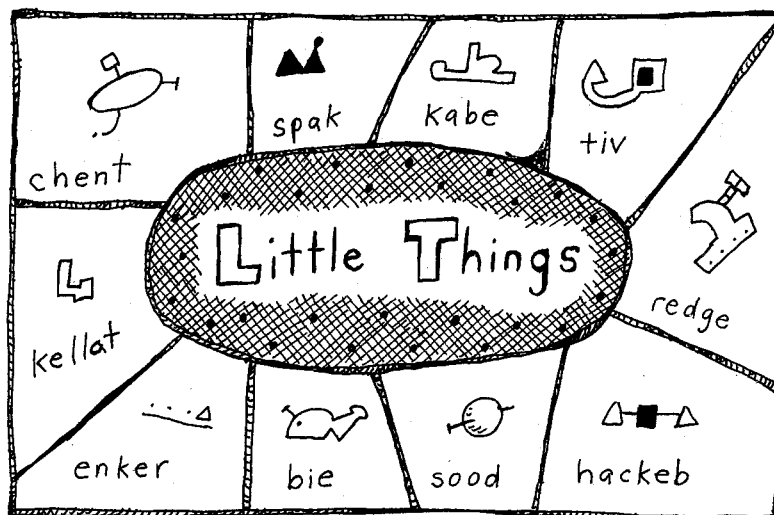
MOST of Benjamin Britten's operas grew from local roots.

The singers for whom he composed—Joan Cross, Jennifer Vyvyan, Margaret Ritchie, Kathleen Ferrier, Janet Baker, Peter Pears, Owen Brannigan—left their mark on his scores as surely as the singers for whom Handel, Mozart, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi composed did on theirs. "Peter Grimes," "Albert Herring," and "The Little Sweep" are set in the Suffolk country where Britten lived. The textures of "Noye's Fludde" and of the three church parables are determined in part by the acoustics of Orford Church, where they were first performed. In "Curlew River," Britten and his librettist, William Plomer, moved a *no* play, "Sumida River," from Japan to Suffolk. In "Albert Herring," he and his librettist, Eric Crozier, moved a Maupassant story, "Le Rosier de Mme. Husson," across the Channel to an imaginary Loxford, which seems to correspond to the real Woodbridge, a small Suffolk town not far from Aldeburgh. (It was from Woodbridge, one is told, that a real Mrs. Herring, who kept a greengrocer's shop, wrote to the authors to protest that she didn't really treat her son badly.) They also changed the ending of the tale. Maupassant's Isidore is crowned with roses, and Britten's Albert is crowned May King, because no virtuous girl can be found for the feminine title. Isidore goes off on a week's debauch in Paris, spends all his prize money, returns to become a hopeless drunkard, and dies in a fit of delirium tremens. Albert pedals off to Ipswich, a town with rather more limited possibilities of sin, where he spends only a night away and only three pounds of his twenty-five-pound prize. Isidore is ruined by his coronation. Albert is saved. He had been shy, bullied, and something of a booby; he returns confident, at ease with himself and with life, quite ready to stand up to Mum, and even to Lady Billows, the formidable local tyrant. "Albert Herring" is the happy counterpart, the bright verso, of "Peter Grimes," which preceded it by two years. In

"Grimes," a tragedy, the hero is destroyed by the forces of convention ranged against him and by his inability either to come to terms with or to conquer them; in "Herring," a comedy, the hero wins. Almost all Britten's protagonists pose a question that runs through "Grimes" as a musical motif: "What harbour shelters peace? ... What harbour can embrace terrors and tragedies?" Grimes, Owen Wingrave, and Gustav von Aschenbach can find an answer only in death; Albert, like the Three Holy Children and the Prodigal Son, is fortunate enough to find an answer in life. When he considers the stars, he echoes Grimes in both verbal and musical imagery. Grimes sang, "But if the horoscope's bewildering, like flashing turmoil of a shoal of herring, who can turn skies back and begin again?" To similar music, Albert, eschewing an eponymous simile, sings, "Embrace till stars spin round like Catherine-wheels." Albert's central monologue, with its chains of distorted reminiscences and free-association musings on his life, is another version of Grimes's mad scene. Its climax—"The tide will turn, the sun will set"—is utterly serious and utterly Grimesian.

It is sometimes forgotten that few of Britten's operas after "Grimes" were greeted with full, generous praise—that acclaim for them was slow to come. "Opinion is divided about 'Albert Herring,'" says the 1954 Grove; and the author of the entry, who was the critic of the *London Times*, often made it clear on which side of the division his influential opinion fell. It was nearly twenty years before it was generally discovered that there is more to "Albert Herring" than entertaining carica-

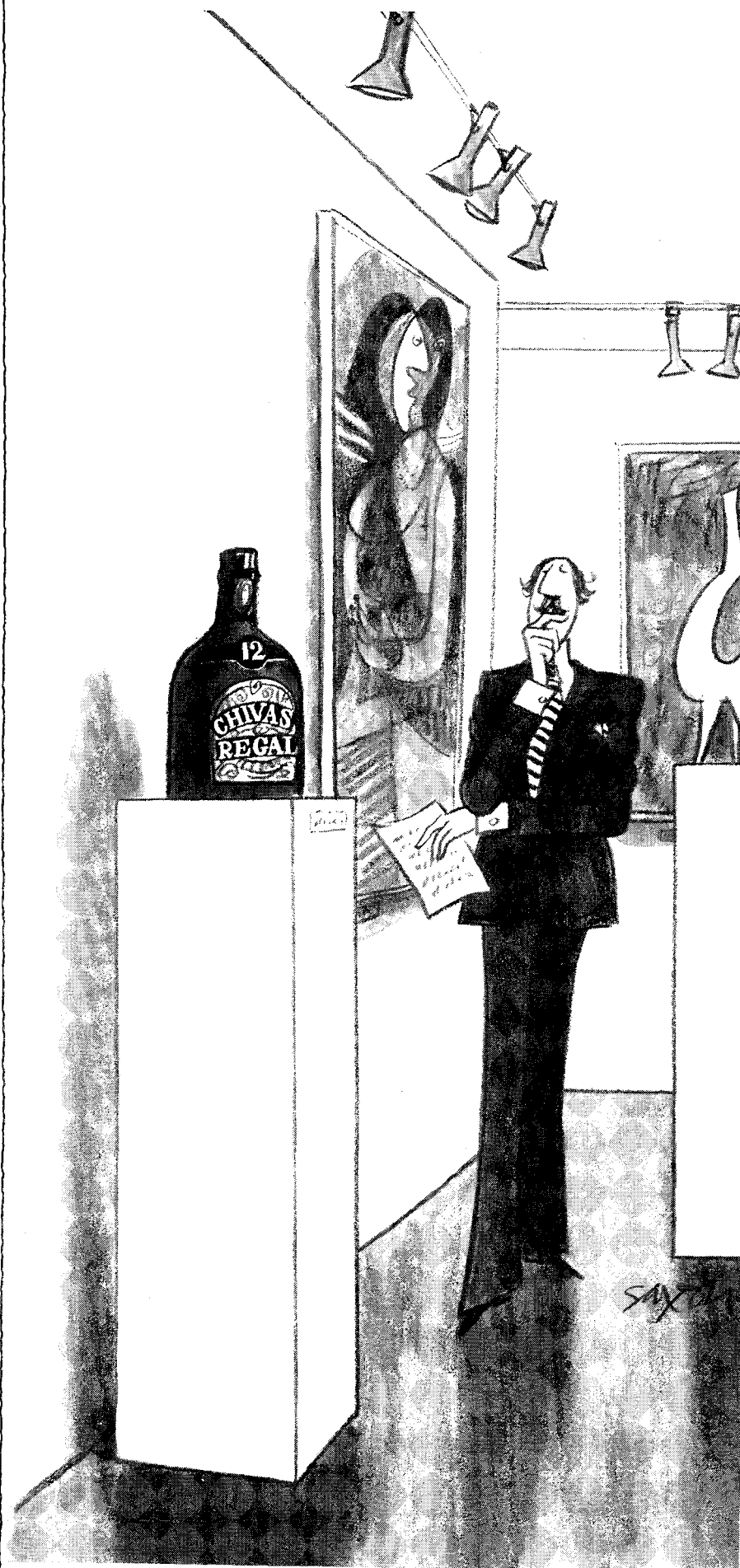
tures and a comedy with some poignant—and some tiresome—touches; the early presentations of the piece stressed its jokiness. But, just as Colin Davis and Jon Vickers, at the Metropolitan and at Covent Garden, showed "Peter Grimes" to be a more violent and disturbing opera than had been apparent at earlier performances, and rather as later productions of Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers" and "The Young Lord" brought to the surface a fierceness that was but latent in the first, good-humored presentations, so later directors have revealed that "Albert Herring," beneath all the charm and the coziness, has a tough, resilient core. In 1966, Anthony Besch staged for Scottish Opera a production of the work which dug beneath the larky humors of the libretto to lay bare the psychological situation beneath. That "Herring" turned on a knife-edge between comedy and tragedy. The pressures on Albert were like those on Janáček's Kát'a Kabanová. They might easily have destroyed him, as they did her. It was only luck—Sid's prank of lacing the lemonade with rum—that saved him. (The unexpected forms in which salvation may come constitute another recurrent Britten theme—but one best discussed in connection with "Billy Budd," due at the Met next season.) Four years later, at the Wexford Festival, Michael Geliot went further—too far, in fact—and staged a harsh, angry version of the comedy. There was no affectionate parody in the portrayal of Lady Billows. She was ogress through and through, a sinister symbol of the conservative, repressive forces in English society. This cannot have been Britten's conscious view of her, but it is a possible view of the character he created. And the same year, in "Owen Wingrave," he was creating Lady Billows's dark counterpart—the equally formidable, equally destructive, and not at all amusing Miss Wingrave. (Scarcely by coincidence, Miss Wingrave was composed for Sylvia Fisher, who had succeeded Joan Cross as the foremost interpreter of Lady B.) It is perfectly possible to find in "Albert Herring" an allegory of the new, Socialist Britain breaking joyously from fetters of tradition, superstition, and unthinking conservatism. It is also pos-



R. Chaat

sible to "read" it in another way. It has often been suggested that Grimes's inner struggle—like Claggart's and like Captain Vere's in "Billy Budd"—is against a homosexuality that neither he nor, for that matter, his creator is consciously aware of. (Not often suggested in print, however: I touched on the subject in a note for the New York City Opera "Herring," in 1971; Philip Brett dealt with it in a thoughtful article in *The Musical Times* for last December.) Similarly, Albert can be considered an apt symbol for someone "coming out." Such interpretations are not necessarily untrue (they are among the things that the opera could be about), but they are unnecessarily restrictive and specific. "Albert Herring," like "Peter Grimes," is at once a particular drama, held strictly and artistically within the bounds of its period and topographical frame, and a presentation of a general human plight—that of an outsider at odds (for whatever reason) with those around him, trying to find a way to be accepted by them and at ease with himself. Like all the best comedies, it is based on a real and recognizable predicament. The allegory is of varied applicability to the thought and experience of its spectators. Moreover, "Herring" is a work that, again like "Grimes," has grown from its local, particular sources to be enjoyed the world over, and one whose characters, independent now of their first performers, can be illuminated by many different interpretations.

The Opera Theatre of St. Louis staged "Albert Herring" two years ago, and this season revived it. The production, directed by Lou Galterio, maintained a well-nigh perfect balance between seriousness and comedy. There were a few social solecisms—the mayor, chewing on a cheroot, became a sheriff; the children adopted stage-Cockney accents and demeanor; men kept their hats on when they shouldn't have—but there were no mistakes in characterization. It was a tender, loving, and musically sensitive presentation, executed in fine detail. And in the protagonist, James Hoback, it had the best Albert yet, one who looked right, sang right, did all things right. The young tenor showed more than a touch of the genius that can give life and light to every gesture and every inflection of an operatic portrayal. Whenever he was on the stage, one watched and listened intently—and felt and understood. The way *he* listened when others were singing made their music more vivid. It was not at all a self-seeking or look-how-well-I-do-it kind of performance; its greatness lay in his quick yet quiet



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comprehension of what each phrase could mean and in his vivid yet unobtrusive projection. The not inconsiderable vocal difficulties of a role tailored for the young Pears had been solved, and not even Pears himself sang Albert so well. The dramatic difficulties had been faced and mastered. There is no ready explanation of how Albert's transformation and liberation were achieved by, in his words, "a night that was a nightmare example of drunkenness, and dirt, and worse." No ready verbal explanation, that is—but, as often happens in operas where the libretto is ambiguous or elliptical (the close of "Götterdämmerung" is a celebrated example), music can supply what is missing in the textual argument. The trouble with that assertion is that the point cannot be demonstrated in words. By his delivery of the *lento e tranquillo* phrases ("It seems as clear as clear can be...") in Albert's first monologue, Mr. Hoback prepared us for the well-adjusted, capable youth revealed at last in the thrice-sung *amabile grazioso* phrase ("And I'm more than grateful to you all...") of his last monologue. With the four notes of "That'll do, Mum!" and perfectly judged gesture and expression in which tenderness and resolution were combined, he seemed to convey all the keen, complicated emotions of the moment when a son breaks the apron strings.

Pauline Tinsley was Lady Billows. She was grand, dignified, and imposing. She did not guy the role; like a good comedienne, she took herself very seriously. But she did not sing the music quite fully enough. Evelyn Petros was Nancy, one of the most likable, unaffected characters in all opera, and was excellent. Stephen Dickson gave Sid an acceptable touch of cocky vulgarity. Judith Christin as Mrs. Herring, David Ward as Police Superintendent Budd, and Dale Moore as the Vicar provided precise, cleverly observed performances. So did Elizabeth Pruett as Miss Wordsworth and Joyce Gerber as Florence, but their words were not always clear. John Kasarda's sets and Dona Granata's costumes were attractive and appropriate. John Moriarty conducted with a sure feeling for the "Falstaff"-like quality that "Herring" has of being able to express in a few phrases—even in a single phrase—what elsewhere might be the matter of a full-scale aria. The orchestra, members of the St. Louis Symphony, played well.

After the close of the main season, a special performance was given for tele-

vision. (At regular performances, there was none of the camera distraction that Charleston audiences complained of at one "Vanessa" there, or of the special television lighting that sometimes spoils Met shows.) WNET and the BBC collaborated to catch this "Herring" for broadcast through America (in August) and Europe. It must be difficult to catch on a small screen enough of this ensemble performance, alive and alert in every detail on the stage. When Sid and Nancy were singing at one side of the stage, Albert listening at the other deserved equal attention. I hope enough has been caught to show all the world what good work is being done in St. Louis.

B RITTEN's last major composition, his Third String Quartet, Opus 94, was given its first American performances earlier this season at two recitals of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center; the second of them was taped and later broadcast by WNCN. (After the quartet, Britten completed only some folk-song arrangements and the brief "Welcome Ode" that greeted Queen Elizabeth on her Jubilee visit to Ipswich, in 1977.) The quartet had its first performance, in Aldeburgh, on December 19, 1976, fifteen days after the composer's death. The players, as in New York, were the Amadeus Quartet; the piece was written for them. The quartet, in five movements, is laid out in a symmetrical plan, with a slow movement at its center. Two scherzos, one "very fast" and the other "fast—*con fuoco*," flank it; the first movement and the finale move



at a moderate, flowing pace. It is hardly being wise only after the event to discern in the piece a valedictory tone. The finale, headed "Recitative and Passacaglia," is subtitled "La Serenis-sima," which is how Venice is hailed in Britten's opera "Death in Venice." The Third Quar-

tet is in some sense a paragon to "Death in Venice," rather as the Second Quartet (1945) was to "Peter Grimes." The finale, like so much of Britten's music, presents an image of the ever-changing yet essentially unchanging sea in whose quiet depths, "away from tidal waves, away from storm," Grimes and Budd find their sheltering harbor. In the quartet, not wave motion, which lends itself so readily to musical transcription, is pictured but a tranquil swell and the contrast between a moving surface and the still profundities. The basic passacaglia theme is an alternation between E and F-sharp, oscillating and then



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climbing to G-sharp, oscillating and then falling to D-natural. Above it, another oscillating theme moves slightly more swiftly, sounds an untroubled E major, but then falls to D-natural at the moment that the passacaglia theme does. This is not the Suffolk sea of "Peter Grimes." It is something closer to Plato's "vast sea of beauty," on which Gustav von Aschenbach at the moment of death embarks—summoned thither, it seems to him, by the beautiful messenger standing at its edge. Yet it is not quite tranquil, not quite "serenissima." Although in the long final chord the second and first violins play a consonant E and G-sharp, the cello has fallen to the D-natural, and the viola plays a middle C-sharp. Britten's last word is not untroubled. This is a poignant envoy.

The writing in the earlier movements is spare, even terse. The first movement, "Duets," has a nagging, nudging opposition of repeated-note themes a tone apart as first subject, and a lyrical melody, opening with a rising sixth, as second subject. In the second movement, "Ostinato," a flying figure leaping upward or downward by sevenths appears (in some form) in almost every measure. The slow movement, "Solo," is a rhapsody for the first violin—a long, musing, Shostakovich-like melody sung over, in turn, a slow A-flat arpeggio from the cello, a slow F-major arpeggio from the viola, a slow A-major arpeggio from the second violin. The harmonic progression is reversed in some central bars of busy strumming, and then the solo continues, "smooth and calm," while the other instruments climb slowly, in C major, to a sustained high E. The second scherzo, "Burlesque," recalls another Shostakovich vein with its scraps of trite "popular" melody, rhythmically insistent but metrically teasing. Accompanied recitative, passing from player to player, leads into the quiet, slow pulsations and soft, full texture of the finale. The ear grasps the piece as a whole, and the passacaglia as a fulfillment of the earlier movements; study of the score (which is published in pocket format by Faber/G. Schirmer) reveals the detailed motivic relationships.

IN April, the American Friends of the Aldeburgh Festival and the Oratorio Society of New York joined to celebrate Britten's life and work in a Carnegie Hall concert. The first half was the Mozart Requiem. Then Janet Baker sang the American première of "Phaedra," the solo cantata that Britten wrote for her in 1975—speeches from

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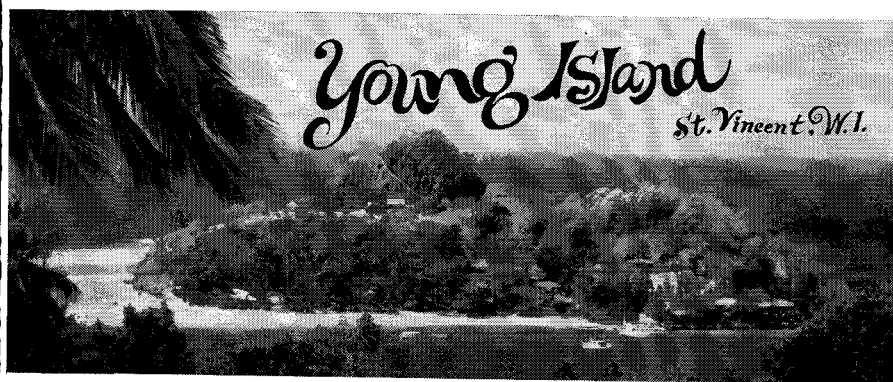
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the Robert Lowell translation of Racine's play set as a powerful, passionate sequence of recitatives and arias. The concert closed with the "Spring Symphony," which Britten composed in 1949 because, in the words of Grove, "he believed that some more positive evangel of joy should be used to overcome the strain and discouragement of the time." Its bright message of joy, of delight in the spring's return, raising spirits in both town and country, is unfaded. The music is copious, and abounds in exuberant, ingenious, unforced strokes of instrumentation and counterpoint.

The Britten memorial concert that the American Friends presented last year in St. Thomas Church, on Fifth Avenue, has been preserved on a two-record album (Hessound S-1001-02). The program is a retrospective of Britten's choral music, from the "Hymn to St. Cecilia" (1942) to "Sacred and Profane" (1975), eight medieval lyrics set for unaccompanied voices. Those works are sung by the Yale Concert Choir. The boys of St. Thomas Choir sing the Missa Brevis (1959) and join with the Manhattan Chorus in "Voices for Today" (1965), a United Nations anthem. All sing together in "The Spacious Firmament on High," the finale of "Noye's Fludde"—Addison's hymn and Tallis's noble canonic melody in an arrangement by Britten that fills a large space with glorious sound. The recording successfully captures the atmosphere of a particular, and moving, occasion in a particular place. Another recorded performance of "Sacred and Profane" appears on London OS 26527, which also includes Janet Baker's wonderful singing of "Phaedra."

I HAD hoped to write about Schubert this week. Carnegie Hall presented a five-day "Schubert Fest," at which the eight symphonies were played by the American Symphony, under Sergiu Comissiona. Before each concert there was chamber music; after it, a lieder recital. I went to the first two days and then gave up. The symphonies were woefully underrehearsed. Schubert was ill served.

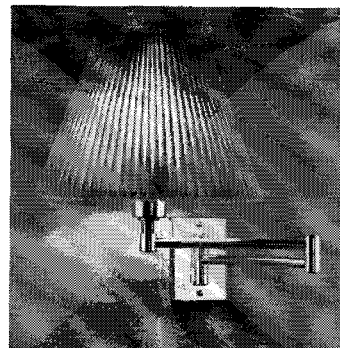
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IN 1889, Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria-Hungary went to the royal hunting lodge at Mayerling, where he joined his seventeen-year-old mistress, killed her, and then killed himself. Heart failure was given as the reason for Rudolf's death; his mistress, Mary Vetsera, was buried secretly. The facts got into the papers in little more than a week, but the cause of the tragedy remains the object of speculation. Mayerling has become a famous love story and Rudolf a famous dissolute prince. The standard Rudolf of historical fiction carouses until a beautiful, innocent girl enters his life. Because he cannot free himself from an unhappy marriage, he and the girl commit suicide. In fact, court protocol did demand that Rudolf stay married, but it did not prevent him from taking mistresses. His father, the Emperor Franz Josef, kept a mistress and was encouraged to do so by the Empress, whose special friend was the English Colonel "Bay" Middleton. Vetsera was not an innocent, and Rudolf was not redeemed by her love. Just the opposite seems to have been the case.

I get these "facts" from, of all places, a new ballet. In "Mayerling," produced by the Royal Ballet, Kenneth MacMillan takes on the job of historian in addition to that of choreographer. Having pursued a mixed objective, he comes away with mixed results. MacMillan has perceived that the fictitious Mayerling is an inadequate dramatic subject but not that the real Mayerling is too much for him—or any choreographer—to handle. If he had taken the same romantic approach to the two doomed lovers as the movies that were made about them, he might have a better ballet; certainly he'd have a more popular one. MacMillan tries to tell the truth about the double suicide, he gets involved in matters that can't be expressed in dance, and the ballet is relentlessly gloomy. The Arie Crown Theatre, in Chicago, where I saw it, enhanced the gloom. A brick auditorium in a convention-site complex, the Arie feels twice the size of New York's Felt Forum and just as dead. The enormous proscenium has no focus; a pit orchestra can barely be heard. "Mayerling," which demands pinpoint concentration from the audience, was lost. What was the Royal

Ballet doing in such a place anyway? Ironically, because the Metropolitan Opera House was unavailable, it chose to bypass New York completely.

"Mayerling" follows a MacMillan pattern. From the beginning, he has adapted literary or historical material, and often material that had previously been used for plays, operas, or movies.

"Romeo and Juliet," of course,

was already cast in ballet form when MacMillan staged it, but before that there was "The Burrow," based on the Anne Frank story; "The Invitation," from two novels that had inspired movies; and "Las Hermanas," from Lorca's play "The House of Bernarda Alba." Then came "Anastasia" and "Manon." In

all these, MacMillan worked to provide roles of stature for women, and those roles may be the best part of the MacMillan pattern. "Mayerling" has not only the Mary Vetsera figure but the Countess Larisch, Rudolf's procuress and former lover; Empress Elisabeth, his mother; Princess Stephanie, his wife; and Mitzi Caspar, a prostitute who was his mistress. The ballet traces the events that led to Mayerling in a series of encounters between Rudolf and these women. The encounters—except for the one with Mitzi, who has many men—are staged, in mime or dance, as duets. And here MacMillan remedies the chief flaw of "Manon," which also depended on duets between the principals: he has made each duet emerge from and crystallize a different dramatic situation. What is more striking, however, is that each duet is a variation or a comment on the theme of venery, which MacMillan places at the heart of poor Rudolf's misery.

Apart from MacMillan's remarkable sex scenes—they're as far beyond the sex scenes in Tudor's ballets as contemporary movies are beyond movies of the forties, yet they're never inhuman or exploitative—the major reason to see "Mayerling" is the brilliant performing by the women of the Royal Ballet. The secondary male roles are on the flat side, and MacMillan never succeeds in making much more of Rudolf than he appears to have been in life—a titled creep forever Hamletizing around the house with a skull in one hand and a gun in the other. Rudolf's debauchery and decline are clearly, if somewhat me-

chanically, staged, and they seem to have been the chief facts of the young prince's life. Of the various explanations for his suicide which have been advanced, MacMillan's researcher and scenarist, Gillian Freeman, offers several in her program notes on the ballet:

Rudolf—fraught by disease and despair; dependent on morphine...trapped by his loveless marriage with no hope, now, of a male heir; implicated in the Hungarian Cause; accused of attempting to murder the Emperor at a Shoot—had reached an impasse from which extrication seemed impossible.

None of this explains why Vetsera, too, had to go. Sentimental movie biographies made the affair end in a death pact between star-crossed lovers, and in a ballet we could accept that superficiality not only because it's conventional (or "classical") but because frustrated love is danceable. What MacMillan gives us—and he really piles it on—is satiated love, and he has made it danceable, too. Because we have to accept what we see happening as the true cause of the double suicide, we come to believe that Rudolf killed out of some fearful equation he had reached between sexual excess and death. The only stageable motive in Gillian Freeman's list is the first—"fraught by disease." All the rest of her scholarship never gets onto the stage, though MacMillan certainly tries. ("The Hungarian Cause" is four men in uniforms who shove Rudolf around a bit. "Dependent on morphine" is the ugly verismo of a real needle in a bare arm—no stylization at all.) Even the disease—syphilis—can't be clarified. MacMillan can only show us a disease. But because he has been able to do that much he has been able to make a complete story unfold—one that may or may not be the story of Mayerling. As always, a ballet can tell us what a ballet is equipped to tell us—nothing more.

MacMillan pushes so insistently against the nature of his art and what it is equipped to express that now and then he achieves breakthroughs and returns a kind of strength to it which has been long absent. The strength of mime, for example. The several intense mime passages include a Hamlet-and-Gertrude-like scene between Rudolf and his mother, his proposing a suicide pact to Mitzi Caspar, and the Countess Larisch's visit to the Baroness Vetsera and her obsessed, love-struck daughter. The first and third of these scenes work, because words would add nothing to them. Rudolf visits his mother on his wedding night: the point of the scene is to show the Oedipal re-



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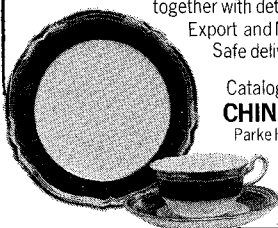
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Memo to Writers

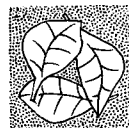
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pression that each suffers from, and I don't know how any modern audience can miss the point. And as soon as you see what the scene is about you see that it is being purely expressed—that it's not an attempt to get across a message that only words can convey. MacMillan has been able to do it because even in a spoken play the characters would be inarticulate. When Rudolf proposes suicide to Mitzi, we need rather more than his rubbing of a revolver against his neck and then hers—we do need words. But in the scene of the three women planning Mary's romance with Rudolf, words are irrelevant; their "chat-ter" is delightfully clear. This passage is staged with the rhythm and tension of a scene in a D. W. Griffith movie. Played by Merle Park, as the Countess, Lynn Seymour, as Vetsera, and Gerd Larsen, as her mother, it struck me as one of the most wonderful things MacMillan has done, comparable in security of outline and detail to the extended mime scenes in *Bournonville* played by the Royal Danes. Yet "silent movie" is still one of the most opprobrious terms that the public can find to throw at a mime ballet, and to this insult I can only say that there are silent movies and then there are silent movies. In Griffith's, one often doesn't need or want titles. The meanings are already clear without them—indeed, the meanings would only be reduced by verbalization. The fact that the medium couldn't speak was not a hindrance when a Griffith or a Sjöström made us see that it needn't. Part of the battle for legitimacy that dance has had to fight has been over its dumbness, and the wholesale prejudice against mime may have something to do with the assumption that, since talking pictures dropped mime, it must be obsolete everywhere. But saying that all the action in a ballet should be danced (rather than mimed) is like saying that a movie should be all talk. There are story ballets that need mime; and, as the two passages that I've cited show, it is by no means an impure or inferior form of expression.

The trouble with "Mayerling" is that, despite its moments of unorthodox success, it really can't decide what medium it wants to be unorthodox in—stage or screen. The several movie analogies I've drawn are forced by MacMillan's indecision. He appears to have wanted a stage spectacle with movielike flow, and, with the help of Gillian Freeman, who has also written movie scenarios, he partly obtains it. Nicholas Georgiadis has coöperated

to the extent of providing a neutral backdrop—brown curtains suspended from brass rods—against which one or two pieces of furniture or stylized racks of dressmaker dummies may be placed to indicate settings and "extras." (The tavern where we meet Mitzi is a little dressier.) Yet the action doesn't move smoothly from set to set, as it might in a movie; there have to be forecurtain scenes to cover the changes, and all those scenes are superfluous or irrelevant. One of them even spoils, by anticipating, the scene in which the Countess primes Mary to seduce the Prince. Although the whole Mayerling story eludes translation into ballet terms, some of the worst devices in the ballet are those not of a choreographic mind but of an academic mind trying to "visualize." I was puzzled until I read one of Miss Freeman's ingenious explanations: "An atheist, he [Rudolf] seems always to have had an obsession with guns and with death, which is why there is a recurring motif of explosions—fireworks as well as firearms—throughout the ballet."

The score—miscellaneous Liszt—has been effectively arranged by John Lanchbery. Three different "Transcendental Études" accompany the climactic pas de deux of the three acts; in all three, one reacts over and over to the brutal or ecstatic contortions, the headlong rushes and daring handholds—not to their excitement as stunts but to their sense as drama. Several of Rudolf's most tormented solos are set to soft, silken music, as if to underline his impotence. An effect I don't recall seeing before in a ballet by a Western choreographer is MacMillan's extensive use of female character dancing—especially in the choreography for Elisabeth's ladies-in-waiting, who are characterized entirely in dance as sedate, heavy ladies, although in actuality they are young and slim. (It's time, though, that MacMillan changed his prostitute type; it's become as much a cliché as Agnes de Mille's or Bob Fosse's.) Like a playwright's, MacMillan's characterizations are open to interpretation by the performers. I saw two casts, each lending a different emphasis to the drama. Rudolf is the longest and, with all the acrobatic partnering, undoubtedly the most arduous role, yet it's also the most pallid. David Wall, who originated it, could not have been at his best in Chicago. Overweight from weeks of inactivity forced on him by an injury, and made up like an impassive, droopy-lidded Olivier, he also appeared emotionally



stagnant. Stephen Jefferies, more introspective than Wall, forced some color into the role; his Rudolf seems to cringe from himself, and he kills out of self-disgust, shooting down his mistress and then himself like wild dogs. Vetsera in Lynn Seymour's performance was a sensual glutton; in Alfreda Thorogood's, a morbid gnome. Georgina Parkinson as the Empress appeared tired the night I saw her, but she did suggest the weakness and vanity that Elisabeth has in common with Rudolf. Monica Mason stressed the glacial narcissism that made Elisabeth insensitive to her son's needs. Wendy Ellis was the better of two Stephanies. Between Jennifer Penney and Rosalyn Whitten—both of them sweet, daisylike girls—I could not find the Mitzi who betrays Rudolf. David Drew as the English colonel, Leslie Edwards as the prime minister, and Michael Somes, unrecognizable in bald-domed walrus makeup as Franz Josef, lent their presence to the court scenes. The traditional "jester" role is danced by Graham Fletcher as a cab-driver. The towering performance was Merle Park's as the go-between Countess. With her twisted motives, her meddling, and her inscrutable satisfactions, Park's Larisch is more an eighteenth- than a nineteenth-century figure, and she's also enviably lively—a life force, in fact. It is with Larisch's downfall and the extinguishing of her light that MacMillan sets the scene for the deaths at Mayerling.

It's easy to be scornful of a ballet over which Synopsis presides to such an extent, a ballet that has explosions in it, a syphilitic, drug-addicted hero, and a protracted grope in every pas de deux. It is easiest of all to deny that "Mayerling," which seems to be made up completely of acrobatics and mime, is even a ballet. But those for whom the Royal Ballet holds any fascination will want to see it in this curious, crippled, provocative work by its master choreographer. The genius of the English in mime, so closely allied to their literary genius, is amply eloquent. And in a single stream of dance metaphor growing ever more narrow and deep MacMillan succeeds in telling a story that may never appear on any printed page.

—ARLENE CROCE

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BOOKS

Hamilton's Legacy

THE YOUNG HAMILTON," by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown; \$15), examines the early life of Alexander Hamilton, a great builder given to spasms of destruction. Mr. Flexner portrays two dissimilar colonial societies: that of the Caribbean sugar islands where Hamilton was born (in 1757, on Nevis) and spent his childhood (he sailed for America from St. Croix in 1773), and that of the thirteen continental provinces in whose rebellion he served and where he married (Betsey Schuyler, at Albany, in 1780) and lived out his life. The author's meticulous, absorbing, and beautifully written account follows Hamilton closely down to about 1783, and then treats the last years of his life in a concluding chapter. In those last years, Hamilton helped give the United States a respected central government; a stable currency and sound credit; and a program to develop an industrial sector and strengthen a weak agricultural republic in a world of powerful monarchies. He died, as almost everyone knows, in New York City, in 1804—a former Secretary of the Treasury who had no discernible political future, because he had wrecked his own party—shot by Aaron Burr, a lame-duck Vice-President whose political future he had ruined.

What drove Hamilton to present his labors for his country as actions against one or another group of its citizens is the puzzle that Mr. Flexner sets out to solve. I think he has succeeded, though the mystery of Hamilton's heredity remains; heredity explains his flaws but not his genius. Hamilton's mother, Rachel Faucett, was disreputable, and

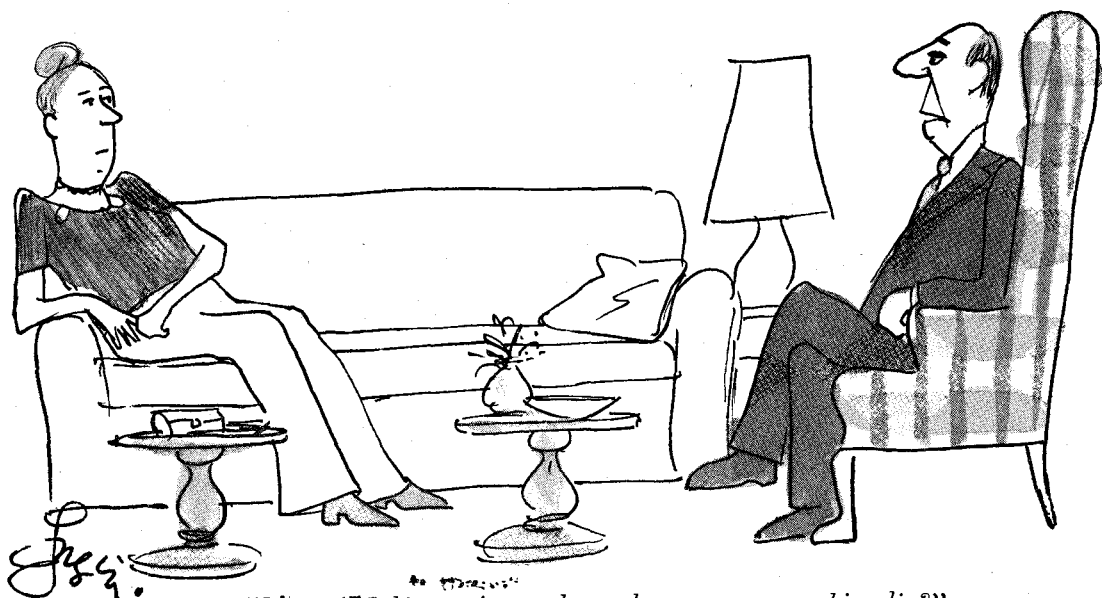
his father, James Hamilton, incompetent. They never married, and they separated in 1765. Rachel had earlier been married, and was divorced for adultery; when she died, in 1768, a legitimate son inherited her estate. Left penniless in what Flexner calls "the garishly and brutally prosperous West Indian islands," Alexander found work as a merchant's clerk, and in no time the boy was running a branch of an international import-export business. In 1773, friends and relatives gave him the means to go to North America to study; he began work in medicine at King's College (now Columbia), but the Revolution intervened. Once the scene has shifted north from the Caribbean's "gold-rush environment," Flexner often points to occasions when Hamilton misunderstood his adopted country and countrymen—his boyhood among speculators did not prepare him for his manhood among yeomen. Flexner believes that Hamilton's early years also left him with severe emotional dislocations. The author regards his subject as "the most psychologically troubled of the founding fathers."

Hamilton idealized his father—possibly because, though they corresponded, they did not meet after 1766. James, the fourth son of a Scottish grandee, either came or was sent to sink or swim in the sugar colonies. His break with his rich, ancient, powerful, and noble family was atypical for the time, and the reason for it is unknown. He failed as a merchant and then as a merchant's clerk. Mr. Flexner does not know exactly what the father told his son about his past, but he believes that the failed businessman taught Alex-

ander—who was always good at business when he put his mind to it—to feel contempt for businessmen, and that Hamilton later thought hard about mobilizing capital for the development of the United States because he thought little of capitalists. The author provides good evidence (he is less given to supposition and sticks closer to documentation than many other psychological biographers) that Hamilton's mother sent his father packing, because of his financial failure, and that Hamilton felt her action a betrayal and resented her memory. (He remained anxious about being abandoned in need—so much so that he earnestly and lengthily asked his fiancée whether she could live with him in poverty, although her father was one of the richest men in the country and want was the young couple's unlikeliest woe.) No one can say whether Hamilton shaped his personality to fit what Flexner calls an "aristocratic dream" assimilated from his father, or whether, as I suspect, he shaped his unrealistic dream of aristocracy (and of himself as an aristocrat) to fit the peculiar needs of his personality. Reality and reverie were at odds in his makeup. Though he was poor, he did not long for money, and though he was lonely, he mistrusted love. He wanted power and recognition—glory. Flexner shows young Hamilton as a Colonial Julien Sorel, dead a quarter of a century before Stendhal published "The Red and the Black."

In telling Hamilton's story, Mr. Flexner tells many others; the narrative of the American Revolution is but one. He describes the lives and personalities of the men with whom Hamilton worked.

He takes us through every variety of American landscape, and evokes this background with stylish succinctness while in the foreground Hamilton dazzles us with his abilities and amazes us with his irrepressible outbursts of hostility and his gift for provoking it. Hamilton made a few close friends—usually glamorous men, like Lafayette—and his talents won him admirers, but he made enemies even when he did not seek them. For example, during 1779 and 1780, while he was still an



"If not with me, just where do your sympathies lie?"

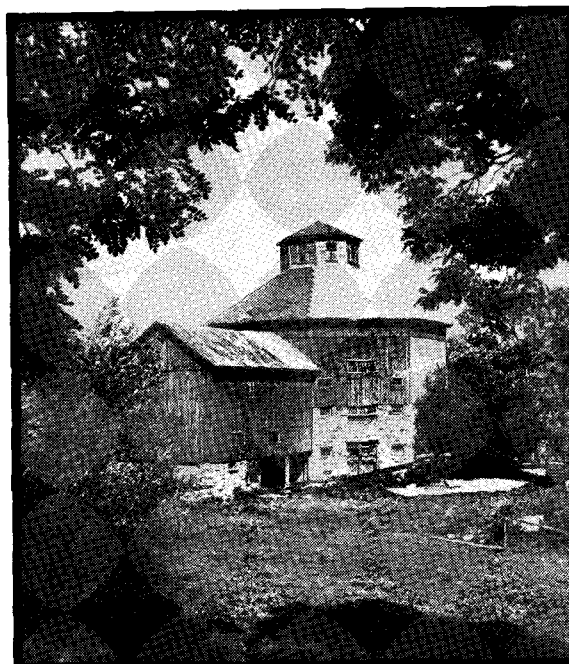
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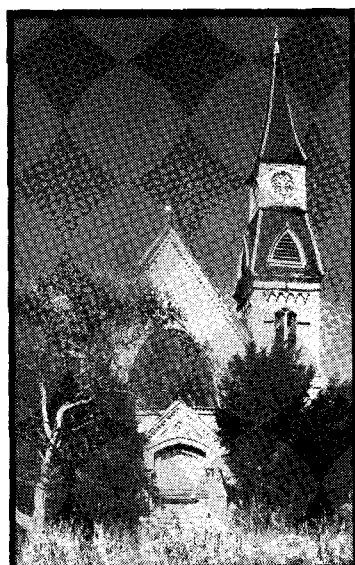
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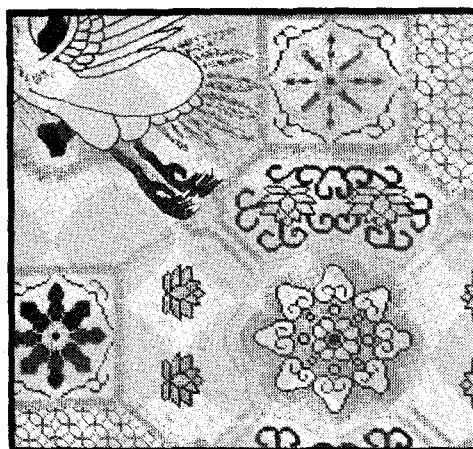
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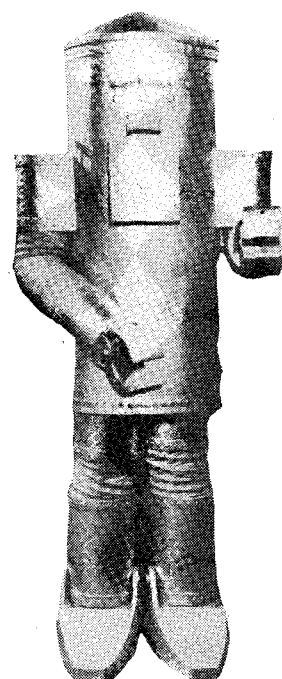
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aide on Washington's staff, a rumor circulated in the Continental Congress to the effect that he wanted the General to lead the Army against the Congress and to rule by force of arms. The new American government feared the new American military, but what Flexner finds interesting about this episode is the fact that the whisperers picked out Hamilton—who was only twenty-two, and lacked money and a following—as the military man most likely "to subvert the popular government." This is one of the mysteries of politics—how do strangers size each other up? Though Hamilton denied the charge at the time, his detractors had assessed him shrewdly. In 1783, Flexner tells us, when Hamilton was himself a member of the Continental Congress, and Washington, waiting for the peace treaty, remained with the unpaid rump of the Continental Army, Hamilton wrote to the General suggesting that he use this force to cow the dilatory states and the feeble Congress into adopting Hamilton's financial policies. (Washington declined.)

What did not happen to Hamilton in these years is more important than what did. He did not ripen. He had plenty of experience but gathered none of its fruits, such as tolerance, forbearance, compassion, the art of listening, and, above all, patience. Mr. Flexner concludes that "while Hamilton's genius built national unity, his psychic wounds sowed disunion that was also absorbed into the continuing structure of the United States." A perceptive reader of men, Flexner sums up the contending characters of our early years:

Although Jefferson could be adept, and sometimes devious, in defending himself and what he considered the interests of the people who were his constituents, he was not a dedicated fighter.... And Madison, despite a tendency to vociferous outrage, preferred to read a book and think a thought rather than take part in a row. It was Hamilton who relished hand-to-hand fighting.

He goes on to say:

The South and the Northeast were naturally suspicious of each other, in part because of oppositions in economic interest. Endeavoring to seal up all cracks, Washington had hoped to hand on to his successor a profoundly united nation. He failed, and surely the major blame for this failure can be attributed to Hamilton, who exacerbated the conflicts and the suspicions that were, as the generations moved, to eventuate in the Civil War.

This seems to me too hard on Hamilton. I think that slavery, not Hamilton's aggressiveness, caused the Civil War—and then, too, there has always

been friction between agricultural and commercial interests in countries that have both. Jefferson's economic vision of a rustic republic was inadequate, as Hamilton's political vision was faulty. But why do Hamilton's misjudgments trouble me more than Jefferson's? After all, to paraphrase Jefferson's "We are all Republicans—we are all Federalists," nowadays we are all Hamiltonians and we are all Jeffersonians, if only in our fears: as I write this, a strong government somewhere is murdering its citizens and a weak one somewhere else is letting its citizens starve. Flexner stresses Hamilton's need for order and his desperate need to direct—his inability to let men work out their own problems. He also tells us that Hamilton, toward the end of his life, thought he would have been happier somewhere else than America. One wonders where. There is a most suggestive comment in Merrill Peterson's "The Jefferson Image in the American Mind": "The Hamilton revival started by the Civil War was reorganized during the Progressive era into a Bismarckian cult of strenuous statesmanship." "Bismarckian" is the key word. The Hamiltonian vision, in our tradition, is one of order imposed, benefits bestowed—everything from the top down, and everything too highly organized, too tight, too bossy. It is an extremely nationalistic vision, but somehow not what I feel to be American. With the exception of Teddy Roosevelt—who had too much muscle and made too much noise—the men Peterson called the New Hamiltonians in American history are, for the most part, remembered as negative personages; Henry Cabot Lodge is a good example.

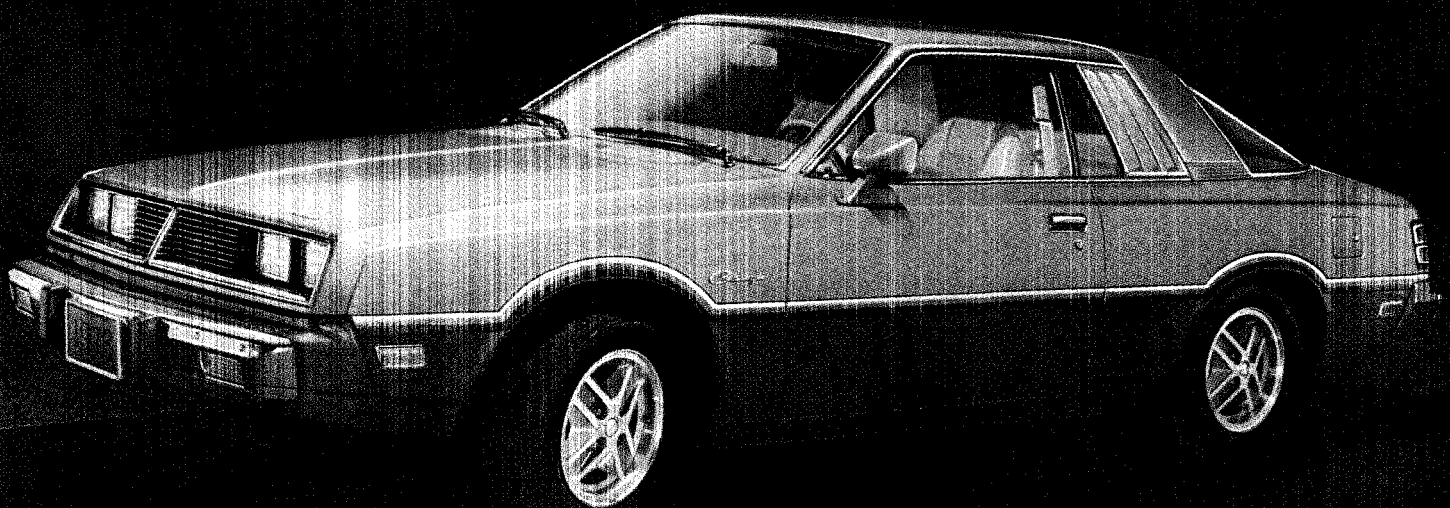
Mr. Flexner's book is more than a political argument. He has written so vividly and involved us so deeply that there are moments when we yearn to lean over into the pages, pull Hamilton aside, and beg him to reconsider, to pity, to trust, to wait, or merely to shut up. Yet the book's effect is not melodramatic. It is tragic—a tragedy not of fate but of character, the spectacle of an immensely gifted man who tried to rule a nation and could not rule himself. —NAOMI BLIVEN

In May 24 editions of The Sun-Times, it was erroneously reported that 900 falcons bearing the name of Farrah Fawcett-Majors were released during a cocktail party at the Cannes Film Festival. In fact, they were balloons. The Sun-Times regrets the error.—Chicago Sun-Times.

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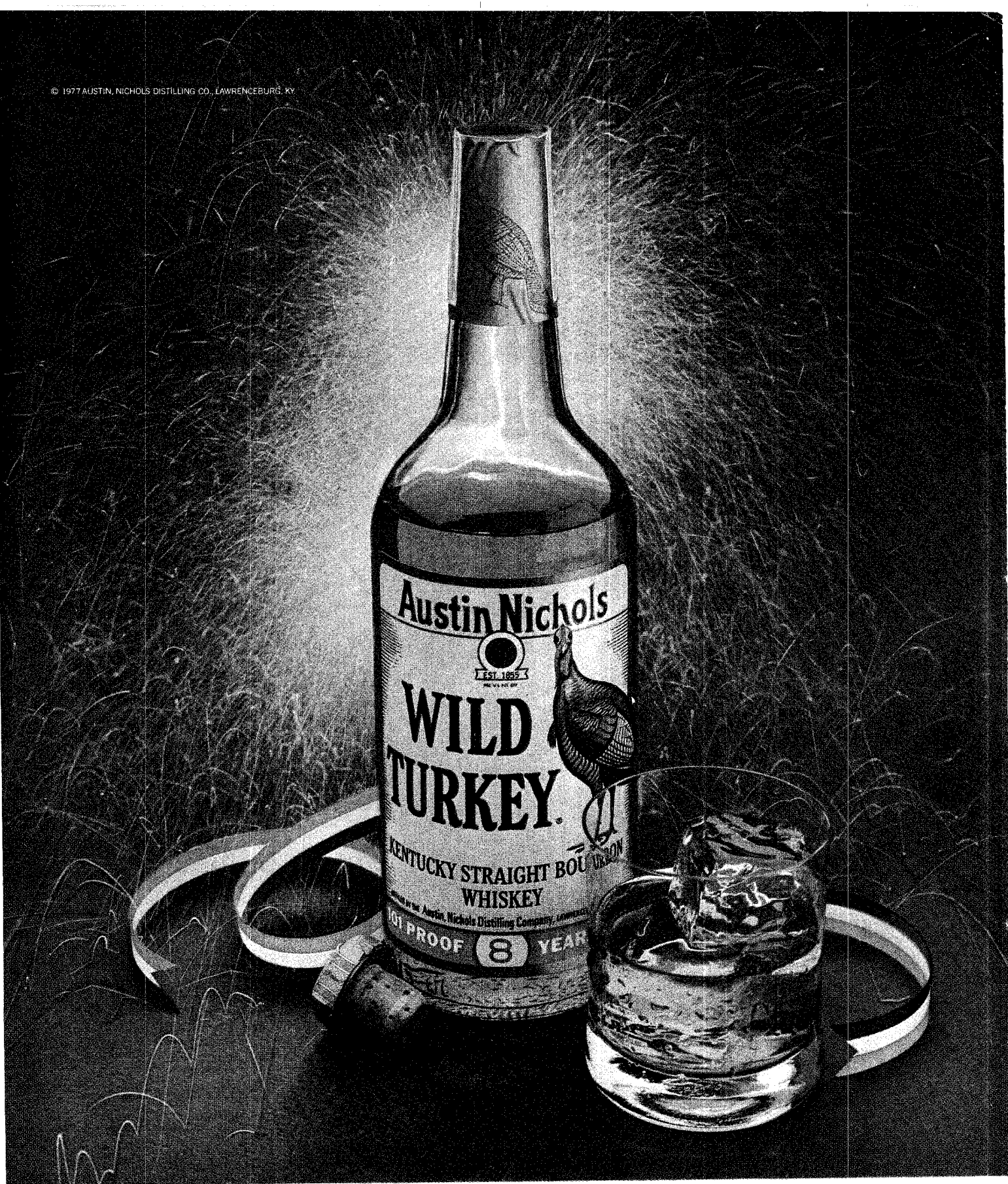
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